

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIX.

OCTOBER, 1835.

ART. I. — *Gurley's Life of Ashmun.*

Life of Jehudi Ashmun, late Colonial Agent in Liberia. With an Appendix, containing extracts from his Journal and other writings; and a brief Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Lott Carey. By RALPH RANDOLPH GURLEY. Washington. 1835.

THIS volume is both a just and generous tribute to the memory of a good man ; — one of the martyr school, — whose names “smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.” The capacities of his character were such, that had he lived in any age or country, their energy must have hurried them into development, and distinction too, as inevitably as the waters flow to the sea. They did so as it was ; regardless indeed, apparently, of their destiny for a while, and wavering here and there by “many a winding bout,” through subterranean realms of shade ; yet true to themselves, through all things, — purified by the filtration they encountered, — accumulated, — accelerated, — and so struggling, and still struggling, onward and farther on, till finally the daylight gleamed, and they poured themselves forth to the sunshine, in the rejoicing rush of the cataract. Obscurity, penury, persecution, disaster, passion,

— what a history of them is recorded here ; and how vainly do they, each and every one and all together, contend with the unconquerable will !

These things, we know, have become comparatively common in our times, — almost common-place. It is emphatically the adventurous age we live in. The Argonautic was not half as much so. The Roman was tame in comparison. The Chivalrous was sluggishness itself. The spirit which belonged then to individuals, belongs now to the era. That which was little above the physical propensities, — the blind impulse of ambition or acquisitiveness, or both, — and was busied almost exclusively, of course, like the strong man's phrenzy, with wreaking its vengeance and wasting its vigor in sightless strivings to pull down the pillars of the great sanctuary of society, even over its own head, — that spirit (if it can be called such) is subdued at length in some good degree into subordination to the intellectual, social, spiritual instincts of man. New avenues are opened to his energies in these departments ; the world is no more divided between a camp and a charnel-house. Mind, instead of force, has become the arbiter of nations ; mind is the medium of influence, the measure of advancement, the minister to the gratification of those old longings of humanity, which, though never to be reasoned out of it, may yet be, and have been, a thousand times refined. A diligent minister it is, — indefatigable indeed, but willing and discretionary, — admitted to the privilege of advising and to the participation of results, — a companion and counsellor, more than a slave.

The spiritual instincts, strictly, are included in the catalogue of resuscitated powers. The manifestations of these are in their nature noiseless, and void of ostentation ; and their achievements are the same ; but they are none the less real, nor the less considerable, for the want of those qualities which most attract the admiring gaze of men. The missionary spirit, alone, were sufficient to characterize the age. It is the missionary age, not less than the mechanical, or the mental, as those have severally described it who chanced to be engrossed by its changing aspects ; — it is the age of each and all, — of glorious exertions, and great and splendid victories in all, — the age, as we began with saying, of adventure. The application of steam to purposes of navigation was an adventure. The railroad was another. Every discovery of science, and every

application of it in art and in practice, were others. So was the American Revolution ; and so was the French. So was the Temperance Reform ; and so was the Bible Society ; and the whole organization of Public Benevolence ; and the scheme of the Education of the People ; — all of them, and myriads more, harmonious issues of that stupendous source of sublime events and experiments, — the mind of man, — fairly awakened at last from its slumbers, and, as a giant refreshed, relieving its panting energies with the luxury of *adventure*.

The life of Ashmun lay in an important division of this great field of enterprise. He devoted himself early to the cause of African Colonization, — itself one of the noblest demonstrations of the enlightened intellect, and courageous but considerate enthusiasm of the times. At a critical period in its history, he became its ruling director ; and for years afterwards, — the pregnant years of the formation of its first character, — the responsibility of its whole regulation depended upon him alone, as the Colonial Agent of the Institution. Nor is it too much to say, that the absolute preservation of the Colony, and its present existence, may be ascribed to his incredible exertions of an equally incredible energy ; united, indeed, with an extraordinary fitness in other respects, for the place he was found in at the momentous juncture referred to. Had the Colony utterly failed, and especially under the pressure of those gloomy circumstances, which it will be seen that Ashmun so effectually resisted and repelled, the shock, doubtless, would have proved fatal to the Association itself, and proportionately discouraging to the efforts of the friends of the subjects of that charity, as well as to that unfortunate people themselves, in every similar and subsequent department of benevolent labor, at home and abroad. The scheme of colonization, indeed, — any more than the design of meliorating the condition of that people at large, could not have been destroyed. That scheme was, and is, and will be, indestructible. It might have been, and probably would have been, as transplanters say, killed to the ground ; — but killed to the root, it could not, and cannot be. Its principles are in the circumstances of the population of this country, essentially vital, not to say indispensable ; and the application of them in experiment, however it might be or may be postponed or embarrassed, can no more be prevented, sooner or later, in one or another modification, than can the progress of

that population, and the growth of the country which contains it.

Ashmun was born in the little town of Champlain, New York, in 1794 ; and was the third child, among ten, of a respectable yeoman, who settled in that section at a period when it was a mere wilderness. He was designed for the farm, but a remarkable love of books, which he displayed in early life, decided his parents to give him a liberal education, and he commenced preparing for college at the age of fourteen. Soon afterwards, becoming deeply religious, he determined on adopting the clerical profession ; and the firmness with which he adhered to this resolution, alone, unadvised, and tempted as he was, — tempted by his poverty and his ambition, — is a striking evidence of the early maturity of that moral character, which subsequently proved the security, and sustained the welfare of all that depended on his official management and personal exertion. Enticements seemed to assail him, indeed, with the express determination, so to speak, of turning him aside, or driving him back from his purpose ; — sallying out upon him as he trudged along, —

“ remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, —”

something after the fashion of the abusive apparitions in the Arabian Tale, who so doggedly beset the way of the pilgrim along the hill-side, in his search for the singing-tree. For example, three years after commencing his preparatory course, in which no doubt he was greatly delayed by his situation, we find him in the town of Troy, unacquainted with any person there, without recommendation to any body, and with a few shillings only in his pocket, casting about for some employment which might procure him the means of farther pursuing his studies. In numerous applications he was unsuccessful. At length, he fell in with an attorney, principal justice also of the village, who promised him the aid he needed, which was in fact but a *pou-sto*, in the business of “ assisting him ” a little, as the young man describes it “ among his papers.” This gentlemen was pleased with him, and he offered to give him a complete course of legal tuition, and maintain him meanwhile in the bargain, on the same easy terms which already left him the greater portion of his time for the prosecution of favorite pursuits. The justice, it seems too, “ had a very small family, a

growing fortune, and treats me with the greatest respect.”* Probably, however, the advantages thus tendered him were conditional, and required the abandonment of his first designs. We find him, therefore, making farther inquiries of a person in Vermont, and proposing to engage in some business, “the avails of which, *at the end of three more years* would assist him in acquiring an education.” The resolution was clearly inflexible, and yet it is not till a year later that we find him in Middlebury College. Here he sustained himself, as so many others of the distinguished alumni of New England Colleges have done, by teaching a school as much of the time as the college regulations would permit, but pursuing his studies all the while with an unwearied zeal, which, while it essentially injured his health, soon obtained him a reputation and rank with the first scholars of the institution to which he belonged. Thus will the invincible spirit of an iron resolution triumph over every obstacle. He says of himself in his Journal, and that justly, speaking of his residence at Troy, “I believe that at that time no offer of emolument, or of earthly distinction, would have seduced me from my purpose.” Such men are the “*tenaces propositi*.” Ashmun’s proposition had been long before elected. He yearned for a sphere of spiritual usefulness, wider than the confinement of even any profession would allow him. He felt instinctively that such would be his true element in society; and from the hour his heart was bent upon that end, nothing but death could stand in the way of its attainment. Circumstances, indeed, did stand, like lions “in the way.” Every thing opposed him. But what are circumstances to him who looks them fearlessly in the eye? The royal animal will not bear that scrutiny of a human soul; and all but unchangeable nature itself, — which still must submit to be harnessed and trained like a beast of burthen, — quails, and crouches howling away, under the same insufferable terror.

The young man’s incessant application, as might have been expected, soon compelled him to abandon his studies altogether for a time, and to travel through Connecticut and other sections, for the restoration of his health. Doubtless, though he apparently succeeded in its recovery to a tolerable extent, it was but just tolerable after all; and there can be no

* Memoir, p. 23.

reasonable question that at this period were established the incurable sources of that irritability and feebleness, which covered so much of his after life with gloom, and so much thwarted his most anxious desires, and finally, in the prime of his days, forced him to yield to the trials of a foreign climate and a laborious station, — after struggling for years with both, — through mere exhaustion of this early enfeebled frame. How filled are the annals of American Colleges with cases of this kind! What hundreds of young men, with bodies and minds like those which Ashmun possessed at the outset, and with such character too, — such energy, ambition, zeal to be useful, — have thus broken themselves down in the fine flower of a noble vigor, that, duly husbanded, might have made them the blessing and praise of the world. Who can estimate the loss to literature, liberty, religion; — the loss from disease, and from death, alike, — the loss in what has been done, and in what has not been, and in how it has been done; — to say nothing of the misery endured, and the imbecility entailed, and of the ultimate incalculable influences of all, including the contagion of evil example, on the generations yet to follow us! How extraordinary that persons of sane mind in other respects, can labor under the horrible hallucination, that such a course will prepare them for usefulness; and that like the poor Hindoo, who would fain flatter himself that he honors his Maker by swinging his body in hooks, these miserable victims, even in the daily labor of their difficult suicide, deem themselves to be accomplishing the great ends of their existence! Ashmun was so reduced in Connecticut, it seems, as almost to despair of ever returning to his friends;* and yet his exertions, as Mr Gurley states, in several towns, were “frequent and great.” No wonder that “hundreds felt his appeals as those of a dying man.” He was dying. The whole of the residue of his life was a lingering torture. He struggled nobly, and accomplished wonders, — enough to prove the great things of which he was capable, — but the mind had battled the body till it was finally worn out and beaten down, and nothing remained for it, but to be dragged and dragged behind the chariot wheels, as it were, of its *enemy*, till its enemy itself became exhausted. We were prepared to expect from Mr. Gurley, an appropriate comment on this portion of the career of his subject, whose

* Memoir, p. 24.

memory, we need not say, none can hold in higher estimation than we do ; but the evil, enormous as it is, has become too common to be relieved. Our professions are getting to be "encumbered" with invalids, as Napoleon once wrote to his obedient legislature, that his hospitals were, — at the same time, demanding a fresh body of "*men, — grown men,*" — for it was the *boys* that drooped and fell by the road-side. The Biography we say, might have saved us this digression. The calamity has become national and alarming, till it assumes almost the hue of a crime. We *feel* that it demands at least a rebuke.

Ashmun, however, was destined yet to live many years ; and his *vacation*, in spite of his injudicious use of a part of it, had the effect to restore his vigor in some good degree. He returned to College, and remained there some time longer. Pecuniary embarrassments then encountered him again, and he became a student at the Vermont University, where he was graduated with distinction, in the year 1816. As to the episode which follows next, in relation to the lady whom he afterwards married, we shall enter no criticism ; we hasten to a more agreeable part of the history. He engaged as principal, at the early age of twenty, of a newly instituted seminary, at Brewer, in Maine,—since become flourishing at Bangor, — designed to promote Theological Education ; and here he labored, as well in his official capacity, as in his private studies, and his missionary expeditions besides, with an amazing energy and a corresponding success, which make us the more regret that occasion should have existed for the following sharp and sensible advice, addressed to him by a venerable clergyman, a trustee of the school : — " You have preached twenty-five times in two months, that is thirteen [we should have said twenty-five] times more than you ought to have preached. You do right to tell me your faults, and I shall do right in reproving you. Hear me then. If you will persist in preaching at such a rate, your race will be short. You ought to begin as you can hold out. Preach only when duty calls, and attend more to a regular course of studies. Count me not your enemy, because I thus write. It is not the language of hatred, but of love." We thank Mr. Gurley for inserting these golden rules, even in a note. " Begin as you can hold out." It should be marked in marble on the walls of every room where the mind's martyrs burn themselves out by the

slow fire of the study. We want a new Temperance Reform, — not for those who *drink too much*, but for those who *think too little*.

For the history of Mr. Ashmun's residence in Maine, of the incidents connected with his marriage, and his various exertions at Baltimore, till he became editor of the Theological Repository, at the seat of government, we must refer the reader to the Memoir. At this period we begin to perceive the distinct tendency of his thoughts to the subject of African Colonization. The Review which he published of the second annual report of the Society, and in which he maintained the position that the Colony, to accomplish a benevolent design, must have for its basis the formation of the Christian Religion, is distinguished by the clearness characteristic of his mind, and has not been superseded to this day by maturer views regarding the same important topic. For three years, he discussed these matters in a desultory but increasingly interesting manner, till in 1820 he issued a periodical, intended to be exclusively appropriated to them. They had not, however, as yet, excited any thing like a general interest, and the work did not proceed. His resolution now wavered. It was not for lack of energy; but peculiar circumstances, which we need not here revive, filled him with distressing doubts of the influence of his ministry. He had already preached a year or two; but he undertook, in this stage of useless embarrassment, the study of medicine, and then he began law, — having his daily bread, all the while, to earn by his daily labor, added to what he calls, "The weight of a most losing literary enterprise." Still his destiny went on. At the request of a brother of the lamented Samuel Bacon, — a Massachusetts' man, from Worcester County, — who had recently deceased, in the earliest attempt to found a colony on the African shore, — he engaged in the composition of a memoir of that gentleman. It was extended to a volume of over three hundred octavo pages; and the work gives evidence of a vigorous enthusiasm and laborious reflection and research. Yet it occupied him apparently, with all his other engagements and anxieties brooding over him, but a few months of a single season. It seems that having got his materials together, he would shut himself in his room, and for days be visible only at his meals, or perhaps content himself with a cold collation, for which he trusted a servant; and whatever the weather might be, the day-break

was sure to find him on his way to his study, upon Pennsylvania Avenue, half a mile distant, there to remain incessantly busy with his volume, till a late hour of the evening. But the work was finished, and the writer survived. We find him in charge of a Baltimore expedition of African emigrants, with whom, in August 1822, he landed at Cape Montserado, sole agent, — his predecessors having by this time returned to America, — for the affairs of the little colonial settlement.

We shall not follow the course of the Memoir. That would be essentially to furnish a history of the colony, which, in fact, Mr. Gurley has done, for all the period of Mr. Ashmun's administration, embodying in his sketch a variety of documents and anecdotes of lively interest, which never before have seen the light, and whose value no person was better qualified to appreciate than himself. Whatever may be the disposition of the descendants of the first African colonists,

“In the long line of coming days,”

to do honor to the enterprise of their ancestors, — or the rational curiosity, in any quarter, to investigate the origin of one of the most remarkable movements of the age in which it began; or let its course be as it may, it never can be said that the foundations of the scheme were laid, as those of *other* states have been, in obscurity; or that the materials are wanting for tracing the growth of the oak, back even to its source in the acorn.

An outline of the situations severally in which Mr. Ashmun found the settlement at his arrival, and in which he left it at his death, — bearing in mind the means at his disposal, — will convey, perhaps, the best conception of the nature of his labors, and indeed no feeble estimate of his character also. It may at the same time be of service, in aiding those who are sufficiently ready to disparage and despise what has been done, — without much of a corresponding disposition to do anything themselves, — to do justice, at least, both to those of their fellow-citizens who have produced these results, such as they are, and to those who regard them as among the most extraordinary which human energy has, in any age, accomplished, or the wisdom of benevolence projected.

A purchase of territory from the native rulers had been effected previous to Ashmun's arrival, but neither was the negotiation as yet wholly consummated, nor were any documents

defining the limits of the premises in possession of the American party. The site of what is now Monrovia, on the Cape, as well as the greater portion of the peninsula, was a complete wilderness, overgrown with dense forest, entangled with vines and brushwood, — the haunt of savage beasts, — divided here and there only by the narrow pathway, cut by the natives, for access to the shore. In the bosom of this vast desert, just began the germ of civilization to be disclosed. A small spot had been scooped out, as it were, of the woods, almost as the barbarians in the neighborhood were accustomed to hollow a log for the purpose of their rude navigation. About thirty huts were raised, and a small store-house, insufficient for its purpose. Some of the settlers were still without shelter of their own. What public property there had been was chiefly consumed by a recent fire. No preparation had been made for the next expedition. The surrounding country was populous with hordes of savages, eager for booty, and ignorant of the character of these new-comers, — and, in fact, they had already made no equivocal manifestations of a most formidable hostile purpose. Finally, the whole population of the settlement, including the Baltimore emigrants, did not exceed one hundred and thirty, of whose ability for defence it is sufficient to remark, that but *thirty-five* were capable of bearing arms. What auspices were these for an American colony in the very heart of the slave-coast!

Nor were the immediate circumstances of Ashmun's landing better calculated to inspire him with sanguine expectations of success. The vessel was scarcely moored, when a violent gale, blowing directly on shore, forced her off with the loss of an anchor; and it was only with extreme difficulty that, after a vain attempt for forty-eight hours to sail out of the bay, the anchor being providentially recovered, she was at length brought to a fixed position, at the distance of some miles from the settlement. The weather continued boisterous; the boatmen became sick; the principal boat used in landing the cargo was lost; and it cost the Agent a month of incessant labor, finally to accomplish that indispensable labor. We shall see more of his trials in the sequel.

He commenced his administration with vigor immediately on his arrival. A colonial journal was opened. Inventories were made of the condition of the colony. A store-house was begun, and a building, first designed for a market-house, set in

order for the re-captured Africans, who had formed a part of the last expedition. Efforts were at once used to ascertain the disposition of the chiefs. The agent had interviews with King Peter, and King Long Peter; and made visits of conciliation to other potentates too numerous to mention. He extended the plan of the town. He gave the Africans a settlement of their own, and furnished them a system of instruction in all the practical arts of life. He made arrangements for receiving a few of the children of the natives into the colony, as pupils in civilization. And all this was subordinate to the great object of defence, and had been the work probably of less than a week; for as early as the 18th we find it recorded, — a constant record being kept by the agent himself, — that “the present martello tower was planned, laborers employed in clearing the site, and a particular survey taken of the military strength and means of the settlers.” This survey shows a singular state of things. Of the Americans, “*twenty-seven, when not sick, were able to bear arms,*” though, by the way, to bear them was *all* they could do, being wholly untrained to their use, as well as exhausted with other labors, now including the duty of keeping up a continual night-watch of no fewer than twenty of their number. Then there were five iron guns, and one brass one, belonging to the settlement, but unfortunately buried in the mud on the opposite side of the water; besides, that four of the pieces required carriages before they could be used at all. When to this account it is added that there was no fixed ammunition, and very little of any sort, and that only by great exertions and with much delay, was it practicable to load the only gun provided with a carriage, — we have a tolerable idea of the resources of the colony for defence against the myriads of barbarians who now hovered, by day and night, nearer and nearer, over what they instinctively regarded as already their appointed prey. We have omitted the mention of “*forty muskets in store, which, with repairing, were capable of being rendered serviceable,*” — that is, we suppose, provided there were any body to use them.

However, this was the element of Ashmun; and he now began to *live*; his indecision, if the remains of it had still lingered, floated away into thin air, like the mist of the morning. Thirteen African boys, of the United States’ agency, were enrolled, and exercised in the use of arms. The guns were with infinite la-

bor, one by one, transported into town, and mounted upon rough carriages. The muskets were repaired. The ammunition was made up. The toil of clearing the skirts of the settlement from the thick woods around it, which furnished a cover for the enemy's approach, was commenced and carried on with energy. Military laws were issued, officers appointed, the settlement surrounded with abatis or other fencework, and the artillery stationed. The rains all this time were immoderate, and nearly uninterrupted. At length sickness came. Mr. Ashmun was seized with a fever on the 25th. His wife had an attack three days after. The times grew more gloomy. Inter-course was suspended with the natives, and their children recalled. The recent emigrants were gradually taken down, till by the 10th of September, only *two* of their number remained well. Ashmun, meanwhile, held on, and bated not one jot. For four weeks he maintained "a difficult struggle," as he calls it, with his disorder, but was never utterly discouraged. It was no uncommon thing for him during this period, to pass the night in delirious suffering, and the subsequent morning in directing personally the execution of the public works! What a magnificent spectacle of Christian courage and human energy, inspired indeed with more than mortal hopes! The whole history of the contests of civilization and Christianity for a foothold in Pagan territory, does not furnish a more brilliant illustration of the elements of perseverance, and success, which both comprise.

Take another scene. On the 6th, the Agent, having matured his plans, and guarded against the event of his own decease, by communicating them to the most intelligent of his people, called them all together, read his instructions, published the regulations which he deemed essential to the general welfare, and addressed them on their condition and duties. Six days after we meet with this passage in his journal: — "*Rain falls in floods. The sick all seem better, except Mrs. Ashmun. She is speechless and almost without the use of her reason. There is no rational hope of her recovery. All remedies which her husband dares to venture, have been tried in vain.*" We scarcely need remark that no medical aid could be had in the colony. Again, he beheld "*a female of most delicate constitution, lying under the influence of a mortal fever, in the corner of a miserable hut, (to ventilate which in a proper manner was impossible), on a*

couch literally dripping with water, which a roof of thatch was unable to exclude." She expired on the 15th, and poor Ashmun was relieved of her distress. He remained in an extremely low state, however, himself, for several weeks more, — incapable even of motion at times ; and it was not till the 7th November that he was able to recommence his entries. Fortunately, his people had made good progress meanwhile. He had not only possessed these brave fellows of his plans, but of no small portion of a less communicable quality of preparation, — the invincible intrepidity of his own spirit.

Fortunately, also, — using this word in its popular acceptance, — through the diligent faithfulness of an unknown individual, the Agent was now informed of all the movements and counsels of his barbarous enemies, from day to day ; and it is but justice to observe, that he apprised them frankly that he was so, — at the same time warning them of his own wishes to continue at peace, and his equal determination, if attacked, to teach them " what it was to fight *white* men."* There had been, and was, no pretext of a cause of hostility on their part ; and he intended farther that no room should be left for the imputation to him, by his own countrymen, of a disposition, which no man could be farther from feeling, to embroil the colony in a wanton warfare. The frightful odds arrayed against him, indeed, — and sure to be so, in case of any rupture, — is in itself abundant proof that he could cherish no notions of a belligerent *policy*. The miserable condition of the colony, too weak to resist even an ordinary attack, — his efforts in due season to conciliate his neighbors, — and his remaining during the whole difficulty strictly in a posture of defence, till, as mere lawyers say, he was " driven to the wall," — are circumstances each of them equally and entirely conclusive on the same point. That conclusion indeed would have seemed almost self-evident, but for the discussions which some persons have affected to raise in regard to it. It would be gratifying to be informed what more peaceable or more forcible policy, either, it would have been possible for him to pursue, — more peaceable to conciliate, or more forcible to prevent. Literally, "*as far as possible*," in our opinion, he followed the spirit of his divine master ; and we rejoice that, only in the exhaustion of that contingency, he was found adequate to the subsequent crisis.

* A synonyme on the coast for *civilized people*.

It came on apace. On the 7th he had advices of a fresh movement. He inspected his works, and reviewed his gallant little force, — assuring them, “as the cause was emphatically that of God and their country, they might confidently expect His blessing.” The men slept on their arms, but the night passed, as also Saturday the 9th, and Sunday the 10th, without alarm, though only the women and children on the latter day were considered at liberty to attend divine service, and the enemy were heard of, as encamped in a force of from six to nine hundred men, only half a mile from the village. About daylight, the next morning, they marched on, just at a moment when the guard had incautiously retreated. The savages marched up with a front of ten yards, discharged their muskets, and ran forward to seize the post at which they aimed. Some confusion followed. The guard retreated farther, on the reserve. Luckily, the barbarians were caught by their avidity for plunder, which they stopped to search for in some scattered houses. The settlers rallied. Two guns were brought up. The second discharge staggered the whole native force. A few musketeers, besetting their flank, increased the agitation. In twenty minutes they recoiled. The guns made horrible havoc, in a mass of eight hundred men, fully exposed, and densely crowded. It was insufferable. They raised a yell of savage terror, and fled en masse to the woods. Their loss was very large, but never precisely ascertained; Mr. Ashmun gives the following account of the greater part of his own.

“One woman* who had imprudently passed the night in the house first beset by the enemy, had received thirteen wounds, and been thrown aside as dead. Another,† flying from her house with her two infant children, received a wound in the head, from a cutlass, and was robbed of both her babes; but providentially escaped. A young married woman,‡ with the mother of five small children, finding the house in which they slept surrounded by savage enemies, barricadoed the door, in the vain hope of safety. It was forced. Each of the women then seizing an axe, held the irresolute barbarians in check for several minutes longer. Having discharged their guns, they seemed desirous of gaining the shelter of the house previous to reloading. — At length, with the aid of their spears, and by means of a general rush, they over-

* Mrs. Ann Hawkins; who after long and incredible sufferings recovered, and is yet living.

† Mrs. Minty Draper.

‡ Mary Tines.

came their heroine adversaries, and instantly stabbed the young-est to the heart. The mother, instinctively springing for her suckling babe, which recoiled through fright, and was left behind, rushed through a small window on the opposite side of the house, and providentially escaped to the lines, unhurt, between two heavy fires."

The force of the settlers amounted to thirty-five persons, including six boys, and about half of them were engaged, the rest duly maintaining their stations. The proportion of numbers, therefore, was at least *forty to one*, in the enemy's favor!

The lines were now contracted, the dead buried, the wounded disposed of as well as they could be, and the men freshly disciplined. On the 17th, half the people, as the journal states, had the extraordinary privilege of attending divine service. Fresh efforts were made for peace, but in vain. The 23d, was observed as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer. A Liverpool vessel put in, and served to keep off the enemy for some days. At this time, exclusive of rice, there was not fifteen days' provision in store, — the population were subjected to "allowances," — the ammunition was insufficient for a general defence of even an hour; — and if to these facts we add that seven of the children were now in the hands of the natives, and quite a number of the people wounded and sick, not to say dispirited, we shall be able to appreciate the spirit which the Agent still continued both to exhibit, and to inspire, in a great degree, into those around him. The savages came on again, in the morning of December 2nd, in two opposite quarters. In one, three several onsets were most bravely resisted, with some carnage. In the other, they had four times rushed forward, and were driven back by the heavy guns. They then fired off for another post, but the Agent perceiving the movement, lay in wait from the stockade, and gave them as they passed such a reception as soon staggered them again. The order of retreat was issued, and the whole force, after a series of skirmishes, which continued over an hour, almost instantaneously disappeared. Their loss was very considerable, but less than before; their number was greater, — probably as many as fifteen hundred. Their plan of attack was judicious, and firmly supported, and their musketry managed with activity at least, since it seems "the quantity of shot lodged in the paling, and thrown within the lines was almost incredible." They loaded sometimes a foot deep, with iron

and copper slugs. They had cannon, but loading them was a half-hour's business, and the adroitness of the colonists in the use of the same articles, was by them ascribed to sorcery. Two of the latter were badly, and one mortally wounded. Mr. Ashmun received three bullets in his clothes, but escaped safe. The settlers universally behaved with the utmost coolness and vigor. On an equal distribution of the shot among the guns after the battle, *less than three rounds for each were found remaining!* And thus ended one of the most remarkable contests recorded in all the history of man. It saved the colony at the time from total destruction, and has preserved its peace, reputation, and prosperity, in a great measure, from that day to this.

It must have been noticed, how striking were some of the escapes of the Agent, as well as the colony. Another case of the kind occurred on the 3d, when an accidental alarm, given by a guard, proved the means of bringing relief to the settlement. It was a British schooner, with stores, and having on board the celebrated traveller Laing, by whose influence the chiefs were afterwards bound to a truce. A midshipman and eleven seamen, were left to see it preserved; *nine* of these died within a month. Mr. Ashmun relapsed again into his fever, but his guardian genius succored him by the opportune arrival of a medical Frenchman, who administered a violent remedy, which cured him. The captives were restored. Trade was opened with the natives, and visits made among them. A new expedition came out in May. About this time he wrote home, — "We are now about one hundred and fifty strong, all in health, have about fifty houses, including three store-houses, and a heavy, substantial stone-tower, mounting six pieces of ordnance. Harmony and industry in a good degree prevail. Thus you see we are prepared to go on and fulfil the anxious wishes of the friends of the cause, in relation to the cultivation of the lands, and the formation of a regular, moral and happy society." A change indeed! And all accomplished, within a few months, and by the energy of a single man! "A young man," too, — as his biographer, who has conducted this narrative with great animation, well remarks, — "and bred to letters, of retired habits, educated for the ministry of Christ, unknown to fame, the victim of disappointment, burdened with debt, touched by undeserved reproach;" — and, of course, he might have added, waiving his domestic afflictions, — with a feeble constitution at best, now

exhausted almost to the last degree of endurance, by a long process of delirious and wasting fever!

Dr. Ayres came out in the last expedition, and his presence somewhat relieved Mr. Ashmun of his labors, though he still continued acting as agent. It is a striking illustration of his character, how eagerly he embraced this little interval of comparative *leisure*, for a few months, — which doubtless his health demanded should be so used, — to rush freshly into the old habit of indefatigable application to his studies. Four hours daily, for three months, he devoted, in that enfeebling climate, to Blackstone's Commentaries; and French, and history, and criticism, and politics, and works of imagination even, and a good deal of constant composition besides, were added to the labors of the law. In the next March, we find him writing, as might be expected, to the managers, for an opportunity to return to this country, on account of his growing infirmities, — which however came not. His only relief was a voyage to the Cape de Verde Islands; in the preparation for which he ruptured an artery, and bleeding continually for twenty-eight hours, was reduced to the last point of exhaustion, when, — as his better star sometimes arose, when he looked for it least, — a French vessel came in sight, and a surgeon stopped his hemorrhage in half an hour. But we will not pursue the history in its details. Many of them, it would be as unpleasant as it is needless to revive. Of the misunderstanding between the Agent and the Board, and the explanation of it, a full account is published in the Memoir; but it is enough to remark here, that justice was done at last, and that both the Society and the public at large were finally convinced that, while the progress and prosperity of the settlement were wholly ascribable to him, as long as he remained there, — and a most essential proportion of them, from that time forward, — it would probably be vain to expect that the place, by his departure left vacant, could ever be supplied. Even by the close of 1826, "divinely assisted," as Mr. Gurley expresses it, "he had laid, immovably, on that heathen shore, the foundations of a Christian empire." The colonists were universally attached to him. The barbarians, who had fought him, now knew him by the endearing titles of "Head-man for all their country," and "Father of we all." An excellent system of laws was established. New and flourishing settlements had been founded, and great accessions of valuable territory made

in various directions. Two handsome churches adorned the village of Monrovia. Batteries, forts, a market house, a Lancasterian school house, a town house, and several other buildings were at this time going up. The colony was in perfect health. A colonial schooner was launched. The commerce had increased with such rapidity, that traders had made a profit of over \$30,000 between January and July, in African produce sold to foreign vessels; and a New England merchant, who landed a cargo, worth \$8,000, was paid for the whole of it in the course of ten days. There was a public library, at this period, of twelve hundred volumes. What a contrast to the state of affairs four years before! The annals of colonization, from first to last, furnish no precedent for it.

Mr. Ashmun continued in the colony till he was no longer able to discharge his duties, and a voyage was resorted to, as the last source of a hope of recovery. On the 25th of March, 1828, attended by the affectionate good wishes of all his people, he went on board the brig *Dorris*, "and with the feelings," says his Biographer, "which seek despairingly for expression, through the eyes of the dying, in their last fixed look upon an object which the heart holds fast to its final moment," left Africa forever. He spent some time at St. Bartholomew's, — felt his strength revive a little, and took passage for New Haven in July, — was exhilarated for a day or two by the joy of arrival among his friends, — relapsed again, — minutely arranged his private affairs, — bequeathed his little property to the cause of African missions, — dictated a letter of business, from his bed, on the last day of his life, — prayed over his little African ward, who stood in tears beside him, — affectionately parted with those who watched with him to the end, (including the friend who has given in this memoir so beautiful a proof of his appreciation of the martyr's character), — and at length "expired gently, and in a moment, on the evening of the 28th of August, 1828, in the thirty-fifth year of his age." We shall close the magnificent but melancholy scene, with the eloquent closing passages of the volume before us, including, it will be perceived, a sketch of one of the most touching little incidents it is possible to conceive. The reverential affection of Ashmun for his parents, and indeed the faithfulness with which he clung to every attachment, were among the most delightful traits, of even a character fitted as his was, to attract the fond admiration of all who knew him.

"A large concourse of the citizens of New Haven, and of the neighboring towns, united in a solemn tribute of respect to his memory, and attended his remains to the grave. The assembly had already filled the Central Church, to which the body of the deceased was conveyed, and the Minister of Christ just concluded his humble supplications to the God of all mercy and consolation, when a venerable, solitary female, entered the congregation, and with a look which told what her tongue might in vain have essayed to speak, approached the corpse. It was the mother of Ashmun! Every heart in that vast assembly beat fainter, as they beheld this aged matron, who had travelled for several days and nights from a remote part of the country, in the hope of embracing her living son, pressing her lips and her heart upon the coffin which concealed all that remained of that son in death, forever from her sight.*

"The Discourse of the Rev. Leonard Bacon, on this occasion, (which has been given to the public) was a just and eloquent defence of the spirit, that animates the martyrs to a great and good cause, and under the power of which Ashmun had sacrificed his life in the service of Africa. 'His example (said the preacher) shall speak.'

"There have been men whose names are way-marks; whose examples, through successive ages, stir the spirits of their fellow men with noble emulation. What has been done for God, and for the souls of men, and for the cause of wretched human nature, by the lustre which gathers around the name of David Brainard. How many lofty spirits has the simple history of his toils and sorrows kindled and roused to kindred enterprise. Other names there are, which beam from age to age with the same glory. Howard, Clarkson, Swartz, Mills, — what meaning is there in such names as these. Our departed friend will add another to that brilliant catalogue. He takes his place

'Amid th' august and never dying light
Of constellated spirits, who have gained
A name in heaven, by power of heavenly deeds'

"Let us praise God for the light of his example, which shall never be extinguished, and which, as it beams on us, shall also beam on our children, and our children's children, moving them to deeds of godlike benevolence.

* "The warmth of the season rendered it imprudent to open the coffin, — a circumstance painful at the time, — but which left uneffaced in the memory of the venerable parent of Ashmun, those pleasing ideas of her son, which his early manly beauty had impressed upon it.

'Praise! for yet one more name, with power endowed
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness.'

"We have come to his grave. A simple, but beautiful monument, erected by the Managers of the American Colonization Society, in the church-yard of New Haven, (a spot which nature has made lovely, and which affection and piety have planted with trees and flowers, as if anxious to throw a charm and fragrance around the resting-places of the dead), bears the name of Ashmun. This monument may perish, but that name never. It is engraven on the heart of Africa.

"In his person, Mr. Ashmun was tall, — his hair and eyes light, — his features regular and cast in the finest mould, — his manners mild, yet dignified, — and in his countenance, an expression of the gentlest affections softened the lineaments of a lofty, firm, and fearless mind.

"He early saw the truth and felt the power of the Christian Religion. Its principles were ever living and active in his soul. The passions of youth might war against them, — in the conflict with temptation, they might seem, for a moment, giving way; but they were indestructible, — of the seed of God that liveth and abideth forever.

"In grief, and temptation, and reproach, — in want, and danger, and pain, — when so cast down by affliction, that his soul became weary of life, he acknowledged himself under the discipline of the Almighty; he praised the name of God with a song, and magnified it with thanksgiving. While, with David, he remembered the works of God and his wonders of old, his troubled thoughts were soothed, and he exclaimed, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." Strengthened by the consolations of God, his spirit rose towards the innumerable company of just men made perfect, who, once in tribulation like his, now stand inaccessible to misery or to danger, on the 'mountains of glory,' and seem to bend upon him looks of tenderness and love.

"Such is the power of dispensing blessings which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow-creatures; for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular at the shrine. Those rare excellencies, which make our grief poignant, make it likewise profitable; and the tears which wise men shed for the

departure of the wise, are among those that are preserved in Heaven.*

"Spirit of Ashmun! dost thou not look down upon me, while to that cause, to which thou gavest thy all, thy life, I dedicate this humble offering to thy worth? I cast it on thy grave,—for there, a potent and unslumbering spirit dwells, which will not leave it voiceless. Thou hast not lived,—thou hast not died in vain. I hear responded from ten thousand tongues, thou hast not lived,—thou hast not died in vain. The light thou hast kindled in Africa shall never go out; the principles thou hast exemplified, are true and everlasting. Thy country shall yet,—shall soon do justice; and when in all her borders no fetter shall be worn by the guiltless,—when upon Africa, now just awakening to a sense of her miseries, and stretching out her hands for help, she shall have conferred, in the free spirit of the Great Master of Christians, her language, her liberty, and her religion; rewarded with the gratitude of millions, and the honors of all nations clustering thick upon her,—Africa,—America,—the World shall know, thou hast not lived,—thou hast not died in vain.

'Thou hast left behind,
Powers that will work for thee! air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee! thou hast great allies!
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.' "

We might have called attention to those portions of this work which discuss, in a very able manner, some of the most interesting subjects connected with the scheme of African Colonization; but these subjects have acquired in our day a commanding conspicuousness of their own, which, independently of the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Gurley for doing them justice, cannot fail to secure them sufficient consideration. Faults, also, could be pointed out in the composition; and the size of the volume, in our opinion, might be reduced beneficially for its circulation; but it is, as we called it in the outset, so intrinsically both a just and generous work,—so liberal and so laborious, alike,—that we can indulge in no disposition to criticise for a moment.

It would have been a far more grateful and a far more useful task, were there space for it, to illustrate from the pages of this single volume, as it would have been easy to do, with what surprising sagacity the mind of Ashmun, in the

* Coleridge.

infant stage of the scheme to which he devoted his life, had completely apprehended and anticipated all the principles subservient to its prosperity, and all the consequences involved in its issue. Its ablest advocates, even now, may gather convictions of its true character afresh from the study of his writings, as well as from the observation of his policy. No man more deeply felt, especially, how essential to the great ends of the Colony's establishment, — not to say to its existence, — would be found the reliance of its managers, and the cultivation of the character of its population, on the basis of the Christian religion, as a point of primary moment. He perceived, too, the importance of its commercial capacities, and the greater importance of sustaining its agriculture, its arts, its system of education, its strict morality, its health, its harmony with its neighbors, — in a word, of making it at all events, and above all things else, *a desirable place for the colored man to go to*. That is the sum and substance of the plan; and it is simple, intelligible, unexceptionable; and what is more to the purpose, practicable; and not practicable only, but available to an indefinite extent, — indefinite as the capacities of one continent to *furnish* the population, whose welfare is and was the first consideration for its maintenance, and for its institution, — and as the providentially inexhaustible and splendid abilities and fitness of the other continent to *receive*. All this is substantiated; and the colony, therefore, should it perish to-day, no more than Ashmun, “would have lived in vain.” It would have accomplished a great purpose, — the great purpose of all others, — the establishment of a conclusive experiment in fact, and of an inevitable inference in reason, that the degree of the extension of that experiment, and its benefits hereafter, may now safely be left to the experience, added to the intelligence, of the American people; and that it will be limited only by the amount of the energies which those powerful agents, severally interested in its development, from time to time, shall themselves be willing to expend in its prosecution.

To make the Colony, we say, a desirable resort of the colored man, implies everything necessary to the utmost triumph of the scheme. It implies everything in the mode of the management, and everything in the nature of the results. It implies, as Ashmun well knew, a scrupulous care in the selection of emigrants, and a slow and cautious progress of the settlement for many years, — a policy, from the temporary

postponement of which to the gratification of a general eagerness to hurry the benefits of the institution, all its temporary inconveniences may be plainly deduced. It implies, not emigration of more colonists, but education and care of those already gone over ; not the increase of the Colony as a prime policy, but its welfare first, and of course its increase after ; its reputation ; the already beginning series of new experiments, rising around it, (like the flourishing Pennsylvania and Maryland settlements), each improved by the practice of the last, and by the genial light of the period in which it originates ; the gradual growth of a system of voluntary emigration ; the spread of a prosperous commerce ; the whole chapter of colonial influence on the African continent, and the slave-trade of the coast ; the promotion of science ; the propagation of Christianity ; in fine, as we said before, the indefinite amplification of the entire scheme, with all its immense and endless issues.

ART. II. — *Modern Law of Nations.*

1. *Ward's Law of Nations.* 8vo. 2 vols. 1795.
2. *Vattel's Law of Nations, by Chitty.* 8vo. 1829.

PROMINENT among the peculiar traits of the European civilization, are the intimacy of connexion and constancy of intercourse prevailing in all the diverse nations of Christendom. This appears in the mutual interchange of their natural and manufactured productions ; in the passage of science, arts, opinions, fashions, from one country to another ; in the social communication continually taking place among them ; in their possessing a common religion, a common taste, an historical reminiscence in common, and substantially a common intellectual advancement and condition. Their association as nations is, to be sure, continually subject to interruption by war ; but, even in the prosecution of war, in pursuing the business of reciprocal destruction, they observe certain usages and rules of warfare, which still mark them as the one great organized Christian Commonwealth of Europe and America.

To understand precisely the actual state of things in this respect, we have only to conceive any country, the United States for example, — or, which will make it still clearer, one of the

States, as Massachusetts, — to possess identically the same laws which it now does, except that no public functionaries exist, having authority to enforce those laws ; no executive or judicial magistrates, no regularly recurring legislative assembly. There is an admitted law of the land, which the good obey, and the bad violate, as at present ; its leading doctrines are well settled ; but there is no superior power, by which they may be enforced upon delinquents ; and if an individual who has entered into a contract with another, refuses to fulfil it, or if an individual assails another in any of his rights of person or property, the only means of redress, which the latter has, are to endeavor by arguments to convince him of his wrong, and then obtain reparation of the injury, or to induce him to agree upon some special tribunal to adjust the difference ; and if the party aggrieved fails in this endeavor, nothing remains for him but to muster his domestics and friends, and compel the other to do right if he may by high-handed force. Perhaps, in the case supposed, the neighbors of the parties, perceiving one of them to be manifestly in the wrong, will volunteer their aid in punishing the wrong doer. Perhaps, without undertaking to judge between the two, they may interpose from sentiments of benevolence to prevent the effusion of blood, or from selfish motives, on account of the great inconvenience to the whole society, occasioned by the warfare of any of its members ; and in either case, they may first offer their mediation, and if that is rejected, they may compel a cessation of hostilities, by the overwhelming superiority of their combined strength. The case put is not a mere imaginary picture of things. It is true, in a qualified degree, of all barbarous communities, where the right of private war is more or less prevalent. — Such, at one period, was the social condition of every country in modern Europe ; and such are the international relations of Christendom in our own time.

Take any familiar event in the public history of the United States, for instance, and it will be seen, that we have truly represented the relative condition of the civilized nations of Europe and America. War is raging between two European powers, France and Great Britain. A French cruiser encounters an American merchant-ship, unarmed, peacefully pursuing her course on the high seas ; arrests her ; forcibly dispossesses her unresisting crew ; removes whatever of her cargo may be valuable and portable ; sets fire to her, and burns her

to the water's edge; or, if it happen to be convenient to him, places a prize-master on board, and sends her to France for sentence and condemnation. What ensues? Negotiation; the use of argument on the part of the two nations, one affirming, the other denying, that a wrong has been committed and requires reparation. Well, the allegation of wrong implies a rule of right; and each party, in fact, appeals to the *law of nations*, and cites the law-books where it is found recorded and explained, in addition to the special compacts which may happen to subsist between the parties, in justification of its own view of the case. They admit a common law, by which they are bound. But is either of them a vassal of the other, and amenable to its laws and tribunals of justice? By no means. Each of them is a sovereign power; that is, not subject to any common government, although recognising a common system of laws. France admits that, unless her conduct is justified by the law of nations, or by treaty, the United States are entitled to indemnity for the injury inflicted on the person and property of an American. It may be, that France is convinced of the illegality of her proceeding, and promptly makes reparation; or it may be that, without spontaneously yielding so far, and yet feeling amicably disposed, she proposes to refer the difference to the arbitrement of some common friend as umpire. If, however, each of them is self-willed, or the question be such as no text or analogy in the law of nations reaches, and they be too firmly persuaded each of its own right to yield anything, then, as they have no common court or superior, before which one party may compel the appearance of the other, the matter remains, for a long series of years, a subject of mutual discussion; and may, after all, terminate in war, the ultimate reason of kings, the only final arbiter between sovereign states.

But suppose that the depredation, concerning which we reason, instead of being committed by one of the civilized nations of Christendom, were the act of some people out of the pale of Christianity, for instance, one of the Barbary States. In the first place, the fact would have differed; for the crew of the captured merchant-man would have been killed on the spot, or sold into slavery, and the captors would not have troubled themselves to obtain a legal adjudication upon the prize. Secondly, the course of proceeding would have differ-

ed ; for although we, the civilized and Christian party, should probably talk much of the law of nations, yet we should speedily discover that the parties did not know or acknowledge any common law of nations ; and the question would resolve itself immediately into one of superior strength, to be tried only by recourse to war.

In substance, therefore, the law of nations, which men speak of, is the law of the civilized nations of Christendom. We say, substantially ; for in our own time, the weakness of the various Mahometan, or other unchristianized communities of the Old World, or rather the increasing relative strength conferred on the European races by their superiority in all the arts of peace and war, has the effect of gradually extending the Christian law of nations far beyond the limits of Christianity. Still the position is in the general true ; that it is only the law of Europe, and its colonies, and of the nations descended from European colonies, and associated by all the ties of blood and religion to the peculiar civilization of Europe.

Nor is the occasional violation, or even deliberate denial of this or that maxim of the law of nations ; nor its fluctuations, by reason of the new pretensions of belligerents in time of war, which impair its symmetry, and of the more frequent improvements introduced into it by the progress of civilization ; nor the old and yet unsettled controversy among jurists, as to the foundation and binding obligation of international law, as whether it derives force from immutable nature, or from convention and usage : — neither of these considerations affords any impeachment of international law, as the admitted common code of the class or set of nations to which we belong. For, if we consider well the municipal law of any country, we shall detect in each one of these particulars, a perfect analogy between the law of nations and the municipal law. They differ essentially, neither in foundation, which is mixed of reason and of positive institution ; nor in susceptibility of violation, and of change for the better or the worse ; but only in the consequence following upon infraction, that is, the mode of redress and enforcement ; there being in the one case a tribunal for adjudging between them, there being in the other case, none. And they correspond in form ; treaties in the one case answering to statutes in the other, and each having its decision and usages received as obligatory.

When we come to discuss the social relations of sovereign states as members of the great community of civilized Christendom, we necessarily encounter the same current of abstract question, as in discussing the social relations of individual men as members of a single community; namely, the question of conscience, native moral sentiment, divine command, or actual consent, or whatever else be the rule of duty, — a never ending dispute, which runs through the moral writers of Greece and Rome, as of modern Europe. Without embarking, however, upon this wide sea of moral speculation, we propose, in this article, to present a brief practical exposition of the origin and nature of those important principles of peace and war, which constitute the supreme law of Christendom. The works, placed at the head of this article, afford us abundant material for the purposes in question.

Our intellectual cultivation is founded upon the knowledge of the Greeks and Romans; and our taste in the fine arts is purely and exclusively Greek. But our laws of national intercourse differ essentially from those of both Greeks and Romans; and although we derive our political institutions through the invading barbarians, our immediate ancestors, men remarkable for their ferocity, yet our maxims of national law are eminently superior in justice and humanity to those of Greece and Rome.

Begin with the Greeks. They, it is well known, accounted all other people barbarous; and the name of foreigner among them, instead of being a title of hospitality, was synonymous with enemy. Isocrates refers to it as the opinion of his countrymen, that foreigners were their enemies by nature.* Conformably with which notion, Aristotle, in running over the arguments used in his time to justify the institution of slavery, cites the doctrine that foreigners had, and could have, no claim of right as Greeks.† And on the same principle, as we read in Justin, the Phocæans, so late as the age of Pisistratus, pursued piracy as a trade, it being accounted in those times an honorable occupation.‡ Between Greek and Greek, how-

* Orat. Panathen.

† Aristotel. Politic. Lib. I. c. 4, in Gillies, Vol. II. pp. 35, 36.

‡ Hist. Lib. XLIII. c. 3. Namque Phocæenses, exiguitate ac macie terræ coacti, studiosius mare quam terras exercuere, piscando, mercando, *plerumque etiam lutrocinio maris, quod illis temporibus gloriæ habebatur, vitam tolerabant.*

ever, men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, and having a common religion, it might be supposed there would be more of reason in their national intercourse. Quite otherwise. The only doctrine of international right which they seem to have held was this: that men are bound to such duties as they specially contract to perform. Accordingly, the people of one city distinguished those of another, as being either *εἰσπολεῖς* or *ἐκπολεῖς*, in compact, or out of compact, as the case might be; and in the latter alternative, the people out of compact were considered and treated as out of law. Thus, in multiplied examples, all over the history of Greece, we read of prisoners being slaughtered in cold blood; unsuccessful generals executed; the absolute annihilation of cities; the murder of ambassadors, and wanton punishment of hostages; and all the worst acts of savage cruelty perpetrated, not by soldiers in the hot blood of battle, but upon the deliberation and vote of public assemblies.

In Rome, as in Greece, the same word, originally, signified a stranger and a foe. *Hostis enim apud majores nostros dicebatur*, says Cicero, *quem nunc peregrinum dicimus*.^{*} And the civil law, in explaining the Jus Postliminii, lets us into a remarkable trait of ancient manners. If, says the text, we have neither friendship, nor hospitality, nor a treaty made for the sake of friendship, with a people, these indeed are not enemies; but anything of ours which reaches them becomes theirs, and if a freeman of ours is taken by them he becomes their slave; and so it is with anything of theirs which falls into our hands † By still greater reason, of course, did the persons as well as property of public enemies become lawful prize of war. Tacitus says, that there was more slaughter in civil wars than in any other, because the captives were not available as plunder.‡ What suffering and ignominy the Romans inflicted on prisoners of war, we know by numberless proofs and in signal examples. Livy presents them all at one view, in a speech ascribed to Vibius Virrius, of Capua.§ “The torments and contumelies which an enemy of Rome has to expect, I can, so long as I am free and my own master, escape by a death at once easy and honorable. For I will not see A. Claudius

* De Offic. Lib. I. c. 12.

† Digest. Lib. XLIX, Tit. 15, Lib. 3.

‡ Hist. Lib. II. c. 44.

§ 7 Liv. Hist. Lib. XXVI, c. 13.

and Q. Fulvius pluming themselves in the insolence of victory ; nor will I be dragged in chains through the city of Rome, the spectacle of a triumph, to be then cast into prison, or to be bound to a stake, and, my back lacerated with rods, bend my neck to a Roman axe ; nor will I see my country consigned to devastation and fire ; nor the matrons and virgins of Campania to violation." It is evident that Livy alludes to these things, as the ordinary incidents of captivity ; and individual cases of extreme cruelty occur from time to time in the history of the Republic. Thus, after the defeat of the Teutones by C. Marius, their wives sent a deputation to the Romans to make stipulations for their chastity and freedom ; and being refused, they voluntarily inflicted death on themselves and their children.* Hence, the fury with which the ancients sometimes defended their cities to the last extremity, and then destroyed themselves, rather than submit to the laws of war, as in the case of Numantia. And the famous anecdote of the conduct of Scipio with respect to the captive princes, illustrates the same point ; since it was deemed a marvellous instance of virtue in him to abstain from doing that, which, if any modern general were to do it, would render his name proscribed as a hissing and scorn in all Europe.

At the same time, the Romans had the elements of a law of peace and war, and far surpassed the Greeks in the equity and reasonableness of their military usages. They were remarkable, indeed, beyond other ancient nations, for the observance of their engagements, and for the frequent exhibition of traits of generosity and honor, in their magnificent career of universal domination. Thus, they introduced the practice of a regular declaration of war ; and instituted a body of heralds. They held, also, in express terms, that it was unlawful to fight without military enrolment or commission ; and that even in the art of war itself, there were maxims of equity proper to be observed. Wherefore, Fabricius refused to have Pyrrhus assassinated ; Camillus restored the children of the Falisci fraudulently delivered up to him by their tutor ; and Regulus returned to Carthage to suffer the certain doom of a cruel death, in redemption of his parole of honor. They enforced upon others the rules of war observed by themselves ; for they des-

* Florus, Lib. III. c. 3.

troyed Corinth, one of the noblest of the Greek cities, professedly because it had infringed the rights of ambassadors. And a similar cause, by the way, led to the destruction of Athens by the Persians. In short, Rome made approaches to a system of public law; and, accordingly, we see that the texts of the Roman Institute and Pandects are, to this day, occasionally cited on controverted points of international intercourse; but after all, the system itself is the growth of the later days of Christian Europe.

For the barbarians came in upon the empire, not only without any settled notions of international law, but thoroughly steeped in military usages, utterly atrocious, abominable, and abhorrent to all sense of reason or justice. It was a part of the very religion of the Scandinavians, such as they had, to familiarize themselves with bloodshed. They counted death by violence in their own persons, as the surest passport to their heaven of drunkenness and brutal fury; and of course, humanity in war, regard for the rights of enemies, was unknown to their hearts or their lives. In truth, the tribes which overran the Roman Empire, were desperate savages, with whom to conquer was to destroy. They swept over the civilized world, like a tropical hurricane, levelling all things in the dust before their fierce career. The *Vandals* have given their name to wanton barbarism. In the midst of the splendid monuments of ancient art, the civilization, science, and religion of Rome, they were Scythians still, lapping themselves in blood like wild beasts, and filling the earth with desolation in blind, aimless rage of cold-blooded ferocity. They made it their boast, that "horses might run without stumbling, where houses and cities had once stood." In the single reign of Justinian, the waste of human life, occasioned by the barbarians, has been estimated at six millions of persons. Reflect on the mass of suffering implied in such a fact. It is notorious, indeed, that practices which common civilization has driven out of existence, at least in Europe, were then received as acts of mercy; as to spare the vanquished inhabitants of the empire from massacre, and to reduce them to servitude in ransom of their lives, was the very height of humanity among the rugged Goths and Franks.

In this period of universal desolation and misery, what was it which gave the first check to the savage career of the barbarians, and opened upon the darkness of Europe the dawn of

better days? Manifestly, the influence of the Christian Church, which, from the beginning, labored assiduously and successfully to convert, and, of course, to humanize the barbarians. When Alaric, in the midst of the sack and pillage of Rome, gives command to respect the churches of the Apostles; when Luitprand leads off his troops from the same city at the entreaty of the Pope; when the Saxons and Franks begin to emancipate slaves upon the bed of death as an acceptable offering to God; and when the rude conventions between the different tribes of barbarians are coming to be drawn up in the name of Christ and the Holy Trinity:—then, we perceive plainly enough, that there is a blessed alterative medicine at work in the disordered frame of European society, slowly but surely counteracting the sanguinary tenets and usages of the ferocious children of the North.

Centuries, however, elapsed, filled with anarchy and bloodshed, ere a regular code of international law existed, or was even conceived; that long period of transition, which ensued upon the death of Charlemagne, and preceded the re-organization of Christendom after the crusades. It will be curious and instructive to advert to some of the customs of national intercourse, the rude elements of a public law, which are observable in the events of this period, down to the time of the revival of intellectual cultivation and the arts, and the discovery of America.

Early in this period, we find that the Saxons, Franks, Goths and Lombards, who had appropriated the chief part of Europe, were already advanced so far in civilization, that, when the kindred race of the Normans began to descend upon the coast of Britain and France, the cruelty they practised was become abhorrent to the posterity of the first hordes of invading barbarians. This difference between the Normans on the one hand, and the Saxons and Franks on the other, continued long after the peaceable establishment of the former in France; for Matilda of Scotland, a foreigner and neutral princess, who happened to be in England at the time of the Norman Conquest, was obliged to assume the veil, like many other Saxon ladies, as the only means of protecting her chastity against the followers of William of Normandy. Bad as this was, it showed that the cloister at least had come to be respected; and the

usages, which obtained elsewhere in Europe, were not such as to reflect much shame on the Normans by comparison.

For instance, the mutilation of captives was a common incident of war. So also was the use of poisoned weapons, and the poisoning of the wells of a country or town through which soldiers were to march. Prisoners being considered at the mercy of the captor, they were treated as a kind of hostages for extorting advantages from their friends and countrymen. Foreigners taken in battle were sometimes tried, condemned and executed as for treason in the breach of municipal law. It was no rare thing to execute officers, taken prisoners in the defence of a military post, to punish them for holding out longer than pleased the besieger. No farther back than the sixteenth century, it was a relic of old barbarism, still held as parcel of the law of nations, that strangers coming into a country without a safe conduct, were liable to arrest and detention. Throughout the middle ages, princes and generals were accustomed to take infinite precaution against the danger of personal violence when they met for conference or negotiation; as for instance, by having their interview on different sides of a strong barrier. Cases frequently occur of open disregard of the rights of ambassadors, nor were the heralds, indispensable to communication between hostile princes or states, uniformly safe. Hostages were subjected to every species of cruelty, such as imprisonment, mutilation, and massacre in cool blood. And, in the process of improvement, the practice of holding prisoners to ransom took the place of reducing them to slavery, and became a source of private emolument, just as regular and settled as the right of the landholder to the products of the earth.

Meanwhile, however, the different nations of Europe had respectively acquired their distinct public organization; alliances and other conventions were become frequent; princes appealed to the mediation of other princes, and addressed themselves to the common judgment of Christendom; occasional diplomatic relations between them gradually came into more constant use; and thus the elements of the modern law of nations began to develop themselves all over Europe. It is time, therefore, now to point out the great usages and institutions of the period under review, so far as they bear upon our subject, and to explain their operation and influences.

In the outset we have Christianity, preëminent in its general influence over the civilization of Europe, and distinctly useful in respect of the reciprocal relations of sovereignties. Of sovereignties, because, in those times, Europe was divided, not into nations exclusively, but into federative sovereignties, somewhat similar in principle to the organization of the United States, except that the sovereignties were composed for the most part of the feudal barons in behalf of themselves and their vassals, not of the vassals in the aggregate, considered as a state or political community.

Remember that the invading barbarians were pagans, emphatically so, and the professors of a superstition of drunkenness and blood; and that the first glimmering of civilization, discernible among them, dates from their conversion to Christianity. Remember, also, that the Christian religion, in contrast with most other forms of worshipping God, discountenances the shedding of blood either in sacrifice or war. That is, viewed in the light of a moral code, Christianity is a pacific system. Hence, upon the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity, that effect instantly followed, which it was natural to anticipate; a mitigation of the universality and ferocity of war, as previously waged all over Europe. Then began the custom of appealing to peace, as the means of sparing the effusion of the blood of fellow Christians. The Emperor Charlemagne cites the texts of Scripture upon this point in his *Capitularies*, just as our Puritan forefathers did with reference to ordinary crimes, in the laws of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. But the church did not content itself with good maxims, the inculcation of anti-belligerent doctrines merely in words. It cast about successfully for the means of innovating practically upon the existing usages of war. To this end, it began by establishing that *Pax Ecclesiæ*, Peace of the Church, which figures conspicuously in all the early laws of the barbarians, of whatever tribe or locality; that is, the prohibition of acts of violence in churches, monasteries, and other places consecrated to the worship or service of God. "We have all one Heavenly Father, and one Spiritual Mother, which is the Church," says the law of the Saxon Aethelred, "and therefore we are all of us brethren; and the peace of the church is the great peace to be cultivated by a Christian." Having thus obtained an immunity from war in behalf of certain places, the church next betook itself to procuring it

for certain days, being the Lord's day, and other chief holidays traditionally observed by the Roman Church. To enforce the prohibition of warfare and other worldly acts on those days, it was ordained that those who transgressed it should be deprived of Christian privileges in life and after death. A remarkable incident rendered the efforts of the church in this particular conspicuous. It was pretended that a bishop in Aquitaine received a message from God, enjoining peace under the immediate penalty of divine vengeance; wherefore ensued the *Treuga Domini*, or Truce of the Lord, a complete cessation of hostilities for the space of seven years; and the church availed itself of the occasion to re-enjoin the perpetual immunity of the chief holidays, including three days of each week, from the evening of Thursday to the morning of Monday, so as to include the days of the Passion and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.* And associations of barons bound themselves by treaty or deed to keep the conditions of the *Treuga Domini*. In obedience to a similar pretended revelation, the prelates and barons of the south of France assembled and made a league, called the Brotherhood of God, for the purpose not only of observing, but of enforcing, peace.

This example illustrates the humanizing influence of the tenets of Christianity upon the international relations of Europe. Its influence as a visible institution was yet more important, as displayed in two ways, namely, in the authority exercised by the Pope prior to the time of the Reformation, and in that of the Œcumenical Councils.

Though, in the early ages of Christianity, it is undeniable that the bishops of Rome were but as other bishops, and invested only with diocesan authority similar to theirs, yet the political position of Rome, as the capital of the Christian world tended to impart superior dignity and importance to its bishops. Accordingly, the Council of Chalcedon ascribed to Pope Leo the title of Œcumenical, that is, universal, bishop; and the general superintendence of the church, thus conferred on the Roman See in the time of the Roman emperors, was confirmed by Charlemagne, after the conversion of the barbarians, — extended by the forged code of Decretals, falsely ascribed to Saint Isidore, — and established by Hilde-

* Robertsons's Charles V. Int.

brand. In the plenitude of its power, the Papal See claimed to hold the keys of heaven as the successor of Saint Peter; and thus, not only to exercise a general superintendence over all ecclesiastical persons, but also to excommunicate, and thus to depose lay sovereigns, by declaring them unfit to reign, and so to give and take away kingdoms. Unwarranted by scripture or positive institution as this stupendous usurpation of the Pope may have been, its existence is not the less certain. All the inhabitants of Latin Europe concurred in recognising him as the religious head of the church. But the limits between political duty, and moral and religious duty, are not easy to define at any time. Least of all were they clearly marked out in those times, when the clergy alone possessed whatever intelligence there was in the world. Thus it came about that Western Europe was resolved into a grand community of nations, having an elective chief, who was their infallible censor in all points of morality and faith, the mediator between earth and heaven, the great casuist for the solution of all difficulties, the judge for the redress of all the wrongs of all mankind, and the political as well as moral and religious director of the affairs of Christendom. If it were compatible with the imperfection of human nature that this extraordinary power, based upon the religious respect and confidence of the world, could have been administered in the spirit of its origin, with unqualified purity and wisdom, it would have united all the nations of Christendom in a holy brotherhood of peace, and exemplified on earth the celestial government of the Deity. Its abuse, in the ordinary course of human affairs, by the meddlesome and all-grasping ambition of the Roman See, occasioned its overthrow; but not before it had done much to combine and cement together the sovereignties of Europe in a great Christian republic.

Innumerable instances of the beneficial exercise of this parental superintendence of Christendom by the church, occur in the history of all the chief nations of Europe. It began before the dissolution of the empire. Theodosius, having slaughtered seven thousand men at Thessalonica, without discrimination of the guilty from the innocent, approached the church at Milan to pay his accustomed devotion, unconscious, or at least unthoughtful, of his crime. St. Ambrose boldly met him at the gate, and addressed to him a severe but affecting admonition on his injustice,

forbade him to enter, and sent him away, great as he was in the yet undivided control of the whole Roman empire, a penitent and humbled man. The same thing continued among the oldest of the Christianized barbarians. Thus, when Lotharius, the first king of Lotharinga, repudiated his wife to marry another with whom he had previously lived in criminal intercourse, the Pope interposed, and compelled him, after a long struggle, to return to his duty. And examples of it abound in the centuries preceding the Reformation. When Henry II. of England was tortured by the undutiful conduct of his turbulent sons, he poured out his agony into the bosom of the Pope, as the spiritual consoler and guide of Christendom. Nothing less than the authority of the Roman See would have procured the release of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from captivity. Repeatedly the church compelled great princes to give up individuals unjustly detained, as in the case of the three daughters of Tancred of Sicily thus wrested from the Emperor Henry VI., and of the infant son of the King of Aragon, held captive by Simon de Montfort. We mention these particular examples, rather more than the familiar ones, of the interposition of the church in political questions, for the reason, that this kind of parental supervision of sovereign states and princes by the See of Rome, is a most peculiar, and yet little notorious trait of the law of nations, as observed by Christian Europe in the middle ages.

The Œcumenical Councils were, as Voltaire justly remarks, a genuine European senate. These councils, in their inception, were ecclesiastical merely; but in process of time they were extended for common convenience, so as to embrace the temporal concerns of Europe. Instances occurred of the trial and deposition of princes on these occasions; and in the settlement of all the great controverted questions of the day, the Œcumenical Councils assumed a jurisdiction quite as broad as any of the European congresses of our own time, and were constituted in the same way, of princes in person, or represented by their ambassadors, except that they usually comprised a large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, in addition to the temporal sovereigns, and settled the religious equally with the political affairs of the commonwealth of Christendom.

There is another doctrine, introduced into the law of nations, by the Roman church, which we ought not to omit indicating

as an extraordinary instance of abuse of power; and that is, the view of the relation between Christian and Infidel held in those times, and exemplified in the crusades and in the conquest of America. Without dwelling upon the fact of the crusades, look at the grant of the East and West Indies, made by Pope Alexander to Spain and Portugal. This concession proceeded on the idea, which obtained in Europe after the preaching of the crusades, that countries, inhabited by a pagan people, were lawfully open to invasion and subjugation by the first Christians, for the purpose of conversion. The same principle is recognised in the first patent of Henry VII. to the Cabots.*

Next to Christianity, in their influence upon the reciprocal relations of the states of Europe, deserve to be considered the Feudal System, and that singular offspring of it, the institution of chivalry. Allusion has already been made to the universal prevalence of bloodshed in the middle ages. This, it is notorious, grew out of the feudal right of private war, as it was called, exercised by men of noble or gentle blood, all over Europe, who held themselves sovereigns in everything except such duties of allegiance as they specially contracted to their respective feudal superiors, and retained the rights of peace and war amongst many other reserved attributes of sovereignty, in that spirit of personal independence which characterized the invading barbarians. Thus it happened that Europe was covered with castles, each the strong hold of an armed chieftain, who carried on military operations at will. To what excess this practice was carried, may be judged by the fact, that in England alone, at the conclusion of peace between Henry II. and Stephen, there were eleven hundred and fifteen baronial castles ordered to be destroyed in the process of public pacification. While Christianity did so much to check and eventually abolish this custom, the monstrous evils it occasioned were also counteracted, in some sort, by the association of Chivalry, which, amid the universal deprivation of society, made it a point of honor to perform those acts of virtue and patriotism, which the law did not enjoin, or which, if it did enjoin, there was no political organization competent to enforce. And these two institutions, the Feudal System and

* See Hazard's Collection, Vol. I.

Chivalry, had the effect of increasing the natural dependence, or rather connexion, of the different nations of Europe, by means of the mutuality of relation, which they introduced among princes and barons of separate countries. Thus, the kings of England long did homage to the kings of France, for their possessions on the continent. And there was a never-ending series of intricate interlacements of feudal or chivalrous relations among the sovereigns of the continent, especially in Germany, where the feudal system prevails to this day more than in any other part of Europe.

But, after all, the great body of law-text, appertaining to the international relations of Christendom, is the result of treaties, conventions, deeds and charters, constituting the positive institute of the public law of Europe and America. These conventions were, of necessity, founded upon the institutions, opinions and ways of thinking and acting, which prevailed in European society; they were designed to give the solemnity of stipulation or promise to contemplated acts; and they introduced changes into the existing laws and usages of Christendom. Some of them were singular incidents of the personal rights of sovereignty, acquired by European princes in modern times; especially treaties of marriage, and instruments of devise, gift or sale, whereby the boundaries of states underwent alterations in form unknown to the ancient republics of Greece and Italy. Thus the See of Rome obtained the territory of Avignon by purchase from the Countess of Provence. Thus, also, we ourselves acquired Louisiana and Florida, the one from the Emperor Napoleon, and the other from Ferdinand of Spain. The United States, however, be it remarked by the way, being a government of social compact, not of prescription, made these purchases upon very questionable grounds of constitutional right; the presidents who negotiated the treaties of purchase, and the congresses which sanctioned them, feeling justified by the great utility of the thing and the acquiescence of the people, in thus doing what there is no authority for doing set down in the constitution. It is clear, on the other side, that the United States, although they be borne out in buying the territory and population of other countries, yet cannot sell their own; still less can they give them away; or alienate them by devise, which happens to states held in hereditary sovereignty by individuals under the prescriptive laws of Europe. Im-

portant in the highest degree, among the consequences of personal sovereignty, is the effect of marriage upon the nationality of a people. Thus England and Scotland were made one kingdom; thus Castile and Aragon were united to constitute Spain; thus the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary came to form but parts of the duchy of Austria; and thus the counts of Flanders became the kings of Spain, and the Indies.

To go into an explanation of the vast number of treaties of peace, allegiance, or commerce, entered into between the European nations, would be neither more nor less than the writing of a legal treatise, when our sole object is the limited purpose of elucidating the question of international law, as affected by the progress of civilization in modern Christendom. What we have said will serve to account for the gradual melioration of the usages of the nations of Europe, in their military and international relations, down to the sixteenth century, the epoch of the colonization of America, and of the general revival of learning and the arts in Europe. That century is memorable for the happening of various things, which materially affected the intercourse of nations, and, in fact, moulded that intercourse into the body and spirit which it now exhibits.

In the first place, the Reformation put an end to the general superintending and appellate jurisdiction of the Roman pontiffs. This event, also, subdivided Christendom into two classes of states, Protestant and Catholic, which for a long time regarded each other as natural enemies for the cause of religion alone, just as of old the Christians had been accustomed to regard the Mahometans. Thus the Roman See proceeded against the Albigenses as infidels, the objects of a regular crusade, or war of the cross. On the other hand, Elizabeth of England aided the French Huguenots and the insurgent Netherlanders, as a point of duty to their common cause of Protestantism. These considerations, however, yielded very soon to

The second great political question of that age, which ever since, indeed, has been prominent in the affairs of Europe, namely, the preservation of the balance of power. This idea like so many other of the great intellectual conceptions of modern times, had its origin among the Italians, who were prompted by their own domestic divisions, and the belligerent operations of the French and Imperialists, to organize great confederations of states to protect the weak against the self-ag-

grandizing schemes of the strong, and thus maintain the chief political divisions of Europe unchanged. This object, it would seem, is on the whole the predominant one in the negotiations and wars of Christendom from that day to this. It has powerfully contributed to fix the existing law of nations; being an application to the intercourse and relative condition of nations, of the same doctrine of counter-checking powers and balanced interests, which pervades the domestic policy of the constitutional states of Europe and America, and being equally instrumental in each case in substituting observance of law in place of perpetual recurrence to brute force.

Thirdly, the great extension of commerce at this period, created a necessity for more stable rules of public intercourse than obtained before; in connexion with which ought, indeed, to be considered the tendency of the art of printing to draw closer the intellectual associations of the inhabitants of different countries, to multiply their ties, and of course to humanize their general intercourse. Thereupon ensued

In the fourth place, that important improvement in the international relations of Christendom, of resident embassies, protected by the privilege of ambassadors from civil and criminal process in the country where they were accredited. This remarkable custom arose from the unity of the nations of Christendom as one great republic, composed of parts allied by treaties of marriage or policy, intimately associated in commerce, literature, arts, and religion, and possessed of a paramount public law. Extraordinary embassies, that is, messengers despatched for a special and temporary object, between people and people, are of course coëval with the very existence of society in all regions of the globe. Not so with ordinary resident embassies, as used by Christian states at the present day. They were unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the lateness of their introduction into modern Europe is a well-authenticated historical fact. Sir Edward Coke tells us that Henry VII., "that wise and politic prince, would not in his time, suffer liege ambassadors (that is, resident ambassadors) of any foreign king or prince within his realm, nor he with them; but upon occasion used ambassadors.*" To be sure, the Pope had long been accustomed to have such ministers in other countries, by the name of *nuncios*; which natu-

* 4 Inst 155.

rally happened, by reason of his general authority as the head of the church. But Ferdinand of Aragon is said to have been the first secular prince to imitate the example of Rome in this respect. At present, therefore, each of the Christian states maintains, in the court of its allies, or of countries with which it is not actually at war, a public agent, who, though he serves in the capacity of a sort of spy upon the actions of the sovereign near whom he resides, yet being recognised and understood as such, acts in full honor, and is indispensable to the business of the world as now transacted, for the protection of the subjects or interests of his own sovereign. This innovation was another great step in the advancing civilization of Christendom. The failure of the Turks, and of other nations out of the pale of the Christian religion, to imitate us in this matter, is among the decisive proofs of their persevering, if not inveterate, ignorance and barbarism.

Finally, the publication of the great work of Grotius, entitled "*Of the Right of War and Peace*," was in itself an event of infinite importance. There is nothing, which more eminently illustrates the intrinsic value of intellectual cultivation, and which is better calculated to stimulate a scholar in the pursuit of knowledge, than the capacity it gives him of nobly serving his race, in spite of the reverses of political or social fortune, to which all men are alike subject. They, who tread the slippery paths of popular favor, and who encounter all the hazards of party distinction and party hostility, have a consolation to carry along with them, in addition to the consciousness of upright intention, and the possession of a self-sustaining temper; things which are indispensable to happiness in all walks of life, but especially in the ever-present cares and responsibilities of public service. Though they be driven from the post of honor and power by the judgment of men, there is a resource of which only the judgment of God can deprive them, by depriving them of his own highest boon of cultivated reason. Whatever talents He shall graciously vouchsafe to them, they have the power, in any event, to employ for good, perchance for fame, in the record or investigation of truth for the instruction of their fellows. History is full of splendid examples in point. Dante, stripped of his rank and station in Florence, a homeless exile, a wanderer among the courts of Italy, wrote that Divine Comedy, the great classic poem of his nation. So, also, Milton, no long-

er the secretary and champion of the English Commonwealth, but proscribed, and merely suffered to live in his desolate poverty and blindness, composed the immortal *Paradise Lost*. Nay, cast from the heights of political greatness, for the mean and odious crime, or at least the imputation, of selling justice at the price of gold, a disgraced statesman, an impeached judge, did not Sir Francis Bacon construct the *New Organ of the Sciences*, which diverted into other and better channels the whole erring current of human thought, and thus gloriously atoned for a million such acts of weakness, rather than guilt, as were proved upon him to produce his downfall? The composition of the great work of Grotius in question, was a consequence of his own expulsion from power, and his exile into France. We profess that we have inspected the mouldering towers of the old castle of Louvestein, with an interest which few monuments of art would have awakened, associated as it is with the imprisonment of Grotius, and, above all, the heroic self-devotion of his noble-hearted wife, who gained admission to his prison with a chest supposed to contain books, wherein he escaped, while she remained behind herself to meet and to defy the resentment of his enemies. In his adopted country, Grotius composed that work, which, in the name of a treatise, founded upon historical precedents and conventions, was, in fact, a code of the European law of nations, and the great authoritative guide in the public intercourse of Christendom.

As modified in the period intervening between the ages of Grotius and our own, as practised at the present day, and especially as contended for in the United States, the law of peace and war, or the rule governing the intercourse of civilized nations, presents to us a number of interesting points for discussion, which, however, do not come within the scope of the present inquiry. We refer the curious reader, who seeks for information upon this subject, to the works of Puffendorf, Barbeyrac, and other authors of the school of Grotius; but more especially to the numerous collections and treatises of a later date, among which Vattel's book is by general consent received as the best manual for common reference.

ART. III.—*Matthias and his Impostures.*

Matthias and his Impostures, or the Progress of Fanaticism, Illustrated in the Extraordinary Case of Robert Matthews and some of his Forerunners and Disciples.
By W. L. STONE. 12mo. New York. 1835.

A BITTER satire upon the age and country. Robert Matthews, an ordinary, illiterate creature, without natural talent, without attainments, without any extraordinary sagacity, or much low cunning, without fervid enthusiasm or even the show of it, without courage, without a prepossessing exterior, appears in the first city of the United States, three or four years ago, and announces himself to be the SUPREME BEING. No very great publicity is given to his pretensions, but there is no affectation of mystery or concealment about them; and he finds persons who receive and reverence him, in the character which he thus impiously assumes. These his disciples are not exclusively the needy and dependant, flattered by a little worthless notoriety; nor the stupidly ignorant, easily overwhelmed by a parade of scripture argumentation; nor the mere fanatic, hovering on the verge of insanity, and easily driven over the line, which separates an overwrought imagination from a diseased understanding. His dupes are indeed but few, but among them are men of good common education, of fortune, and of the most respectable standing in society. One of them, victim as well as dupe of the vulgar and impious knave, is thus described by Mr. Stone:

“Mr. Pierson was a native of Morristown in New Jersey. He passed through the several grades of apprentice and clerk, in the city of New York, much to the satisfaction of his employers, and was a highly respected merchant for many years, enjoying the confidence and esteem of a large circle of acquaintance among business men. Amiable, intelligent, and pious, he was the devoted friend of religion and humanity; and few men spent more time and money in these objects, and in the cause of philanthropy, than he. He was originally a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Beekman-street, and subsequently an elder in the Mission Church in Bancker (now Madison) street. In 1822, he detached himself from the Presbyterian connection, and became a member of the South Baptist Church, in which he was for several years a deacon of exemplary character and deport-

ment. Indeed, he would have been an honor to any church, where meekness, charity, and an unostentatious devotion to the service of his Master were regarded as cardinal virtues. There was not a symptom of undue enthusiasm, — not a particle of fanaticism, — about him; on the contrary, he was uniformly regarded as an unusually judicious, discriminating, and consistent Christian, full of charity and good works; and the same characteristics distinguished him in all the ordinary concerns of life. He was a favorite among Christians of all denominations; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that no layman in New York, exerted a more salutary and holy influence."

Such was the character of Mr. Pierson, with whom the systematic impostures of Matthias may be said to have had their commencement, as they also had their calamitous close. Mrs. Pierson was, if possible, a person still less likely than her husband, to fall a prey to such an atrocious delusion. She was the eldest daughter of a clergyman in the city of New York, "long known," says Mr. Stone, "as the pious, benevolent, and, despite of his great age, zealous and active chaplain to the penitentiary, almshouse, and other public institutions. Mr. Pierson was her second husband; — her first marriage had been unfortunate, and her second took place after an irreproachable widowhood of several years. She is thus described in the volume before us :

"In person, Miss Stanford was small, but graceful; and her features, though not, strictly speaking, beautiful, were of a most intellectual cast, — full of expression, and eminently pleasing. Her mind was one of a high order, and it had been exceedingly well cultivated. Her conversation was remarkably interesting, not only from the intelligence, information, and good sense by which it was characterized, but also, and still more, from the pure spirit of benevolence and piety which it invariably displayed. The kindness of her disposition was indeed remarkable; the writer was intimately acquainted with her, and, for nearly four years, in the habit of seeing her almost every day; and, during all that time, he can truly say, that he never heard her utter a single word, or knew her to do a single act, indicative of peevishness, envy, ill-humor, or any other unamiable quality. She was mistress of several accomplishments, but that in which she most delighted was music. Of this she was a proficient; and it may be mentioned, as an evidence of her fondness for it, that she had acquired great skill, not only on the piano and in singing, but also on the flute and flageolet. She had originally belonged to the

Episcopal church; but, with her last husband, ultimately joined the Baptists.

“Such is a brief sketch of the remarkable and unfortunate couple, whose names are closely interwoven with the residue of this history. United and happy in each other, — possessing an abundance of this world’s goods, — with every social, moral, and intellectual quality, that can render life delightful, — the hands of both ever open to the calls of the needy, and the equally pressing demands of those whom they supposed to be hungering for the bread of life, — to all human probability they had a long career of usefulness, virtue and honor before them. Least of all could it have been anticipated, that their suns should set so soon, and go down, as they did, in gloom and sorrow.”

Nothing but positive judicial evidence of the facts could have made us believe that individuals like these could have become the dupes of a fraud, as monstrous and abominable as that of Matthias.

It ought in charity, and for the credit of human nature, to be stated, that they did not fall at once and without preparation into the pit. They were, it seems, members of a fanatical community, which had subsisted for five or six years, before the appearance of Matthias, and which appears to have been originally gathered and mainly upheld by a person, whom our author discreetly indicates as Mrs. * * *, to whom the unenviable credit seems to belong of having been the original mover of these delusions. The meetings and exercises of this community, the members of which gathered themselves into what they profanely called a church, to the number of twelve, in the city of New York, though marked with the characters of arrogant fanaticism, running into various excesses, such as preposterous abstinence from food, and wild notions of supernatural communications, do not appear to have gone beyond the limits of absurdity and extravagance. There is, however, one scene described by Mr. Stone, dated from a period prior to the disastrous appearance of Matthias, which our readers may think in contradiction to this remark. It would have formed a high wrought chapter, in a work of fiction, and is all but incredible as a passage of real life, in the world around us.

Mrs. Pierson became sick, and her husband, now wrought into a state of mind ready for any extravagance, relying on the literal applicability of the passage in the Epistle of James, Chap. v. 14 and 15, assembled his church and solemnly performed

the ceremony of anointing the unhappy patient, in the confident expectation, although her life was despaired of by the physician, of her miraculous recovery. The rest of the extraordinary narrative we must give in Mr. Stone's words.

"It is not known or believed by the friends of Mrs. Pierson that she altogether approved of this fanatical procedure, notwithstanding what it will soon be perceived her husband said upon the subject; or, if she did, her mind and body had become so much debilitated by disease, that her own views at this time need scarcely be taken into the account. Either way, however, it is now of but little consequence. In a very few days after the anointing she was no more of this world,—her purified spirit having ascended to the bosom of her Saviour.* Preparations were made for the funeral, as usual, and a large number of special invitations were issued, Mr. Pierson himself declaring, however, that it would be no funeral, but rather a resurrection. Indeed, he seemed to be fully persuaded that she would that day be restored to life again by the prayer of faith. The universal respect which the deceased had enjoyed while living, as a lady of eminent piety and unbounded benevolence, would of course have produced a large attendance at her funeral, to say nothing of the peculiarity of the case. About two hundred persons attended, a majority of whom were females. There were also several clergymen of different denominations present. From the lips of one of these, the writer has noted down a full account of the whole of the solemn and awful procedure which followed, and by a physician who was also present he has likewise been favored with a written account. The latter remarks,—‘The hall and rooms being filled, I stood upon the piazza, which opened by a large raised window into the parlor where the corpse lay in a coffin, clad in grave-clothes. Soon after I took this position, where I could see and hear the anticipated ceremonies, I was questioned by several persons whether I believed that she would be raised. As I saw they were followers of Mr. Pierson, and addressed the same question to others who looked sceptical, I evaded a direct answer.’

“Meantime Mr. Pierson was sitting in an adjoining room, open-

* In relation to the disorder of which Mrs. Pierson died, a medical gentleman, acquainted with the whole proceedings at the Bowery Hill, remarks in a letter to the writer:—‘I always attributed Mrs. Pierson's sickness and death to her excessive fasting, being so frequently repeated and long continued. Indeed, it is very probable that Mr. Pierson himself lost both health and reason from the same cause. I had frequent occasion to speak to patients whose health was so rapidly declining, in relation to the mischief of this delusion, and received for answer that they belonged to the Retrenchment Society and must fast.

ing into the parlor where the corpse was laid, with the utmost tranquillity and composure. One of his clerical friends sat with him for a time, and as the funeral seemed to be delayed, he at length suggested that they had better proceed, and inquired whether there was any particular order of service which he wished to be observed. His reply was, — ‘wait a minute;’ and he sat with the same unmoved composure a time longer. Taking an open bible in his hand, he then rose, and entered the room of the assembly, where the body lay, and a scene ensued which almost baffles description. He approached the coffin with a measured and solemn tread, and with deep solemnity, and a hollow sepulchral voice, read the following passage from the Epistle of James, v. 14, 15.

“‘Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them *pray over him, anointing him with oil*, in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and THE LORD SHALL RAISE HIM UP.’

“Having read the passage, and looking round upon the audience, with deep and solemn emphasis, he added, — ‘This dear woman has been anointed in the name of Israel’s God, and in obedience to this divine command; and I believe that God will fulfil his promise.’ He then repeated the last six words of the quotation several times, emphasizing the word ‘*shall*,’ with great force and feeling, and proceeded to argue that the whole passage was to be understood *literally*, which he affirmed to be its certain infallible meaning, as revealed to him and to that dear woman (pointing to the corpse), and in this faith, he said, she died. He then related a remarkable *revelation* made to him in a carriage as he was coming out from the city a short time previous, and declared, that the same *revelation* was simultaneously made to his wife, then nigh unto death. He stated that the word of the Lord came to him and commanded him to have faith in that promise, and in that faith to conform to the conditions, and the promise should be fulfilled. When he arrived home, he found his wife anxious for his return, and she told him, without hearing anything from him touching the extraordinary communication from heaven which he had received on the way, that the Holy Ghost had directed her to instruct her husband in the faith of St. James’s testimony, and assured her that she should be raised.

“Mr. Pierson farther proceeded to say, that finding that the *moment* she had received the revelation was the *identical time* when his manifestation was communicated, he felt it his duty, and so did that dear woman, (again pointing to the corpse), to do as the Lord had commanded them. He accordingly collected together a number of pious friends who were in the faith, and they proceeded literally to anoint her body with oil, and pray over her,

trusting in this promise, 'The Lord *shall* raise him up.' And though her physicians had told them that she must die, for the consumption had destroyed her lungs, they knew the Lord, the Heavenly Physician, could heal the sick, and even raise the dead; and they had strong faith in His word, that if they anointed her, and prayed, the promise would be fulfilled, for 'the Lord *shall* raise him up.' In that faith, he repeated, that dear woman died. And after exhorting all present to exercise similar faith, and affirming in the language of the Saviour, 'she is not dead but sleepeth,' he commented on the wickedness of unbelief, and the sin of doubting the word of God. He then unequivocally declared, that whereas the elders of the church had anointed her with oil and prayed over her, if she were not raised up *to-day, now, on the spot, the word of God falls to the ground.* But, expressing his full confidence that the miracle would be performed, for the strengthening of the faith of His disciples, and that the mouths of gainsayers might be stopped, by her instant resurrection, he invited all present to unite with him in prayer. He then spread forth his hands over the coffin, closed his eyes, and began a solemn and impressive prayer. The following sentences he *repeatedly* used with most impassioned feeling, and with very little variation of language. 'O Lord God of Israel! thy own word declares that if the elders of the church anoint the sick and pray over him, the Lord *shall* raise him up. We have taken thee at thy word; we have anointed her with oil, and prayed the prayer of faith, and thou knowest in this faith the dear woman died, and in this faith we thy children live. Now, Lord, we claim thy promise! God is not man that he should lie, and if this dear woman is not raised up this day, thy word will fall to the ground; thy promise is null and void; and these gainsaying infidels will rejoice, and go away triumphing in their unbelief. Lord God! thou canst not deny thyself. Thou knowest we have performed the conditions to the very letter. O Lord, now fulfil thy promise, — now, Lord, — O let not thy enemies blaspheme, — show that thou hast Almighty power, — thou canst raise the dead, — we believe it, Lord. Come now, and make good thy word, and let this assembly see that there is a God in Israel!' Thus he continued to pray with a loud voice and great effort for nearly an hour, when he closed and sank down into a chair, apparently much exhausted but yet with the calmness and serenity of perfect and entire conviction. The manner and matter of the prayer had evidently a wonderful effect upon the audience. The attention of every one was riveted upon the preacher, and all eyes, save those of the afflicted and weeping relatives, were fixed upon the coffin, as anxiously as though they themselves had yielded to the

delusion, and were expecting to see the lifeless body rise up in full health and vigor before them. In the course of the enthusiastic effusion, a number of ladies who were in the faith, and one of whom, as the writer has been assured, was Mrs. * * *, stood around the coffin, looking intently for the miracle, and occasionally touching the face and hands of the corpse, expecting to discover signs of returning life. This they continued to do, during the solemn pause which followed the prayer, and a drop of blood, oozing at the moment from one of the nostrils, inspired strong hopes that she would indeed be raised up; and two of the ladies stepped up to one of the physicians present, and inquired whether that circumstance was not a token of returning life. Upon this point he himself says, 'I could suppress the emotions produced by this scene no longer, and after telling them it was an infallible evidence of death rather than life, and a token of incipient putrefaction, I followed them into the room and questioned the Rev. Mr. —, who stood by and saw and heard this solemn mockery, to address the people, and if possible to remove the erroneous impressions which would otherwise result from our afflicted brother's delusion.' The effect of the whole scene is described as having been paralyzing. A breathless silence prevailed. They looked at each other, and even the clergymen present seemed to know not what to say. The appeal to one of them, however, made by the physician, as just noted, was responded to in a very judicious and appropriate manner. He rose and remarked with emphasis, — 'Yes, this beloved and lamented Christian SHALL rise again, — AT THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST! for it is the promise of God, that all those who are Christ's, he will bring with him at his coming.' This remark was followed by a series of timely observations, which had the effect of tranquillizing the feelings of the audience. He proceeded to explain the passage in St. James, and rejoiced in the certainty of its fulfilment. 'The Lord will raise her up, but not to-day, nor to-morrow; yet, dying in the Lord, she shall have part in the first resurrection,' &c. Several friends then united in requesting the sexton to close the coffin, which was strenuously opposed by a few of the disciples, who insisted that they must wait till 12 o'clock, (it was a morning funeral, and had been appointed at 10 o'clock), when the miracle would certainly be performed. In the sequel, when they found it did not take place, the failure was ascribed by Mrs. * * *, Mrs. —, and other votaries of Mr. Pierson, to the unbelief of some of the persons present, and they upbraided them upon the subject.

"Mr. Pierson said nothing himself, but seemed to be lost in devout contemplation, and sat with perfect confidence, awaiting the moment when his prediction would be verified by the restoration of his wife. He was viewed by those not laboring under the de-

lusion, as an afflicted brother, who was entitled to all their sympathies, in his melancholy bereavement, and his yet more melancholy state of mind; it was at first apprehended that he might interpose objections to the interment of the body; but he did not; and it was laid in its narrow bed in the church-yard in Amity-street. Some of Mr. Pierson's particular friends accompanied him back to his now desolate home, for the purpose of endeavoring to converse with him, and if possible, restore him to a sound state of thinking, — re-adjusting the balance of his mind. But all was in vain. He now believed as firmly that she would be raised at 12 o'clock at midnight, as he had done that she would arise at the close of the prayer at noon. Under this impression, he directed her sleeping apartment to be set in order, the bed made up, night-clothes prepared for her accommodation, and all the little affairs arranged, as for the reception of a bride. He also sent down to the city, and procured such delicacies as he supposed would gratify her taste.

"On the following day, in conversations with his friends, who continued their attentions to his singular case, he still insisted that she would rise again: God, he said, had promised it, but had not specified the particular day. He now believed her resurrection would take place at sun-rise on the following Sabbath morning; and such was the strength of his faith, that he actually repaired to the grave early on that morning, taking his little daughter with him, to receive her embrace. And yet down to this period, upon every other subject than that of religion, and his religious duties, his mind was as regular, and apparently as sound, as it had ever been. In all business matters, moreover, he was as accurate and acute as ever."

It is easy to perceive, that such an individual as Pierson here appears, was at the mercy of any one, who should take the trouble to delude him. Matthias had probably heard of the extravagances here described, and of the existence of the community, in which they were practised. He was accordingly received without scruple, when he presented himself among its members. Mr. Pierson had already received, while in an *omnibus*, on the way to his place of business in New York, a supernatural communication, proclaiming him [Pierson] to be Elijah the Tishbite and John the Baptist; and Matthias with a shrewdness, of which we perceive few other examples in the narrative, recognised him in that character and as his own forerunner.

Matthias, or Robert Matthews, for that, to use his own style, is his Gentile name, is a native of Washington county, New

York, about forty-five years of age, of respectable parentage. It is stated that several members of his family have exhibited marks of mental eccentricity, and some of them of insanity. He was left an orphan, at a tender age, and carefully educated by his friends, in the communion of anti-burghers. He came to New York, at the age of twenty, as a journeyman carpenter and joiner, and was a first rate workman. In a few years, he saved money enough to return into the country and establish himself in trade. He became a professing member of the church, and though deemed somewhat vain of his parts and elated at his success, and unduly fond of dress, his conduct was unexceptionable, and his standing in the community fair. He married suitably in 1813, and continued in his business as a country trader till 1817. He then failed and returned to New York, to resume his former handicraft. This he pursued with some unsteadiness, but without any thing in his conduct to be noticed. In 1827 or 1828, he established himself in Albany, and sometime after this became, according to Mr. Stone, highly excited on religious subjects, by attendance on the preaching of two clergymen at Albany. He applied for admission as a member of a church formed by one of them, which appears to have been refused him, in consequence of a want of regular standing, in the church to which he belonged in Washington county. He exhibited thus far, no traces of a disorganized mind. He soon plunged with excessive zeal into the temperance reform, enjoining on his family abstinence not merely from intoxicating liquors, but from animal food. In 1829, he began to neglect his work, and pass his time in exhorting his fellow-journeymen. As this conduct caused him to be discharged from his employment, he took to street-preaching, principally on the subject of temperance. Having made a convert of one of his fellow-workmen, they procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed, "rally round the standard of truth." This they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitude whom their strange appearance and demeanor attracted. His conduct, however, was not such as to cause him to be excluded from the public religious conventions, at which he occasionally appeared and took a reputable part. In 1830, he publicly proclaimed the conversion of Albany as an object he was commissioned to effect; and his warnings being

unheeded, he denounced the impending destruction of that city.

Thus far he appears to have felt his way, with some caution. He now began to let his beard grow, and intruded himself into religious meetings, announcing himself as a divine teacher, commissioned to convert and rule the world. At this period occurred an incident, which, as it looks more to us like real insanity than any other part of his conduct, we are inclined to quote, as going farther than any thing else to give him the benefit of that plea: —

“Like the Jewish prophet of evil to the city of Jerusalem, during the siege by Vespasian, Matthews continued his denunciations of wo against the city for several days, — frequently urging his wife to fly with him from the approaching destruction. Finally, about the middle of June, soon after midnight, he aroused his wife and her five children from their slumbers, and told them they must fly with him to the hills, as the city would be destroyed the next day. Not being able to persuade the former into his belief, he then declared his purpose of escaping himself, with his children, leaving the mother to destruction. The eldest daughter, however, being of age sufficient to discover the wildness and absurdity of her father’s conduct, refused to accompany him; the mother clung to the infant; while the semi-lunatic or impostor took with him his three little boys, — the eldest six, and the youngest but two years of age, — and departed in the dead of night.

“The mother at first thought but little of the occurrence, having seen his vagaries so frequently of late, and presuming that by morning light they would all be safely at home again. But morning came, and the day passed, and they did not return. He seemed indeed to have left the city, nor could any trace of him be discovered. Her anxiety now became intense, as also was that of the citizens to whom she communicated the circumstances. An alarm was given, and the people turned out in great numbers to search for the wanderers. It was seriously apprehended that the father might have put them to death and destroyed himself. The unhappy mother’s distress increased with every succeeding hour; the press sounded the alarm; and the mayor issued a proclamation, announcing the facts, and offering a reward for the return of the children.

“But a few days elapsed, however, before tidings were received that the fugitives were all safely housed in the town of Argyle, Washington county. Matthews had a sister living in Argyle, a distance of forty miles from Albany; and it subsequently appeared that the cruel parent had travelled the whole distance, regard-

less of the tender years of his children, without stopping, — going the whole way on foot, — and arriving at the house of his sister shortly after midnight, and in twenty-four hours from the time of his departure from Albany. Under any other circumstances, the children would have sunk midway from fatigue; but the terror in which they were kept by their father seemed to invest them with supernatural strength.

“Arousing his sister and her family from their sleep, he greatly terrified them by his conduct. They had heard nothing of his strange proceedings; and his incoherent ravings, coming thus suddenly upon them, and at such a gloomy hour, were appalling. He declared that he had fled with his children from Albany, which was to be destroyed on the day of his flight, and he supposed that his wife and the remaining children, who, like the sons and daughters of Lot, had refused to escape, were destroyed also. His sister admitted them with fear and trembling, not doubting that he was raving mad. Having partaken of some refreshments, notwithstanding his fatigue, and the still greater weariness of his children, — sinking from exhaustion, — he would not allow them to be taken to bed, or to leave his side, until after the performance of his evening devotions. He then pulled a Bible from his bosom, and after reading a chapter, and singing a hymn, in which his children were compelled to join, thus closed this first day of his wanderings as a prophet.”

That a father not insane should compel three children, the oldest not over six and the youngest but two years of age, to travel forty miles, in twenty-four hours, is all but impossible. It resembles nothing we ever read of, but the barbarities of the savages in their incursions into the frontier settlements of the United States, in the last century.

The day after this mad *hegira*, it being Sunday, Matthias appeared in the village church, denouncing the impending destruction of all kingdoms, nations, and institutions not founded on the word of God. He was removed from the church as a disturber of the public worship, and sent back to Albany. Here he pursued the same course of extravagant conduct. He was frequently arrested and examined as a lunatic, but as often discharged. He sold his tools, and announced to his family, that they must live on faith, and the roots and herbs which they could obtain in the woods.

It was at this time, that he assumed the name of Matthias, and gave himself out as a Jew. And here we cannot but remark, on the aptness of the parallel instituted between the impostures of Matthews and those of John of Leyden, in the

fifteenth century. Mr. Stone remarks that "the similarity of the cases is so remarkable, as almost to lead to the conclusion, *although heretofore repudiated*, that the more recent impostor had formed himself and his creed designedly on the model of his ancient prototype." Although our author here seems disposed to reject the idea of such a designed imitation, we do not consider it improbable. Matthews, though grossly ignorant, may, in some popular historical work, have seen an account of the Munster delusions, and the points of resemblance are certainly striking. There is one, which Mr. Stone has not noticed, superficial in itself, but very likely for that reason to catch the fancy of a sorry knave like Matthews;—we mean the identity of name. The prime mover of the fanatical insurrection at Munster was *Matthias*, a baker of Leyden. As our Matthias had his Pierson and Folger, respectable citizens, his namesake of the sixteenth century made converts of Rothman, the first preacher of protestantism at Munster, and Knipperdoling, a burgess of good birth and considerable eminence. Having succeeded in driving out the magistracy, and erecting a kind of political bedlam of their own, Rothman and Knipperdoling were invested with a nominal authority like that of Pierson and Folger, at the Sing Sing Mount Zion; but, says Robertson, "this was nothing more than form; for all their proceedings were directed by Matthias, who, in the style and with the authority of a prophet, uttered his commands, which it was instant death to disobey." He commanded "every man to bring forth his gold, silver, and other precious effects, and lay them at his feet;" he obliged his followers to eat at public tables, on a footing of equality, and prescribed the dishes, which were to be served up every day;—he gave the name of Mount Zion to Munster. In one thing the comparison fails. Robert Matthews appears to be a poor spirited creature, and has invariably flinched in the hour of trial; the Matthias of the sixteenth century had the bravery of true fanaticism, and marching out with thirty chosen men, of like temperament, attacked the army of the Bishop of Munster, and was killed. What the modern Matthias would have done, had his delusion spread, like that of the Anabaptists, and placed him at the head of an ignorant and maddened rabble, such as was to be found in a large European city, in the middle ages, it is impossible to say. Nor are we sure, that we do not do him injustice in calling his courage in question. The man who had the nerve, at the present day

and in the city of New York, to advance from one step to another, till he openly claimed to be the Supreme Being, — and to undertake to personate that character for a year or two, — before numerous witnesses, — in the face of the world; — and yet not insane; — if not entitled to the credit of moral courage; must possess some new kind of mental energy, some diabolical sixth sense of hardihood, not merely equalling but far transcending the ordinary manifestations of bravery. The electric eel is but a poor mud-bred wriggler, unarmed with fang, claw, hoof, horn, or trunk, but the war-horse quails under his benumbing blows. We have seen it stated, that even the respectable judicial tribunal, before which Matthews was arraigned, seemed, for a moment, non-plussed at the frantic vociferation, with which he denied their jurisdiction.

The commencement of his itinerant career is related by Mr. Stone, in the following terms; —

“ It was now that he assumed the name of Matthias, and gave out that he was a Jew. He then departed upon his mission for the conversion of the world, taking a western course, for the purpose of visiting his brother in Rochester, and everywhere attracting attention, from the length of his beard and the novelty of his behavior. This brother, as has already been remarked, was a rare mechanic, — inventive and curious. Before his death, he had obtained between thirty and forty patents for as many different mechanical discoveries. The itinerant preacher soon quarrelled with his brother, however, and his stay in Rochester was but for a fortnight; and it was then, and from thence, that he commenced his first grand apostolic tour. While in the anti-masonic region of New York, he declaimed against free-masonry, as against what he considered other abominations of the land. Directing his face towards the setting sun, he traversed the Western States, through the deep forests, and over the prairies, until he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. From thence he turned his steps to the south-east, — recrossed the Father of Rivers, traversed the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and penetrated the Cherokee country, in Georgia, and commenced preaching to the Indians. Here he was seized by the authorities of Georgia, and imprisoned; — but he was an overmatch for them. They knew not what to make of his conduct, nor what to do with him. His appearance was eccentric; his kindling eye flashed with fury as he poured forth his maledictions upon them; and they were at length constrained to unbar the prison-doors, and bid him depart. From thence he bent his footsteps to the North, and passing through Washington, came to the

city of New York. He immediately visited the brother-in-law heretofore mentioned, and was at first very mild and agreeable in his manners and conversation, though of course forbidding in his aspect, since his temporal affairs did not then enable him to array himself in broadcloth and gold, and fine linen, and his beard presented a most unchristian appearance. On being asked why he had assumed such a disguise, — why he had abandoned his family, and conducted himself so strangely, he soon became greatly excited, grew furious, and uttered a shower of bitter curses. Foaming with rage, his eyes kindled with passion, and he denounced his relative as a devil with great violence, — declaring that he had burnt his fingers by coming into the devil's house. He thereupon departed in a towering passion.

"Little is known with certainty either of his proceedings or his tenets and pretensions at this period. He remained for some time in the city of New York, exhibiting himself frequently in various parts of the city, grotesquely but meanly clad, and sometimes mounted upon an old and half starved horse, — wandering from place to place, — preaching whenever he could find listeners, — and attracting little attention, except from the younger members of the population, who used to gather round him with wondering eyes, and an evident disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, which was kept within bounds by his fierce looks, and his apparent activity and strength of body. As yet his proceedings were seldom, if ever, mentioned in the public prints; and although some curiosity existed respecting him, it was confined to a narrow circle of observers."

Mr. Stone gives a detailed, and a very interesting account of the rise and progress of a fanatical community in New York, previous to the appearance of Matthews, and forming an apt preparation for him. We have already alluded to this circumstance; and for farther detail, we must refer to the work itself. Nor will our limits allow us to recapitulate the gradual steps, by which he obtained a mastery over the small circle of his deluded followers, and at length persuaded two of them to convey to him, "*according to the forms of the Gentile law*," the title to a beautiful country seat at Mount Pleasant, on the North River, to which he gave the name of Mount Zion, and where he established "the Father's House." Here he collected his own children, one or two domestics of both colors, and these, with the families of Pierson and Folger, appeared to have formed his kingdom. A very curious narrative, drawn up by Mr. and Mrs. Folger, and containing such details as they deemed it ex-

pedient to communicate, forms a part of Mr. Stone's work. The facts set forth in it seem to be principally those, which appeared in evidence on the trial for the murder of Pierson. The newspapers have teemed with these and other details of a character still more monstrous and disgusting. Mr. Stone makes a strong appeal to the charity of the public to withhold their belief from these latter statements, and we are willing, for the credit of our common humanity, to leave the force of that appeal unimpaired.

The audacious career of Matthews was finally arrested by the death of Mr. Pierson, under very suspicious circumstances. The little community at Mount Zion was already beginning to grow weary of the intolerable and senseless severities of Matthias. He was a perfect barbarian ; and if he had not lost his wits, had lost, if he ever possessed them, all the good feelings of the human heart. Privation of the comforts of life, hard labor, interminable vociferation which he called preaching, the cow-skin, and frantic curses were the cheerless delights of his paradise. At last Mr. Pierson, who appears to have been afflicted with some kind of fits, became rapidly worse. The remorseless wretch allowed him to receive no medical assistance ; not even the ordinary aids of nursing and diet. If he fell from his bed in his convulsions, he was allowed to lie on the floor ; and when the common sense of Mrs. Folger revolted against the ghastly fanaticism that ruled in the establishment, and insisted that he should have a draught of cold water, the inhuman knave poured it down, from a height of four or five feet, into his throat, as he lay gasping. "This operation," says Mrs. Folger, "caused a shocking noise or gurgling in the throat, which she could not remain to hear." The rest we give in Mrs. Folger's words.

"When she returned, this noise had ceased, and Matthias had ceased to give him drink. Mr. Pierson had fits now in rapid succession, and the peculiar noise he made could be heard in every part of the house. The colored woman inquired if she should remain with Mr. Pierson, but Matthias said, no, and directed her to go to bed, and retired himself. Mrs. Folger and the colored woman sat up with him, however, until 12 o'clock, when Mrs. Folger laid herself down, only to rest, feeling that her health required it ; but she did not sleep, — constantly hearing Mr. Pierson until after one o'clock. Not long after the peculiar noise from Mr. Pierson ceased, she heard Matthias go to his room.

Following thither herself, she met him coming from it. The moment Matthias saw Mrs. Folger, he said Mr. Pierson was dead. Mrs. Folger was struck with surprise, and asked him how he felt, or what he thought, — she does not know which; — he replied, don't ask me now, and retired to his room."

Matthews was indicted for murdering Mr. Pierson, and the case seems to have turned on the decision of the question, whether he was poisoned. The testimony of Dr. Condict, given after a *post mortem* examination, was pretty strong in the affirmative; — but a chemical examination disclosed no poisonous substance in the contents of the stomach. We have no doubt that, on this evidence, he was rightly acquitted, although we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that arsenic was administered by Matthews to Pierson. It seems to us a stronger case could have been made out of the inhuman refusal of all proper medical and other care, and the mode in which, by pouring water from the height of four or five feet into the mouth of a dying man, his death was evidently hastened by suffocation. Matthews was acquitted on the capital charge; but sentenced to three months' imprisonment for scourging his daughter, and one for contempt of court.

Among the highly curious materials of this work are copious extracts from the diary and private papers of Mr. Pierson. They disclose plainly enough the melancholy secret of his own easy infatuation. At the bottom of all the ascetic humility of enthusiasts of this stamp lies a fund of egregious vanity and righteous self-conceit. One of the earliest entries in his diary is to this effect.

"*Monday, 3d Jan. 1830.* Lord Jesus, thou has committed to my care great and precious talents, some of which I see, and others I may not perceive. O, Lord, I wish to improve to the utmost all those talents thou hast given me. I would not bury one of them, but diligently improve them for thy glory. Now, Lord Jesus, I do humbly entreat thee to unfold to me in a clear manner these various talents. Show me their excellency, their value, and how to improve them in the best manner. Leave me not in ignorance concerning any one, nor suffer me to neglect or misimprove any one.

"O, Lord Jesus! help me, for I need help in these things. Lord, make thy grace sufficient for me, that I may improve thy gifts; and so that having, more may be given me.

"*Answer.* I will undertake for thee; thou seekest to glorify

me, and I will help thee : thou shalt prosper abundantly ; and to him that hath, more shall be given."

Mr. Stone considers this passage as clear proof of decided *monomania*. Charity would gladly admit the explanation. Insane *he* may well be called, who, weak and stupid enough to mistake a miserable strolling driveller, as the Maker of heaven and of earth, — as such to reverence, to fear, and to endow him with lands and goods, — talks about his "great and precious talents." But let us spare this unhappy victim of a delusion, to which he paid the forfeit of his life, amidst the torments of neglected suffering. We must pardon even the arrogance, which could accept, from the miserable hands of Matthews, the prophetic commission of John the Baptist, when we see him, by a severe retribution, handed over to that merciless impostor in his dying hours ; — deprived of decent attendance ; — of the comforts of a kindly tended dying bed ; — left to writhe in his agonies on the floor, within the sight and hearing of the monster, who had probably hastened his end by still more active and diabolical appliances ; and who mocked even his thirst for a cup of water.

We must refer to Mr. Stone's work for several highly judicious remarks, on the faults of character in the individuals most nearly concerned, which favored the growth of these delusions, and on the kindred extravagances of the times, which, though, they escape the like condemnation, are of scarcely less flagrant enormity. He deserves the thanks of the community for the pains which he has taken, to present an intelligible and instructive account of this extraordinary imposture ; particularly in laying it, in a readable form, before all classes of the community. It furnishes much matter for deep and anxious reflection.

No one can perceive, without acute distress of mind, the living proof, confirmed by evidence in a court of justice, and of undoubted notoriety, that the fence which separates sanity and insanity is so slight and so easily broken down. Had any rational man, six years ago, been asked his opinion, whether it were possible, that a creature like Matthias, (or any other creature, not possessed of faculties more or less than human), could appear in our streets, our churches, our houses, — arrayed in a tawdry and nonsensical parade of fine dress, — a green frock-coat with plaid silk lining, — and announcing himself in an incoherent jumble of scripture quotations, tasteless

visions, and frantic curses, as the Supreme Being, — the answer would have been, that it was impossible, unless under circumstances, carrying with them proof positive of insanity. But such a phantom has appeared, and often as his insanity has been alleged and examined, it has been disproved. But if, supposing his appearance had been granted possible, the further question had been asked, would he find any persons weak, deluded, lost enough to believe on him, the answer would have been an indignant negative. But they are found : — the intelligent merchant, — the shrewd man of business, the pious church officer, the exemplary father of a family, the affectionate and irreproachable wife ; — these are his victims ; and when we say they were insane, it is merely because nothing but insanity accounts for the hideous delusion. They did not believe, because they were insane ; — but we say they were insane, because they believed. If men who keep about their business, maintain their characters, make bargains, make money, and give no other proof of an impaired intellect, can fall into the belief of so revolting, so amazing a fraud and lie, who is safe ? What lesser fraud and imposition may not be proposed, with the certainty of finding ready acceptance ; — and who can have the heart to undertake the propagation of truth and the exposure of error, with such woful demonstration of the imbecility of the human mind ?

This, however, is happily not the view of the subject in which we feel obliged to rest. It is too true, that history gives us abundant proof, that there have, in all ages and countries, been more persons than, but for such proof, could have been believed, who are prepared to fall easy victims, to *any* and *every* imposture. We rather think the more absurd it is, the readier access it finds to weak intellects. They are dazzled with the very magnificence of the pretension. If Matthews had come along, pretending merely to be a wise and learned man, he could have taken no hold of the imaginations of any class of the community, and would have continued, as he began, a ragged, sordid cheat. But the audacious loftiness of his claims was calculated, at once, either to revolt or stupify. The mass who heard of him, no doubt set him down, without ceremony, as a madman ; but of those who did not so regard him, while the greater part considered him as a blasphemous imposter, some few of weak intellects, — (on which the seed of delusion might fall, as on a soil prepared by being long and deep-

ly harrowed and wrought over, till fanatical credulity was ground into their very souls,) — would be caught and overborne, by the very monstrosity of the imposition. But with all the imbecility of the human judgment, the aptitude to be deceived, the relish for high-seasoned and stimulating impostures, — the passion for being not merely deluded, but mocked, insulted, outraged by the hideous enormity of the fraud ; — with all this, the success of Matthias was limited. His kingdom, we believe, did not exceed a baker's dozen of all ages, sexes, and colors. He took the first step and with success ; but contrary to the maxim, *the first step did not cost*. A rich harvest of fanaticism had been sown and had sprung up. It was already ripe, yellow, full-eared, thick-kernelled, nodding to the sickle. He found no difficulty in enlisting his Rothman and his Knipperdoling. His John the Baptist was ready trained to his hand. His town-house and his country-house, — his carriage and his wardrobe, — and a well-stored purse, — these he had for the asking. But beyond the narrow circle of his first dupes, the delusion did not spread. The common sense of the community erected a wall around him, which he could not pass. His fanaticism seemed destitute of the quality, which makes fanaticism dangerous ; it was not contagious.

This was owing, no doubt, in some degree, to the extreme poverty of his intellect and meanness of his ambition. With such means as were thrown into his hand ; an establishment ; a fortune ; a matured jargon ; the nucleus of a community ; — his pretensions admitted, by some decent and intelligent persons ; — the ice broken ; the frightful and heaven-defying boldness of his pretensions worn off by familiarity ; the first shock met and borne by the public ; it is fearful to think what he might have accomplished, with some discretion and skill. Had he made his Mount Zion the abode of purity and of benevolence ; of an attractive and inoffensive pageantry, — had his asceticism been as humane, as it was merciless ; — had he imitated the good husbandry of the Shakers, or rested in the irreproachable austerities of self-denying enthusiasts of ancient or modern times, he might have founded a sect ; — and had he lived in barbarous ages, and added to his other qualities, a military fanaticism, he might have played the part of the prophet of Mecca. But

“ Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ?

Poor Matthews's head was turned by being able to wear laced ruffles at his wrist and ride in Mr. Folger's carriage. His kingdom had come, because he had bread and butter for his children, and the undisputed authority to rave, from morning till night, at a half a dozen moon-struck men and women, in disjointed texts of Scripture and fanatical maledictions. He would not have had the audacity to project the imposture, but in the absence of the judgment and common sense necessary to carry it on.

As the moral of the whole book, we would deduce the importance of fortifying that bulwark against delusion, which consists in the intelligence of the people. It will not be practicable, perhaps, by the most diffusive system of education, entirely to obviate the possibility of renewed attempts like this; but they never can gain head, in a well informed community. Here and there, a bold and unprincipled impostor will arise, and find dupes even among those seemingly too enlightened to become his victims. But he will make no impression on a well informed public. In order to any considerable success among intelligent men, in any plan of fanaticism, there must be a considerable mixture of social thrift, nay of redeeming virtue. We have alluded to the Shakers. Anne Lee was no better than Matthews; — but her disciples, at the present day, have settled down into a score of communities of hard-working husbandmen, who plague themselves with their austerities, do no hurt to the community, and have been driven from the blasphemous pretensions of their founder, by the mere force of deference to the good sense of the age. Such probably will be the fate of the Mormonites, who (as the patriotic clergy before the revolution use to phrase it, in their prayers for the British ministry,) will no doubt “be brought to reason or to ruin.” The fanatical excesses of their leaders will prosper in proportion to the ignorance and barbarity of the secluded corners of the frontier settlements, where they may fix their abode, and will be modified and disappear, as the light of an intelligent population breaks in upon their uncouth and heathenish midnight.

ART. IV. — *Classic Mythology.*

Scriptores Rerum Mythicarum Latini tres, Romæ nuper Reperti. Ad fidem codicum MSS. Guelferbytanorum, Gottingensis, Gothani et Parisiensis, Integriores edidit ac Scholiis illustravit DR. GEORGIUS HENRICUS BODE, Ordinis Philos. Gotting. Assessor, Societatis literar. quæ Cantabrigiæ Americanorum floret Socius. Celles. 1834.

Three Latin Writers on Mythology lately discovered at Rome. A more complete Edition, from Manuscript Texts at Wolfenbittel, Gottingen, Gotha and Paris, illustrated with Notes. By GEORGE HENRY BODE, Assessor of the Philosophical Society at Gottingen, Member of the Society of P. B. K. at Cambridge, America. 1834.

ABOUT three years ago, Angelo Maio, the discover and editor of the lost books of Cicero “de Republica,” published the works of three Roman writers upon Classic Mythology. He supposes these writers to have been Hyginus, Placidus, and Leontius, who flourished after the commencement of the fifth century. The work before us is an edition of the same writers by Dr. Bode, improved by a careful comparison with manuscripts in the libraries of Wolfenbittel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris, and illustrated with critical notes.

The name of the editor is a sufficient guaranty of the correctness and value of the work. Dr. Bode has long been known to the literary world as a profound scholar. His dissertation upon the Orphic Poetry,* which gained the prize at Gottingen, introduced him, in early youth, into the fellowship of the learned, with distinguished honors; and his career has since made good the excellent promise of his first efforts. Having resided for several years in one of the literary institutions of New England, and being well known and highly esteemed by American scholars, his departure for Germany, in 1828, was witnessed with regret by all to whom the cause of learning is dear. We learn with satisfaction that this gentleman is about to return to our land, in consequence of an invitation from the University at Cambridge, and to set up his household gods beneath the shades of Harvard.

* See North American Review, Vol. XXI, p. 388.

The collection of Roman writers on mythology, which Dr. Bode has edited, should be in the hands of every teacher, as it embodies, in a convenient form, the principal fables of classic religion, and will be found extremely useful as a book of reference. Copious extracts might be made from it, for the use of pupils, as the Latin is simple and easy, and though written at a comparatively recent period, is still for the most part classical in the construction.

The instructor must not, however, depend upon such works as this, for his knowledge of Greek and Roman mythology; the only resource for the faithful teacher is an acquaintance with classic authors. Let him drink from the very source of those "wells undefiled," whose waters have fertilized the world; let him hold communion, not through the medium of translations and commentaries, but in their original and matchless language, with those elder bards who have celebrated the praises of their gods in strains that will never be mute. The early epic, cheerful and serene as the unclouded sky in the theology which it embodies, the darker and more awful visions of tragedy, the lyric devotion, the "pictured page" of the historian, are the sources from which the genuine scholar must derive his knowledge of this most important branch of classical learning. With the hope of aiding the teacher in this pursuit, we intend to offer a few remarks which may serve as an introduction and guide to the study of classic mythology.

The classic mythology seems to have been regarded by the Greeks, with nearly the same veneration with which the Hebrew nation regarded the books of their sacred writers. The poems of Homer, Hesiod and a few others of their early bards, constitute what may be called a Greek bible. They give, according to the popular notions, a history of the creation and of the gods, and then, devoting themselves to the particular history of one nation, they detail the nature and origin and progress of Greece. The Greeks believed themselves to be the favored people of heaven; — the mighty heroes the ancestors of their race, were allied to, and descended from, the gods; — not a hill-top in their land, — not a river nor a fountain, but was the favored abode of some deity. Their faith, though not based on truth, was sincere and deep, and seems to deserve our respect and our earnest consideration.

These remarks, however, do not equally apply to the religion of Rome, as we find it embodied in Latin literature. An

important distinction is to be made by the student between the religion of Greece, which is contained in the poems of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, and the dramatic writers, and that of Rome, as set forth in the writings of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. It may be explained in a few words; the poets of Greece were, in some degree at least, believers in the religion which they celebrated; the poets of Rome were not. The Romans, it is true derived their worship, in part, from the Greeks; and the general features of the two are similar. Probably, too, the worship of the uneducated class in Rome, in the days of Augustus, was as sincere as that of the same class in Greece in the time of Solon; but the more elevated ranks, the enlightened and educated men in Rome, either regarded it as a vain and worthless superstition, or amused themselves with its poetry; they placed no faith in it. As it is from this class, however, that the student of the present day must derive his knowledge of Roman religion, it seems to be worth a moment's attention to investigate the differences which this want of belief has introduced between Greek and Roman mythology, as embodied by the poets.

In the first place, then, the characters of the gods, as they are portrayed by the Greek poets, are more elevated and pleasing, than they are made to appear by Roman writers. They are chargeable with great deficiencies in both; they are haughty, tyrannical, passionate; occasionally displaying the most ridiculous weaknesses of humanity; but in the Greek poets they are invested with the majesty and glory of immortals. We feel, as we stand in their presence, that they are not of earthly race; they inspire us with awe; they vindicate their celestial nature. In the Roman poets they are endowed, not with immortal natures, but only with more than human power. They are essentially human in their language and actions.

The Greek writers abound in descriptions of the personal appearance of the gods; they exhibit them in every variety of situation and employment, with a minuteness of description which might serve as a guide to the painter and sculptor. Phidias is supposed to have derived from Homer those grand ideas of the immortal forms, which he has embodied in marble and ivory. The Latin poets, on the contrary, give but few such descriptions. Who, for instance, could form any idea of the figure of Juno from the *Æneid*, through the whole of which she is made to play a conspicuous part? Many of the gods are

not mentioned in the poem ; and with the exception of the sixth book, which we regard as a distinct and peculiar effort of genius, and one or two allegorical passages, the portraits of the immortals are extremely slight and indistinct. The *Iliad*, on the other hand, embodies almost an entire theogony ; and the representations of the deities are made with such care and minuteness, that they seem to stand visibly before us.

The cause of this difference between the Greek and Roman poets is obvious. To Homer and Hesiod was allotted the proud duty of making known to their countrymen the gods who watched over them, and from whom they were descended. They rose at once to the rank and dignity of prophets. To them had been revealed the splendid vision of Olympus, the pavement of gold, the gorgeous throne of Jove, the flaming car of Minerva, the portals of heaven, watched by the Hours, and spontaneously unfolding at the approach of the celestial messengers. For them the impenetrable veil of the past had been removed, and they had gazed upon the infancy of creation, — they had seen primeval Chaos, and Love, eldest of the immortals, moving in solitude over the tenantless earth, — then, as a glorious vision, rose up before them the children of heaven in glittering array, immortal in their nature, and irresistible in their power. They had listened to the hymns of the muses, and received from their hands the laurel bough, the token of kindred inspiration ; and they knew that from their lips would proceed, as the responses of an oracle, the religion of their land.

In the days of Virgil, Ovid and Horace, nothing remained to be declared respecting the gods. The early Greek poems were familiar to all readers, and the statuary, which was brought from Greece, had so established the persons and attributes of the deities in the minds of the people, that description seemed superfluous. It was only when allegory assumed the place of simple faith, as in the celebrated instance of Fame in the *Æneid*, that there was any occasion for minute or accurate representations of the celestial forms.

Another effect of the want of faith in Latin poetry, especially the *Æneid*, is to render the appearance and interposition of the gods in reality, what it is very properly called, — machinery. It is mere machinery, and in many instances nearly as clumsy as the abortive contrivances of a theatre. In Virgil, it is like the strings and wooden joints with which the

limbs of a puppet are moved. In Homer, it is the natural and spontaneous motion of the muscles, easy, graceful, and strong.

But, to the modern student, the most important consequence of this difference in the degree of faith reposed in their religion by the Greeks and the Romans, is undoubtedly to be traced in the moral effect of the study, as pursued in the one language or the other. In forming an opinion of the propriety or indecency of any work, the first and most important consideration is the intention of the writer. Was his object a bad one? Did he intend to excite the passions, to throw a false lustre upon vice, to bewilder the ideas of right and wrong? Was his mind, in a word, filled with impurity, a source from which no good thoughts could proceed? It is the spirit, not the letter, which constitutes the objection to a work. Who would think of applying the term indecent to a work upon surgery or natural history? And, on the contrary, how easy it is to clothe the most revolting ideas in the language of refinement! Moreover, the mind of the reader must be in a depraved state to discover indelicacy where the thoughts of the writer were unsullied; — none but the falsely educated, or the depraved in their imagination, would discover food for the passions, for instance, in the sculpture of Greece; and so it is with regard to the descriptions of the gods.

It is with such views, that we must examine the Greek and Roman mythology. In the former we shall find, it is true, a few passages which should be sealed up from the student; but they are very rare, and do not appear to have been dictated by impure minds. In general, the Greek writers are singularly free from the charge of indecency; — their own thoughts were evidently unsullied; they never degraded their beautiful theology, by rendering it the exciter of unholy passions; they never descended from the lofty station they occupied as the interpreters of the gods, to minister at the altars of indecency and wantonness.

But the same undefiled spirit is not always discoverable in the poets of Rome. There, poetry was the growth of a dissolute and ribald age. Epicureanism had usurped the place of religion, and had spread its seducing snares round many of the noblest minds. Lucretius and Horace were professedly its disciples; — and Ovid, in his voluptuous elegance, must also be ranked with them. From every side arose the sound of

revelry and debauch ; not yet degraded to the vulgar wantonness of Messalina, but warbling in the delicious and ensnaring lays of Horace and Catullus, as, crowned with garlands and redolent of perfumes, they reclined through the live-long day in the shades of the luxurious gardens of Mæcenas, or on the banks of the rushing Anio. By such minds as these, the fair religion of Greece was viewed only in its poetic form, and was easily perverted to the channel of their licentious dreams.

Wherever, then, the mythology of Greece is found degraded by later writers to the base office of exciting passion, of arraying indecency in the garb of allurements, it is to be set down as unworthy of its origin ; as throwing no light upon the sincere worship of the ancients, and adding nothing to the knowledge of the student, except to shew him that the poets of Rome flourished in a degenerate age. To the scholar we would say, then, expurgate your Horaces and your Ovids, till not an obscene thought shall stain their pages ; and you may be sure that nothing will be lost in your inquiries respecting the classic religion.

With these exceptions, much of beauty and grandeur may be discovered in the classic mythology, whether we study it in the Greek or in the Latin language. Nor shall we find much difficulty in distinguishing its most remarkable and interesting characteristics. The first and most important of these is, that it invests matter with mind ; it beholds in the visible world only the embodying of spirit, — the dwelling-place of the unseen and unsubstantial essence of life. In the view of the early Greeks, the world was not merely instinct with life, it was the habitation of divinity. As the human body is the tabernacle of the soul, so they believed the universe around them, the heavenly bodies, the earth and sea, rivers and fountains, trees and flowers, mountains and valleys, to be only the haunts of superior and more ethereal nature. But they saw that the frame of man is perishable ; it grows old and dies, and is no longer the habitation of spirit. On the other hand, the elements seem to be eternal ; the world shows no signs of age ; the rivers flow on in undiminished grandeur through countless ages. The ceaseless rolling of the immeasurable sea, the undimmed lustre of the sun and moon and stars, the everlasting hills, the freshness and glory of returning spring, all spoke to them of eternal duration ; and they believed that the Soul, which had enshrined itself in a home, over which time has no

influence, must likewise be eternal ; it was more enduring and of greater power than the soul of man, which needs its habitation but a span of years, and then consigns it to decay and oblivion ; it was divine in its nature ; it was God. Hence, in their eyes, outward nature was invested with a dignity and grandeur, which rendered it holy, and impressed them with veneration and awe. It was the embodying of the divinity ; their deep and dark groves, their fountains, the mountain tops, the firmament, the unexplored caverns of the ocean, were consecrated as the permanent habitation of their gods.

It was this trait in the classic mythology, which rendered it so highly poetical. With the Greeks, all that belonged to poetry belonged also peculiarly to religion. The same name was applied in their language to the prophet and the bard ; and they hailed the fancies of the poet as revelations from their gods. Hence, as the Grecian bard sang the praises of the immortals, the lively minds of that gifted race welcomed and repeated the beautiful fictions, which added new charms to their religion. In man's connection with the outward world, they beheld his communion with the gods. Was the fair youth drowned in the dark waters of the sea ? It was the tutelary nymphs who, enamored of his beauty, had carried him down to their blissful abodes, to enjoy with them an eternity of happiness beyond the reach of the pains and sorrows of human life. Was the lovely maiden lost to her companions, as she gathered flowers on the fields of *Ætna* ? She was not dead ; she was reigning in awful pomp over the world of shades, by the side of her stately consort, who had braved the hated light of the upper earth to win her. The fires that blazed from the unfathomed crater of the volcano, the planets that glittered in the firmament, the golden clouds, bathed in the effulgence of the setting sun, the winds that wafted perfumes from the balmy south, or rushed in their terrors from the unknown north, the mysterious songs that echoed from the shores of *Ausonia*, the enchanted fruit that ripened in the garden of the *Hesperides*, the trees that dropped amber on the banks of the king of rivers, were all intimately connected with this poetic religion, and spoke to man of his dependence on the gods.

The effect of thus embodying divinity in the outward world, was to increase very rapidly the number of deities. Every spot had its peculiar genius ; each element was the habitation of a God ; no branch of human industry, no pursuit in which

body or mind was engaged, no portion of the varied universe was without its tutelary deity. The number of gods, worshipped in Greece, is said to have been about thirty thousand ; and they became so numerous in Rome, that it was at length found necessary to dispose of them by colonization. This vast number of deities is generally spoken of by writers on mythology, as a disgraceful feature in the religion of Greece and Rome ; as only rendering their idolatry more disgusting ; and as a still wider deviation from the worship of the true God. We are, however, inclined to view it under a more favorable aspect ; it may be regarded as the natural conclusion of a mind, enlightened by no revelation, but discovering the traces of more than mortal power in every object of the universe ;—perceiving new forms, and more wonderful indications of creative spirit, the farther it investigated nature, and assigning to each varying department a peculiar divinity. Could such a mind have extended its research still farther, it would undoubtedly have found in the endless wonders which present themselves, the proofs of a still greater number of deities, and have multiplied the theogony far beyond the point to which it was actually carried. But the question at once arises, to what result would such progress have at length extended ? When and where would it have been arrested ? To this we can only reply, that we believe its tendency was towards the knowledge of the one Infinite and Omnipotent God. To enlightened and reflecting worshippers, the word needed but to be spoken, which could explain the mystery of the universe, and make it plain, that in every portion there was but the same all-pervading nature ; which could reconcile the contradiction of the elements and explain their union ; which, like the key-stone of the universe, was to bind all in perfect and indissoluble order ;—and this word was God. Towards this grand idea, the religion of Greece seems to us to have been constantly verging ; it beamed on the soul of Socrates ; it hallowed the thoughts of Plato ; it was not unknown to the vast mind of Cicero.

Another remarkable characteristic of the classic religion, was its intimate connection with the concerns of life. It was not peculiarly set apart for certain days and particular rites, and consecrated exclusively to temples and sacred spots. True, it abounded in ceremonies ; it reared to the honor of the gods temples, whose proportions are immortal ; and enshrined within them those matchless forms, which have been the wonder of

all succeeding ages ; it honored certain days of every year with august celebrations ; but it found other shrines as sacred as the altars of the Parthenon ; other rites as holy as the mysteries of Eleusis ; other days as religious as the Saturnalia and the Thesmophoria. The domestic worship of the ancients, especially the Romans, is among the most beautiful portions of their religion, and seems to have been considered of equal importance and sacredness with their public rites. It had even greater attractions ; the hearths, where burned a fire as pure as that over which the victims were immolated, seemed to be the shrine of the domestic affections ; the altars of the Genius of Home. Here, were offered up the vows of conjugal fidelity, of parental love, of filial duty ; here was the last retreat from sorrow and adversity, the innermost citadel of the dearest of man's possessions. The Penates, who never abandoned the individual over whom they had peculiar charge, who shared with him alike his prosperity and his misfortunes, who retreated with him from his burning and tottering mansion and his ruined city, and, wherever he again established his home, still presided over the new precincts and made them holy ; the Lares, who watched over the weary traveller and guarded him from harm ; the Triviæ, who lighted his footsteps ; the Genii, who presided at the happy birth-day, were all of a character to attract the love as well as veneration of their worshippers. But the classic worship extended even farther than this ; it conferred a degree of sanctity upon all the occupations, interests and amusements of men, and rendered them acts of religion. For every branch of industry, every recreation, every enterprise, civil or military, there was some peculiar presiding deity, to whom acceptable homage was offered by the very act performed.

From the whole land of Greece, then, arose one universal sound of devotion and praise. The laborer worshipped his gods by his toils in the garden and the vineyard ; offerings of praise ascended from all who were engaged in the different vocations of active life ; from the shepherd, and the goatherd, and the mariner ; from the hunter who followed the moonlight chase over the hills of Bœotia, the virgins that revelled on the vine-clad steepes of Taygetus, or bathed in the waves of the Sperchius, the bards and the heroes who contended for the prize at Olympia, the warrior who rode triumphant over the

field of carnage, and directed the storm of battle from his blood-dripping car.

Finally, the classic mythology was characterized by the grand ideas which it revealed, and through which it acted with almost incalculable power on the national mind, both in Greece and Rome. It distinctly taught the doctrine of immortal life after death; of happiness for the good, and punishment for the wicked. The belief in the soul's annihilation seems never to have been generally entertained in Greece. Homer speaks of a dim and shadowy existence, which continued after the termination of the present life, though not of a nature to console and cheer by the prospect. Achilles gives a melancholy representation to Ulysses of his existence in the world of shades. But visions of a happier existence seem also to have visited the mind of the great poet. In the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, where Menelaus relates to Telemachus the splendid prophecy of Proteus respecting himself, we find a beautiful description of the Elysian fields.

Pindar, in his second *Olympic*, gives a beautiful picture of the habitation of the virtuous after death.

“ —————they,

Alike by night, alike by day,
Behold the glory of the sun;
Their lives unlaboring pass away;
They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground,
Not yet upturn the waters of the sea
For empty aliment:
But in the blessed company
Of spirits, by the gods with honor crowned,
Men who rejoiced to keep their oaths unshent,
Their days through tearless ages run.

And they that thrice above, below
This earth, with transmigrating entity
Have stood their trial, passing to and fro,
And from the unjust society,
Have kept their souls aloof and free;
They take the way which Jove did long ordain,
To Saturn's ancient tower beside the deep;
Where gales, that softly breathe,
Fresh springing from the bosom of the main,
Through islands of the blessed blow.
And flowers, like burning gold of hue,

Some on the green earth creep ;
Some bourgeon on the splendid trees ;
Some in cool nurturing streams their blossoms steep ;
The blissful troops, of these,
For their twined wrists inwoven bracelets wreath,
And garlands for their brow."

But besides this, there was still a higher state of being, which, though attained by very few, seems to have held out hopes and encouragement to all. Those great men who, by their splendid achievements, by the good they had done to their country and to mankind, by their patience under labors, perils and suffering, their piety and obedience to the gods, their incorruptible faith, their justice, their filial reverence, had far distinguished themselves above their fellow-men, were not merely rewarded by a life of peace and pleasure in the Elysian fields, or the islands of the blest ; they were transferred at once to the glorious mansions of Olympus, allied to the immortals, invited to the *symposium* of Jove, and worshipped by grateful mortals, in whose minds the memory of their benefits was never to fade away.

It is worthy of remark, that this apotheosis of their heroes seems to have been more distinctly impressed upon the belief of the Greeks, than the after-existence of the virtuous. Death was to them the greatest of enemies ; and the hope of a future life does not appear to have been sufficiently strong to deprive their last moments of terror. The great object, the absorbing wish of the Grecian hero, was to conquer death, to which he believed that his gods were not subject. The religion, which held out to him the hope of allying himself to the immortals, and thus escaping the passage of the dark valley, must be regarded as rising in its attractions and the sublimity of its promises, above anything that paganism had previously offered.

But the action of the classic mythology upon the minds of its believers was not less remarkable in the new ideas of power which it disclosed, than in the hopes it held forth. It was distinguished by making known the existence of greater Power, than had before been conceived by any save those who worshipped the true God. It went beyond the elements and revealed their Creator ; it enshrined in the stars a ruling Spirit ; it assigned to the universe a Master ; it spoke to the mind of a superior Intelligence ; and the influence which it thus ex-

erted was attended with consequences so remarkable, that it is worth a moment's attention to trace them.

The revelation of the knowledge of greater power, of vaster intelligence, in a word, of mind, differing in capacity, not in nature, from the human, is necessarily attended by an increase of capacity in the mind to which this knowledge is conveyed. When the sublime idea of Infinite Power has dawned upon the soul, it increases capacity by awakening thought. It appeals to the deepest and most intense interests of man ; it speaks of his eternal nature, his powers, prospects, hopes and destinies. Such knowledge, also, gives the proper direction to thought, leading it into paths which terminate in the Infinite, and preventing the waste of strength on subjects which are obscured by falsehood, and which can never afford satisfactory results. It directs the mind to all that is immutably true, reveals the everlasting laws of taste, and leads to the study of the intrinsically beautiful. It increases the powers, because it addresses itself to a kindred immortality ; because it speaks to the profound and eternal principles of the mind, as "deep calls unto deep."

Moreover, the mind is strengthened by the knowledge of infinite power, because in this way the qualities are developed in their just proportions ; every principle of the mind is exercised alike ; and one faculty is not allowed to grow up at the expense of others. The moral powers are thus cultivated equally with the intellectual, reason is elevated, hope is placed on a sure foundation, thought is illumined, all becomes radiant with life and energy, and the soul grows up in immortal proportions, which are to gather new power and loveliness through eternity.

But besides this, the knowledge of an infinite power is necessary to reconcile and harmonize the various faculties and propensities of the mind. If it be true that the mystery of the universe around us, the conflicting elements, the varying worlds, the thousand different existences, can only be explained by the knowledge of God, much more is this the case, with regard to the universe of soul, in which the apparent contradictions are greater than those in the world around us ; the passions that rage are fiercer than the winds and the waves, the powers stronger than the elements, the hopes and aspirations loftier than the stars. The idea of the Infinite reconciles the jarring elements, shews the object and explains the agreement of the

faculties ; it reveals the soul to itself, satisfies its doubts and apprehensions, and shews the perfection of its nature, in which all the varying powers and apparently contending elements have, in reality, but one common object, and are united in the end in perfect and uninterrupted harmony.

Briefly, then, the idea of the Infinite increases the powers, by developing the germ of immortality and infinity, which is wrapped up in the soul, as the sun calls forth the fruit from the tender bud. It speaks with a kindred voice to every faculty of the mind ; it meets with genial power every lofty thought, every high and holy imagining, every aspiration for a better and purer state of existence. It opens a boundless field for the operation of mind. Here, " may the heart muse till the fire burn ;" here, ardent hopes will meet with no repulse ; here, visions of greater loveliness than the earth can boast, not transitory and fading like the vain fabric of a dream, but founded in truth and enduring to eternity, thoughts that will never die, rise up in beautiful succession, and respond to the glorious power which summons them.

Of this nature, though in a limited degree, was the influence exerted by the classic religion upon the minds of its believers. It established the worship of mind instead of nature, made known to man a vaster intelligence, and directed his worship to objects of a nature in reality superior to his own. Religion, then, began to elevate instead of degrading the mind, as it had done before ; hope was held out as a motive, instead of fear ; morals began to be inculcated, and duties of a higher kind than mere outward ceremonies were taught. Human nature seemed to be exalted above the condition in which it had previously existed ; men began to know and to reverence their own souls, to comprehend the power and duration of mind, its triumph over matter, its divine origin.

To this influence of the classic religion, we attribute in a great degree the learning, refinement and power of the Grecian nations. It elevated the national intellect, and with superior intelligence came immediately superior power, and a mighty progress in the arts and literature. It was then first made known to the world, that the most precious possessions of a country are its worthy children, the best riches are intelligence, and freedom, the companion of intellectual cultivation. This great lesson was taught in the strains of Homer and the

living marble of Praxiteles ; it was repeated in every revolving Olympiad ; it was illustrated by the countless myriads of Persia, who came like waves of the sea to spend their vain strength at Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ.

The religion of Greece, then, accomplished a mighty work. It actually advanced mankind one step, never to be retraced, on the way to that degree of knowledge and refinement for which they seem to be destined ; and in some degree put an end to that worship of material existence, which had previously degraded and chained down the mind. In the fulness of time, too, this religion was doomed to fall, because the truth was but partially found in it, and because men were ready for higher and better things. Like the beautiful fairy in the eastern tale, who perished for the want of the vainly sought promegranate seed, the spirit of classic mythology at length passed away ; but not till it had conquered and destroyed the hideous genius of material worship, and restored the deformed soul to its original and lovely proportions.

If these remarks are just, they will do something to rescue the study of the classic mythology from the opprobrium that has been cast upon it ; to shew that it may be pursued without corrupting and degrading the mind, and that there are beautiful and interesting features in it, if we will but seek for them. Still, it will be asked, What is the use of studying this mythology ? Why spend our time upon the discarded and forgotten notions of a people who lived, at best, in the glimmering light of paganism, and who can exert no influence upon the present state of society ?

To this we reply, in the first place, that it is the key to ancient art ; it explains and renders interesting what would otherwise be incomprehensible and vague as the unknown hieroglyphic. Without the knowledge of the mythology, the collections and remains of Grecian and Roman art would be devoid of meaning, and of comparatively trifling interest ; the beautiful forms of the Apollos and the Venuses, the majestic proportions of the Pantheon, the storied frieze of the Parthenon, would convey no definite idea to the mind ; and those noble halls and galleries, where the traveller gratifies his longing eye, and the artist awakens his genius at the shrine of divinities in whose lineaments the fire of elder inspiration is yet burning ; the grand and solemn ruins over which thousands of years have spread their sacred mantle, those frescoed walls on which the Luculli

and the Cæsars loved to gaze, the mosaic pavements which graced the halls of Cicero, would speak only insoluble enigmas. The objects of classic art, which have been preserved, and the fabled religion of Greece and Rome, respond beautifully to each other; and they should be studied in connexion.

The mythology, however, does more than merely satisfy curiosity as to the name and attributes which each statue represents; it reveals to us the spirit of ancient art, shews us the causes which called it into being, the secret of its development, the mystery of its perfections. We have already pointed out that remarkable characteristic of the religion of Greece, by which it universally invests matter with mind, assigning to every object in nature its own in-dwelling deity. But it went beyond this: not content with worshipping through the outward form of the universe, it sought to gaze directly upon the spirit with which matter is inspired, and to behold face to face the divinity who was but too faintly exhibited in his works. Hence arose sculpture, the earliest and the latest effort to reveal the divine existence to man; it assumed, as was to be expected, that form which is superior to all other natures, and fashioning it in ideal beauty, shewed to adoring multitudes the splendid manifestation of celestial being, in the forms of the Jupiter of Phidias, the Venus of Cleomenes, and the Apollo of the Vatican.

But of still higher importance, is the connexion of the mythology with classic literature, especially to the American student, for whom access to the highest objects of art is difficult or impossible. This argument in favor of the study of mythology is the one most commonly brought forward; it is remarked, and with propriety, that much would be unintelligible in the classic writers without this knowledge,—many allusions would be lost,—many passages obscure,—much of the interest diminished. These remarks are undoubtedly just as far as they extend; but they do not seem to do justice to the cause which they attempt to vindicate. The knowledge which they imply may be of a very inferior sort, a mere catalogue of idle names or school-boy tales. We are far from insisting upon a minute knowledge of names and dates in this branch of learning. For the professed scholar, indeed, it is necessary; but such knowledge should not be a principal object with the student. Were no other light to be thrown upon classic literature by the mythology, than the gossiping information too com-

monly given in our schools and those of England, that certain names stand for certain individuals, or places, that Pan means the god of shepherds, Minerva the goddess of wisdom, Arethusa a woman changed into a fountain in Ortygia, and so on to the end of the chapter; if no deductions are to be drawn from these facts, and mythology does nothing more than announce them, the study of it may perhaps deserve to be ridiculed. But it extends far beyond this; it does not merely illustrate ancient literature; it absolutely called it into being, and constitutes the very spirit of its existence. The deep devotion of the early Greek poets, connecting the history of their nation with the worship of the gods, and ennobling their origin by the revelations of their religion, first gave birth to their literature. It was the result of profound faith and ardent devotion; the picture of a mind, in which patriotism and poetic imagination were beautifully blended, and fixed their stamp indelibly upon the thoughts. To appreciate this literature, it is necessary to assume, as far as possible, the state of mind which dictated it; to stand in the place of the poet; to look back with him upon an ancestral race of heroes and demi-gods, now enshrined in the palace of Olympus; to behold with his eye the glorious train of the immortals, watching over the concerns of man, and directing the universe; in short to comprehend the spirit, not merely the outward form of his religion.

The different influences, exerted upon literature by the classic religion and by Christianity, may be remarkably illustrated by a comparison between ancient and modern tragedy. The leading characteristic of Greek tragedy, as Schlegel remarks, is the idea of fate upon which it was founded. The notion of fate, as thus illustrated, was of the most dark and awful kind. As understood by the tragedians, fate was consummate and irresistible; power, swaying alike the gods and mortals; for man it was the most dreaded of enemies, uncompromising and merciless, propitiated neither by prayers nor sacrifices, accepting no worship, offering no good. It was manifested in the power of the elements, which conquered and destroyed him; in the majestic rolling on of time, in the misfortunes and sorrows of life, and lastly, in the dreaded event of death. Nor were the gods more exempt from its terrible influences; their immortality only subjected them the more surely to its power; in the sufferings it inflicted upon them, they longed for death; but they longed in vain. Fate, as thus conceived, seems to

have resembled, in respect to its power, our idea of the power of Providence ; but in all other points the ideas of Fate and Providence are widely at variance. Providence is a power which calls into being, clothes with beauty and develops in perfection. Fate exerted no influence but to crush, torment and destroy ; it gave birth to no new existence, nor added anything to the beauty of creation ; it found no pleasure in happiness, no sorrow in misery ; dark and mysterious as the night, it was only seen by the lurid glare of the ruin it wrought. Providence exerts a benign action on the mind, calling forth thought and developing moral worth. Fate operated upon the mind only through physical suffering ; it carried on an eternal warfare with the soul, whose indomitable will defied, while it submitted to necessity. Providence confers inward power ; Fate sports with outward weakness ; the former unfolds the immortal principle contained in the soul, and reveals the prospect of eternal life ; the latter encompasses the mind with the dark shadow of death, or terrifies it with the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery. Fate, as thus viewed, constituted the spirit of Greek tragedy. A power, from which there is no hope of escape and no appeal, which is superior to the might of the gods themselves, implacable as the storm and inevitable as time, afforded subjects for tragedy in the ordinary pursuits of life ; but still more in the immortal existences, the splendor of whose station only rendered their sorrows more conspicuous and awful.

This idea of Fate led to a very remarkable difference between ancient and modern tragedy, in the choice of subjects of suffering. Ancient tragedy sought for its heroes the most exalted, powerful, and even virtuous characters ; it delighted to exhibit the sublime spectacle of an immortal nature, overwhelmed by the power of fate, yet in the midst of calamities and sufferings not to be imagined without horror, bearing up against an eternity of woe, and defying and even insulting the force to which it is compelled to yield. Unlike the awful creation in which the interest of the *Paradise Lost* is centred, the heroes of ancient tragedy were often the friends and benefactors of mankind ; or if they were stained with crime, it was not the result of their own will, but of the malignant operation of a destiny which they could neither foresee nor avert. Modern tragedy, on the other hand, seems to choose for subjects characters which, however virtuous and attractive, fall short of

the splendid attributes with which the ancient heroes were invested. They have not the same power of endurance and indomitable will; they yield to sorrow; they make us weep for their frailty, their tenderness, their misery; they seek relief from the weight of woe in death; and the genius of modern tragedy chants over them, as they go down to the tomb, her solemn and heart-melting requiem, far differing from the sublime and triumphant strains which are sounded forth by the unconquered and immortal heroes of the Grecian drama. In general, the characters to which the interest of Shakspeare's tragedy principally belongs, are not of the highest intellectual or moral power. Goethe's remarks upon Hamlet will apply, in this respect, to many of the other characters. In his fine critique upon this play, he remarks, "To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him, the present is too hard. Impossibilities are required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind."* There is a yielding to misfortune, a feebleness, which equally seems to mark the characters of Lear, Romeo, Othello and Macbeth. The character in Shakspeare, which appears in some points to approach nearest to the subjects of ancient drama, is Lady Macbeth. In the power of her mind, in the boldness and decision with which she plans and executes crime, in her scorn for weakness, her freedom from fear and remorse, she may well be compared with the Medea of Euripides. Still, there are vast differences between the two. Lady Macbeth is absorbed by one ruling passion; the love of power, the burning desire to reign. In the horrors of the chamber of murder, at the awful feast where the dead mingle with the living in their revels, in the haunted

* Wilhelm Meister.

sleep-walk, she still clings to the blood-stained diadem with which crime has encircled her brow. There is no tragedy for her ; her march is triumphant to the throne ; and the last words we hear from her, reveal a mind still victorious over remorse. She is to be regarded as the source rather than the object of tragedy ; she seems in a degree to supply the place of fate ; through her influence Macbeth is urged on as by the impulse of destiny to the commission of crime ; her power sustains, nerves and encourages him, and opens the path of ambition through torrents of blood. The veil is drawn over her fall ; to witness it would add nothing to the interest of the drama ; she retires when her task is finished, and the victim of her power and her crimes gathers into himself the depth of tragedy, which marks the close of the piece.

Like Lady Macbeth, Medea is endowed with uncommon powers of mind, boldness in crime and remorselessness of conscience ; like her, she is absorbed by one ruling passion, her love for Jason. But the tragedy of the piece consists in the misery and despair with which she is surrounded. She has severed, one by one, the ties which bound her to the society of man. An outraged parent, a murdered brother, a home abandoned and left desolate, monarchs insulted and destroyed, are the sacrifices offered on the altar of her fidelity and affection for one to whom she clings as her last, solitary hope. There seems no farther retreat for her ; one green spot alone remains in the wilderness her crimes have created around her ; if the storm sweep over it, she is lost. The extreme misfortune, the uttermost extent of woe, is now impending ; the play represents her at the moment when Jason, forgetting all that she has accomplished and all that she has sacrificed, is about to repudiate her and espouse another woman. We follow her with a dreadful interest through the ravings of despair, the conception of new and more daring crime, the struggles and agony of a mother's tenderness, contending with the pride, and hatred, and revenge of an immortal ; and when, triumphant over herself and almost over fate, she disappears at last with the words of taunting and scorn on her lips, we know that she has lighted a fire in her bosom which will burn and torture her forever.

Such is the power of ancient tragedy, manifested in the voice of wailing, mingled with pride and scorn, which comes from the rock of Prometheus ; in the depth and intensity of hatred and

despair in Electra ; in the involuntary crimes of Œdipus, and the awful revenge of Orestes.

The cause of this difference between the subjects of ancient and those of modern tragedy is obvious ; it consists in the belief of the omnipotence and the benevolent character of the deity, which has taken the place of the dark visions of fate that terrified the ancients. Their supreme power was malignant, inexorable, hostile to man. The Christian beholds in Omnipotence goodness, equal to its power ; the one depresses and renders desperate ; the other sustains, encourages, makes triumphant ; the former was the source of tragedy ; the latter conquers woe. For the Christian, there is a power which upholds and consoles in the midst of sorrow ; which renders misfortune easy to bear ; which robs death of his sting, and the grave of its victory. The great mind, which is fortified by this power, is beyond the reach of tragedy ; in the midst of the trials and sadness of a mortal career, there is still open beyond it a blissful existence, a light shining from heaven, which sheds its lustre upon the vale of tears, and cheers the heavy-laden way-farer to his eternal home.

Lastly, the classic mythology is worthy of attention, as making known to us our own nature. This we deem the highest object of study, and the one which all efforts of learning ought to keep constantly in view. The erudition of editors and commentators, the researches of the antiquarian, the lore of the university and the monastery are wasted, except inasmuch as they tend, directly or indirectly, to promote this great object. The literature that does not contribute to this end is of little value, and soon perishes. Poetry must shew forth the nature of man by harmonizing with it, by resting on its principles, by proceeding from its depths, by reflecting as a mirror the human soul, or it will not be enduring. The same may be said of history. He who supposes that the importance of this branch of learning consists in the precedents it affords, in the amount of experience, the wisdom of ages which it sums up, errs greatly. The history of one age can be no guide to the statesman of another, except as far as it makes him acquainted with human nature, reveals to him the secret springs of action, and shews the influences by which man may be acted on singly, or in masses. Its true object is to portray an eternal nature, by representing its operations. But nothing shews forth the soul with such undisguised clearness and fidelity as

religion, the embodying of the profoundest thought, the most ardent and devout aspirations, the most far-reaching hopes. Whether religion be revealed from God, or the result only of a mind speculating upon itself and the universe around, it is in harmony with our nature, it speaks to the thoughts which previously existed, and unfolds the germs which are innate in the soul. In this way alone can it find any response; were religion to speak to us of attributes and qualities of which we are not conscious, it would gain no credence, but would be a dead letter, powerless and transitory. All religion, which is sincerely believed, which is enshrined in the heart, is in the likeness of the mind; and it reveals our nature more than anything else, because it embraces the whole circle of our faculties, and calls them forth in their just proportions; because it is the most solemn and unfeigned outpouring of the heart. Hence, one of the first inquiries respecting newly discovered tribes or nations, is with regard to their religion; and from the answer, we draw more certain deductions with respect to their intellectual and moral qualities, and their general character, than from any other facts concerning them. If we could become intimately acquainted with the religion of every country and every period, we should perhaps know far more of the variety, power and beauty of the mind, than we do at present.

But there is much of which history takes no note; — many of the deepest and most sacred attributes of man. The religion of the different ages and nations ascends in sublime concert from every portion of the habitable world; from the banks of the sacred Ganges, the mysterious haunts of Memphis, the olive groves of Attica, the blood-stained halls of the worshippers of Odin, the gorgeous temples of Mexico, the pleasant hunting-grounds of the Delaware, over which the benign spirit of the south breathes a second and lovelier summer. Millions of high and noble minds, unknown to observation, and seen only by the Author of their being, have blended their ardent devotion in the solemn anthem of the nations. Their longing desires, their deep-seated hopes, the offerings of gratitude, the faith of the mother weeping over the tomb of her children, yet believing that her treasures are laid up in heaven, the love which death cannot conquer, and the friendship which the grave cannot sever, may have passed without notice on the earth; — but there is a history whose records are written in heaven, and whose living page, blotted perhaps with the tears

of the recording angel, is unrolled before the throne of the Almighty. It is the history of man as a religious being; the history of the soul; of its errors in the darkness of paganism; its efforts to burst into futurity; the fair creations which it summoned up, lighted by the fires of imagination, yet ever varying and fading like the glories of a sunset sky; its long wanderings, when, roaming dove-like over the encompassing deluge, it found nought but the olive branch of hope, and finally the rapture with which it welcomed the tidings of Revelation. In this momentous history, the religion of Greece and Rome occupies no small nor insignificant place. It shews the utmost verge which man, unaided by light from heaven, can reach; the native dignity, and grace, and athletic strength of the mind; the stern force with which, like the primeval race of Titans, it strove to mount to Olympus; the sublime resignation with which it awaited the coming of the last great foe. Happily for the scholar, happily for all who would be versed in the lore of the soul, this eventful portion of the spiritual history of man has been embodied in a literature, which is destined to endure till human nature itself shall be changed.

ART. V.—*The Laboring Classes in Europe.*

1. *A Lecture on the Working Men's Party, first delivered October 6th, before the Charlestown Lyceum, and published at their request.* By EDWARD EVERETT. Boston. 1830.
2. *An Oration delivered before the Trades' Union of Boston and Vicinity, on Fort Hill, on the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of American Independence.* By FREDERIC ROBINSON. Boston. 1834.
3. *The Rights of Industry, addressed to the Working Men of the United Kingdom.* By the Author of "THE RESULTS OF MACHINERY." Philadelphia. 1832.

WE have not selected the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, because they are recent, or unknown

to our readers, but in order to enable us to direct the public attention to the subject of which they treat.

There is no more universal characteristic of human nature, than a disposition to find fault with our present condition, whatever it may be. Every body praises the age that has gone by, and looks forward to a future day as one which shall bring relief to all present inconveniences. It is this propensity to discontent, on which modern reformers are so ready to seize for the purpose of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. They assume the existence of acknowledged evils, and thence endeavor to draw the conclusion that the cause of these evils is what they would pretend to reform. They depict the horrors of poverty, the pride and luxurious indolence of the rich, and forthwith preach up a crusade against wealth, and the laws by which it is protected. In this way, covert attacks are daily made upon our own institutions and laws; and as their conclusions are apparently drawn from acknowledged facts, honest minds are often deceived, and discontent is excited, when no cause of complaint in fact exists.

There is no more common mode of attempting to mislead the public sentiment, than by describing a state of things existing in other countries, and assuming that it exists also in our own. Men talk very correctly of the evils of an established aristocracy, with its hereditary wealth, its vices and its power; and having done so, they stamp the picture with an American name, in order to excite jealousies among our own citizens; when, in fact, the description is no more a delineation of American manners and institutions, than a Norwegian landscape resembles the vine-clad hills of France or Italy. It is thus that the outcry about the rights of the "working men" has been raised so loudly in our country. We are told of the condition of these classes in England; of the starving mechanic and the oppressed manufacturer; of the poor-houses, crowded with healthy laborers, destitute of the ordinary necessities of life; and in the same breath an appeal is made to the mechanic and manufacturer here, to subvert the laws, which grind down the laboring classes to the dust; as if there were some real analogy between our condition and that of England, in respect to the laws which regulate property, the means of subsistence, or the rewards of industry.

So many appeals have been made of late to the prejudices of the people, and so much misconstruction and misrep-

resentation have been resorted to, with the view of exciting discontent in the community, that we have been induced to compare the condition of the laboring classes in the United States, with that of similar classes in some of the European nations. In pursuing this investigation we have had particular reference to the rate of wages, the burden of taxation, the means of subsistence, the facilities for acquiring education, and the share, if any, which these classes have in the government. The sources from which our facts have been gathered are, among others, books of travels, statistical tables, the leading English reviews, reports of Parliament, speeches delivered before that body, and other works which appeared to be of an authentic character. Our notice of several of the European nations, however, must be exceedingly brief, because the picture of the life of their peasants is too uniform to admit of much detail. Poverty, degradation, and toil, from generation to generation, form the epitome of their personal and political existence.

In most of the Northern nations, in particular, the laboring classes are alike strangers to what an American calls liberty, and to what are here regarded as the essential comforts of life.

In Norway, farms are cultivated by a class of laborers, called "house-men," who receive from the landlord a house and a quantity of land, and in return work for him at a low, fixed price, whenever he demands their labor. The ordinary food of the peasantry of the country is bread and gruel, both prepared of oatmeal, with an occasional intermixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they rarely enjoy.

In Sweden, the peasantry are comparatively well educated; that is, most of them can read and write. Their dress is prescribed by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish and gruel, without meat. In some districts their houses are mere log-cabins, covered with bark or turf; and, we believe, throughout the kingdom they are in general little, if at all, superior to the rude structures, which the settler rears in our western wilds.

In Denmark, the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold together with the land on which they labor. Their food and dwelling houses are similar to those which we have just described.

In Russia, the bondage of the peasantry is even more complete, than it is in Denmark. There are, properly, but two

native classes ; the noble, and the peasant, or serf. The intermediate class of industrious and independent men, who transact the commercial business of her cities, are principally foreigners, not permanently resident in the country. All the land in the empire is owned by the nobles, and whenever any portion of it is sold, the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate. These have generally about half the time at their own disposal ; but are at all times liable to be called upon to labor for their masters. The better class of the peasants live in cottages, with stables or barns attached to them, but a great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds, but sleep upon bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the luxury of animal food, or even the addition of butter. During some seasons of the year the women are employed in the fields, as they are in many other parts of Europe.

In Poland, the condition of the serfs or laboring classes is, if possible, more degraded than in Russia. The nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. If a plebeian strike a noble, his punishment is death. We quote in this connexion the language of a recent traveller : "I travelled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland, or Denmark." Another writer, describing Poland in 1826, says, "the peasants live in wooden huts, covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes, sometimes, but not generally, peas, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat, and the chief drink is water or the cheap whisky of the country." These, it must be remembered, are not the paupers of the country, supported at the public charge, and fed by the labor of others. They are the working men ; the only class that engage in honest industry and toil. They cannot rise from their state of degradation ; this is alike forbidden by the long established customs of these countries, and by harsh and oppressive laws.

In two of the countries we have mentioned, Norway and

Sweden, the peasantry are represented in the diet, and of course, possess some influence in the management of the affairs of government; while in Denmark, Poland, and Russia, they must obey the will of others, and are subject to the scarcely limited control of their hereditary masters.

Germany comprises a large number of separate states, in which the condition of the laboring classes varies according to the character of their respective laws. In some, they are comparatively free and well educated; in others, the feudal burdens are still imposed upon the cultivators of the soil. In Prussia, for instance, where, notwithstanding the despotic character of the government, the people are more intelligent and free than in many of the German states, a common citizen was not, till the year 1807, permitted to purchase the estate of a noble. Nor were the nobles, prior to the year 1810, subject to any tax upon their lands.

In general, the inhabitants of the protestant states of Germany are more free and better educated, than they are in those where the catholic religion is the established one. In Austria, the most powerful of the states, the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day of the week, excepting Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage. In Hungary, their condition is, if possible, still worse. There is no intermediate class between the noble and the slave. The whole population exceeds eight millions, while there are only sixty thousand noble families. The nobles own the land, do no work and pay no taxes. The laboring classes are obliged to repair all the highways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce of their labor to the church, and one ninth to the lord whose land they occupy. They are also subject to various other duties and impositions. The following anecdote, which is related by a recent traveller,* will illustrate the condition of the laboring classes in Hungary. He spent a few weeks at the residence of one of the most respectable Hungarian noblemen. Taking a walk one afternoon with the count over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with

* Russell.

sufficient humility. He immediately sent to his house for some servants, and ordered them to seize, bind and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. The visitor entreated the count to put an end to such a punishment for such a trivial offence, if it were one at all. The answer was, "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares for them, give him twenty lashes more." And they were accordingly administered.

We might also state various facts, to shew the depressed state of manufactures in some of those states, and the almost starving condition of many of the artizans; but our limits will not permit us to enter into this detail.

In many of the German states, the means of education are extremely limited. In Austria the press is under a severe censorship, and nothing finds its way to the public eye, excepting what the cabinet may choose to publish. The reply of the emperor, during the session of the congress at Laybach, to the teacher of a public seminary, has often been quoted. "I want no learned men, I need no learned men, I want men who will do as I bid them." It is said that in Hungary, of whole villages, not an individual can read or write; and that, of the inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania and Croatia, all of which are within the Austrian dominions, twelve millions are entirely ignorant and uninstructed.

These remarks will present a view of the condition of the laboring classes in the states and kingdoms to which we have referred. It would be little better than mere repetition, to enlarge upon the state of the idle nobles and beggars of Italy, the priest-ridden people of Spain, or the unemployed and impoverished tradesmen and artizans of Holland or Belgium. We shall, therefore, pass at once to France.

Although our intercourse with that kingdom in the way of trade and commerce is so frequent, we know comparatively little of the actual condition of the great mass of her population. Her past history is in a measure familiar to all, but it is not so easy to determine or describe, with precise accuracy, the civil rights which are enjoyed by the people at the present day. The revolution effected a great change in the feudal condition of society and property. In 1820, about one half of the whole population were landed proprietors. About two thirds of them are now engaged in agricultural pursuits, and of

these, about five millions are not proprietors. Of the manufacturing population, between four and five millions of laborers are destitute of property.

We have not room to enter into detail as to the condition of the manufacturing classes in France, but if we can credit the statements of travellers, it is more wretched than even that of the same classes in England, to which we propose to allude more particularly, before we close. We may, however, remark here, that we have good authority for saying, that the highest wages of a cotton manufacturer in France are not more than five shillings and sixpence a week. Even these are higher than the wages of similar manufacturers in other countries on the continent. In Switzerland and Austria, they are four shillings, in the Tyrol, three shillings and ninepence, in Saxony, three shillings and sixpence, and in Prussia, two shillings and sixpence. The wages of cotton manufacturers on the continent of Europe, may be considered as varying from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents, weekly.

The population of France may be stated at thirty-two millions. Of these, seven and a half millions receive less than twenty dollars a year for their support; and nearly twenty-three millions of the inhabitants are compelled to procure the necessaries of life with from five to eight *sous*, (about the same number of cents,) daily. To an American, this statement seems to be hardly credible. Such a pittance would be insufficient to supply the meat, bread, and tea, or coffee, with their usual accompaniments, which are daily found on the tables of all classes of our citizens. The French are, consequently, compelled to live with proportionate frugality, in order to live at all; and we are informed, that seven and a half millions of the people do not eat meat, or wheaten bread. They live upon barley, rye, buck-wheat, chesnuts, and a few potatoes, and their drink is water.

In 1820, more than one hundred thousand, — one seventh part of all the inhabitants of Paris, — received support from the public charity; and one third of the inhabitants who died during the year, died in hospitals. We have no means of comparing the present state of that city with its condition at that period; but we are not aware of any material improvement in these respects.

The consequence of this general poverty of the laboring classes is, that they are compelled to work incessantly for the means of daily sustenance. During certain seasons of the

year, the women are employed in field labors. The ordinary implements of French husbandry are ill adapted to aid the farmer in his toil, and cows and asses, oxen and horses, are often seen yoked together to the same plough. It is stated by Simond, a late accurate and intelligent traveller, that the common wages of a hired laborer upon a farm, were two hundred francs yearly for men, and one hundred for women. This would give to the man in our country thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, and to the woman eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, annually. But he adds, that in consequence of short seasons, laborers were at that time very willing to work for their bread only.

The poverty of these classes, however, does not protect them from taxation. We have seen that a large proportion of the whole people are proprietors of the soil, either as owners or lessees; and we can, therefore, form an idea of the extent of taxation in France, when we learn that the taxes upon the lands are equal to one fifth of its net produce. So that a man, who should rent his farm for one hundred dollars a year, would be compelled to pay twenty dollars of that amount into the public treasury for taxes. This burden would, of course, fall upon the laboring classes, — the tillers of the soil.

The condition of the people of France, as respects education, varies in the different departments. In the northern and eastern portions of the kingdom, the people are better educated than in the central and western sections. In the northern provinces, fifty-two out of a hundred of the population can read and write; in the eastern, fifty-five out of a hundred; while in the western and central parts, from twenty-seven to twenty-five only in a hundred are able to read. This statement will serve to indicate the difference which exists between the condition of the laboring classes in France, and that of the same classes in Massachusetts, for instance, where scarcely one native citizen in a thousand is destitute of the rudiments of a school education.

We cannot dismiss this portion of our subject, without briefly inquiring how far the people of France are permitted to take part in the affairs of government. The members of the Chamber of Deputies, the popular branch of the government, are chosen by the people; but the qualifications of candidates for office, as well as of the electors, are so high, that the mass of the people are, in fact, far from having any important influence in

the election of the deputies, and in making the laws. No man can be an elector, who does not pay a direct tax of two hundred francs, (thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents;) and when we remember the proportion of those, whose whole income does not exceed that amount, we perceive, at once, how small a number are qualified to vote. Thus, of more than thirty-two millions of inhabitants, far more than twice the amount of the population of the United States, less than one hundred and seventy thousand are qualified to vote in elections; so that, with all our restrictions, we have more than half as many electors in Massachusetts as there are in France, although her population is more than fifty times as great as ours. But even this boon, confined as it is to the rich, and wholly denied to the laboring classes, is of comparatively little value to the people. Every officer who comes in contact with them, from the minister of state to the petty constable of the village, is appointed by the crown, which has in its disposal more than one hundred thousand offices. The consequence is, as might be expected, that the government controls the elections, and a great majority of the deputies of the people are, in fact, but the creatures of the crown.

We ought not entirely to overlook the church establishments upon the continent, which, whatever be their form, must, in the end, depend for support upon the industry of the laboring classes.

In France, all religions are nominally tolerated, but the catholic is the national faith. The clergy exceed forty thousand in number, and cost the country, exclusive of fees, gifts, and other allowances from parishes, communes and departments, thirty-three million and nine hundred and eighteen francs annually.

In Spain, also, the burden of the church establishment is felt with great severity. There are in this church eight archbishops; forty-four bishops; one hundred and thirty chapters; sixty thousand two hundred and thirty-eight secular priests; fifteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-four inferior clergy; three thousand and six monasteries and convents; seventy-one thousand five hundred and eighty-five monks and nuns.*

* A singular mistake upon this subject is made by the writer of an article in the fifty-fourth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. He says, "that the Spanish church rejoices in 58 archbishops; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots; 936 chapters; 127,000 parishes; 7000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities; 46,000

The archbishop of Toledo has a revenue of six hundred thousand dollars, and the incomes of the other ecclesiastical dignitaries, though smaller in amount, are very large. Vast masses of property are locked up in the possession of the church.

We have been detained so long upon the continent, that we must hasten to what was once our father-land. With a common origin, a common language, and, to a certain extent, a community of laws and institutions, we are enabled more accurately to bring the true condition of our own citizens to the test of a comparison with that of Englishmen, than with that of any other people. It is her boast, that her citizens are the most free of any in Europe, and we are, therefore, led to examine, somewhat minutely, into the extent of those rights and privileges, which form their precious birth-right.

The first consideration that strikes us in this investigation, is the entirely artificial state of society in England. Everything is regulated by law. The tenure of property, as well as the constitution of government, the gradations of society, the commerce and trade of the country, the prices of agricultural produce, the value of rents, and a thousand other things, which bear more or less directly upon every class in the community, are either controlled by statute regulation, or what is equally imperative, by ancient usage. Every citizen, high or low, from his cradle to the grave, is hedged in and bound by rules and regulations, altogether arbitrary and artificial. Whatever progress reform may have made, it has wrought but little change in what may be called the domestic condition of society.

We cannot pass by Ireland in our inquiries, though we are aware that any picture we might borrow from the numerous accounts which are given of that wretched people, would seem to be highly colored and exaggerated. To one born and educated in New England, it is well nigh incredible, that human nature can sustain the sufferings and privations which the laboring classes of some districts in Ireland have long endured. It is not our purpose to speak of the causes of this state of things,

monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns." The account which we have given, is derived from Count Alexandre de Laborde's *Itinéraire descriptif de L'Espagne*, published in 1809, a work of unquestionable authority. We are not aware that any material change has taken place since that period, tending to affect the accuracy of his representation.

but only to present some facts in relation to that unfortunate people, that our own citizens may know the true value of their own blessings.

The population of Ireland is about eight millions. In 1791, when it was about half as numerous as it now is, an enumeration was made of all the dwelling houses on the island. They amounted to seven hundred thousand. From the character of these houses, we may infer, in some measure, the condition of the inhabitants at the time. About one hundred and thirteen thousand of these dwelling houses were occupied by paupers. More than five hundred thousand had only one hearth in them, leaving a very small proportion which were so constructed as to accommodate their inmates with more than a single fire. The number of dwelling houses has probably doubled since that time, but we are not aware that the ratio of poverty has decreased. The soil of Ireland is owned by comparatively few individuals. These let out their lands in large tracts to jobbers or "middle men," who, in their turn, underlet them to *cottiers*,—a class of peasants who occupy and cultivate them. The proprietors of the soil live principally in England, or on the continent, and the cottiers, or cultivators, form the bulk of the Irish peasantry. Each of these occupies a cabin, and from a quarter of an acre to four or five acres of land. Their cabins are described as "four mud walls, with one entrance, and frequently without windows or chimneys." "Numbers have not a bed, or even a bed frame, sleeping upon straw or heath upon their clay floors." We might suppose this to be an exaggerated account, if we had not seen enough of Irish modes of living along the routes of the railways in our country, to confirm the truth of the description.

The rents paid by the cultivators for their lands vary in different counties, and according to the quality of the lands. But as the proprietor must live in luxury, and the jobber must be well paid by his speculations, and all this must come from the rents of the land, and as, moreover, the country is overstocked with population, whereby a great competition for land is created, the occupier is compelled to pay, in rent and tithes, the utmost farthing in his power. The Irish acre is nearly twice as large as ours, and the highest rent paid is ten guineas an acre. It varies from that sum down to four guineas. In some districts rents are from six to nine pounds, and in others, from four to seven pounds, per acre; so that, by our mode of

computation, the rents vary from eight or nine dollars up to twenty-four dollars the acre. Whatever the amount may be, "it is," says a writer, "as nearly as can be calculated, fully and literally the whole produce of the soil, saving the small reserve of potatoes necessary for the subsistence of himself and family." And in addition to all this, his personal services must be rendered to his landlord whenever they are required. While he is compelled to pay a rent so onerous and unreasonable, the wages of a cottier, if he labors for a wealthier farmer, are proportionately low. They vary from fourpence to tenpence daily, making an average of from fivepence to sixpence through the year, or, in our currency, from nine and a half to eleven cents.

Even the manufacturers fare little better, as respects wages, than the laborers upon the soil. A writer in the *Westminster Review* states, that the wages of linen weavers around Belfast, in 1825, were one shilling per day; that in many instances, after laboring twelve hours in a day, only two shillings and sixpence were realized in a week; and that, in Down, the wages of weavers were as low as fivepence or sixpence a day.

With such scanty means of livelihood, the Irish peasantry are obliged to subsist upon the cheapest food. Potatoes are their chief support, and to these is sometimes added milk or buttermilk, and occasionally bread. But a cottier can rarely indulge in the luxury of meat. Everything that he can raise, except his potatoes, goes to the landlord for rent, or to the priest for tithes, and when the potatoe crop fails, beggary or starvation is his only alternative.

Nothing has heretofore ground the industry of Ireland like her church establishment. Although five sixths of her population are catholics, the church of England is the established one, and her clergy are supported out of the tithes of the lands. Some changes have been recently made in the constitution of this church, by a prospective reduction of the number of the archbishops and bishops, from twenty-two to twelve, and of course of the amount of their aggregate revenues, and by the removal of some serious impositions; but we are not yet able to ascertain the extent of the relief, which will be thus afforded. For less than one sixth of the people, there are seventeen hundred clergymen, whose aggregate income is one million three hundred thousand pounds, or more than five and a half millions of dollars. This, it will be remembered, does

not include what the catholics pay their own bishops and priests, nor what the presbyterians pay their clergy. The salaries of the latter, however, do not exceed one or two hundred pounds by the year. Who can wonder, then, to hear complaints from the Irish of their church and tithe system, drawn, as the tithes must be, from the very life blood of the laboring classes? "I have seen," says a writer who is quoted in the *Edinburgh Review*, "the favorite cow driven away, accompanied by the sighs, the tears, and the imprecations of a whole family, who were paddling along through the wet and dirt, to take their last affectionate farewell of this their only friend and benefactor, at the pound gate."

It would seem as if the Irish paid enough in church rates and other taxes, to entitle them to receive in return the means of educating their children. Even these are but partially enjoyed. In 1825, two hundred and fifty thousand Irish children were destitute of any means of education, and the instruction of those who had access to schools was very imperfect, and often almost worse than none.

In passing from Ireland, we can only glance at the hardy and industrious Scotch, so proverbial for intelligence and thrift. The population of Scotland is between two and three millions. The mode of living among the laboring classes, where meat, except on Sundays, is rarely used, would hardly satisfy the appetite of a New England working man, who, from his childhood, never knows the want of the necessities or many of the luxuries of life. In the Lowlands, almost every individual is taught to read and write, but in the Highlands, education is very much neglected. In some parts of them not more than three out of ten are able to read.

The first great division of the population of England to which we shall advert, is into nobles and commoners. The titles of the nobility to their rank are either hereditary, or by gift from the crown. In whatever way acquired, their possessors form, as it were, a connecting link between the crown and the people.

Another marked distinction between classes in England is that between those who are proprietors, and those who are not. Only one sixth part of her immense population are proprietors of the soil, although one third part of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Yet for this small fraction of the population, most of her important laws seem to have been made. The real political power is in the hands of the land-owners, while the interests of the ten or eleven millions of

manufacturers, traders and laborers, must yield to those of the proprietors of the soil. It is principally for these considerations that the "corn laws," so oppressive upon the laboring classes, were made and are continued. The object of thus forcing up the price of grain, is to enable the tenant who hires and tills the land to sell his produce so high, that he can afford to pay his landlord a high rent for his land. Thus, in effect, the laboring and industrious classes are severely taxed upon the very necessities of life, to support the wealthy land-holder. Another consequence of this distinction between land and other property, is the law of primogeniture, by which alone estates can be kept together in masses, like those in England.

The great division of the laboring classes in England, with the exception of those engaged in commerce, is into the agricultural and manufacturing departments.

The wages of laborers upon farms depend very much upon the number of the poor in the district, where the labor is to be performed. We shall have occasion to say more upon the subject of the English poor laws; but we may here state that, as it is an object for overseers to keep the poor employed, wherever they are numerous their labor must come in competition with that of other laborers, and thus reduce it oftentimes to the very lowest point at which the workman can subsist upon his earnings. By a statement made in 1824, which is before us, the wages of laborers upon farms in Kent, Essex, Bedford, Suffolk and Norfolk, appear to have been as low as sixpence a day. In other counties, the highest wages were nine shillings (two dollars) per week, while in some of the northern counties, wages fluctuated from twelve to fifteen shillings (two dollars and sixty-six cents to three dollars and thirty-three cents,) per week. From a very recent report of a committee of Parliament, we have many further details as to the prices paid for agricultural labor, and the effect of the system of poor laws upon the laboring classes. From that report, it would seem that the wages of laborers in the immediate neighborhood of London, are about three shillings a day; though within twenty miles of the metropolis, many laborers did not receive more than half that amount. In the season of harvesting, great numbers of the Irish come over to England to labor in the fields, and in some districts they receive from two to four shillings a day, and in others not so much. In one parish,

where there was not a surplus of laborers, the wages paid, as stated by a witness examined before the committee, were about ten shillings a week. But even in the adjacent parishes, there was a surplus of laborers, which, of course, reduced the wages in them to a much lower sum. We cannot stop to explain the reason of this difference, except to remark that, as the poor in England are supported in their respective parishes, they cannot, or will not leave them to seek employment elsewhere, even when they are assured of high wages and constant employment.

We have enumerated but a part of the embarrassments to which the English laborer is subject, and in view even of these, we may readily credit the statement of a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, when he says, that "in the road in which the English laborer *must* travel, the poor-house is the last stage on his way to the grave."

We are not able to fix the ratio between the wages of agricultural and manufacturing laborers, but we are not aware that those of the latter are much higher, all things considered, than those of the tillers of the soil. One thing is certain, that, as soon as any considerable stagnation in business is felt, the workmen in the manufacturing towns are thrown into distress, and sometimes reduced almost to starvation. A constant struggle appears to be maintained by the employers against those whom they hire, to reduce wages to the very lowest point at which life can be sustained, and very melancholy scenes of suffering and distress in the manufacturing districts are described in the reports and debates of Parliament. A part of these abuses, so far as relates to the over-working of children in factories, have been, we believe, partially corrected by acts of Parliament, and we therefore pass them over. It was stated in 1819, by the member of Parliament for Coventry, that there were in that town five classes of manufacturers, each working sixteen hours in a day. The first class earned ten shillings, the second, five shillings and sixpence, the third three shillings and ninepence, the others two shillings and one shilling and sixpence, per week. Many other laborers worked fifteen or sixteen hours in a day, and could not earn more than seven shillings per week. The wages of manufacturers, therefore, as will be perceived, varied from thirty-three cents weekly, to two dollars and twenty-five cents.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* states, that in the year

1819, a weaver's wages in Glasgow were five shillings and sixpence or six shillings a week ; and that in Lancashire, wages varied from six to twelve shillings a week, for fifteen hours' labor in a day. The Nottingham stocking-weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from fourteen to sixteen hours in a day, only earned from four to seven shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist upon bread and water, or potatoes and salt.

We have no data at hand, from which to learn the present wages of manufacturers in England, nor how those of weavers among manufacturers, or field labors among other operatives, compare in amount. But from the increase of population to be fed, and the frequently depressed state of manufactures there, we may, it would seem, safely assume, that wages are now, as they have long been, at the lowest point at which the laborer can sustain himself and family.

The consequence of this state of things is, that the working classes must content themselves with a meagre diet, and with few comforts, and have little time or opportunity for the enlargement and cultivation of their minds. All these privations, however, might probably be borne with comparative ease, if theirs was the common lot. There is truth and philosophy in the adage, that "misery loves company," and where the poor man

"Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed,"

he is content with his lot, however hard it may be. But in England, the poverty of the laboring classes is felt amidst palaces of surpassing splendor, and individual wealth almost beyond computation, — wealth, not won by the industry of him who enjoys it, but heaped up and transmitted from sire to son under the unchangeable laws of primogeniture. The annual incomes of some of these families are from one hundred and fifty thousand to even more than three hundred thousand pounds ; and thus, while the hard toil of one man is rewarded with an income of a hundred dollars, the birth and title of another ensure him an *income* of a million.

But this is not all. Such a state of things is not only oppressive to the poorer classes, but often becomes utterly ruinous in its effects. Their downward progress is only stopped by the poor-house, and thus a new weight is added to the burden, which is pressing down the industry of the nation.

The number and expense of the poor in England are almost beyond belief. In Scotland and Ireland there are no poor rates, nor were there any in England until the time of Queen Elizabeth. Now the number of paupers has so increased, that the poor rate assessed upon some estates actually exceeds the rents, and, in consequence, many estates have been abandoned by their owners. We state this upon the authority of a very recent parliamentary report, in which the names of many parishes are given, where the poor rates are depopulating the district; — as no man can afford to take an estate, rent free, if he must pay the poor-tax which is assessed upon it.

We cannot state precisely the aggregate of the poor rates in England. In 1826, it amounted to more than seven million pounds, (exceeding thirty-one million dollars,) and we have no reason to believe that it has fallen in amount since that time. This would make the expense of supporting the poor alone, in England, nearly, if not quite, twice as great as the whole current expenditure of the government of the United States. This tax would of itself seem to be somewhat burdensome upon the industry of Great Britain, but it forms only a single item of the current international expenses of the government, which fall directly upon the people. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* states the amount of tithes annually paid for the support of the regular church establishment in England and Wales, not, of course, including catholics and dissenters, at five million six hundred thousand pounds, about twenty-five millions of dollars. The average salaries paid to the bishops and archbishops exceed twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and some of them receive as much as a hundred thousand dollars; while a numerous class of the clergy, the laboring clergy too, are obliged to content themselves with a scanty subsistence. So unequal is the distribution of property, power and right. Besides the burdens already mentioned, the people of England pay for the interest and management of their national debt, more than a hundred millions of dollars annually, to say nothing of a nearly equal amount of direct and indirect taxes, which are raised to sustain the contingent expenses of the crown. Look at England in whatever light you will, she is an extraordinary nation. Everything is in extremes. Splendid enterprises, splendid cities, splendid palaces, splendid fortunes and splendid charities, strike us whenever we contemplate her past history or her present condition; but behind these, we find a people ground to the dust with

poverty and taxes, toiling for a scanty subsistence, or sustained by the hand of public charity. Everything is unnatural and arbitrary, nor can we wonder if the working-men there cry out against oppression, or feel a hostility towards their lordly masters.

It may be asked why these evils are not corrected, why the people do not equalize their burdens and their privileges? It is true, the English government is called free; it is true also, that it is nominally a representative one, and that the civil power is in reality in the hands of the commons. So it has been for years, and we will now see who these representatives of the people have been.

The House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members, and of the Parliament which was dissolved in 1831, three hundred and fifty-four members were returned by the peers, and one hundred and eleven by commoners, who returned themselves or their friends. Boroughs, without an inhabitant, returned in some instances two members each, and cities, with thousands of inhabitants sent none, or at most a single member to the House. Since that time the much talked of reform has taken place. But to show how far, even now, the people have any voice in the election of members of Parliament, we need only state, that a country member, in order to be eligible to a seat in that body, must possess real estate, the income of which exceeds twenty-five hundred dollars by the year; and no man can be a voter who does not, if in a city or borough, rent a building of the annual value of ten pounds, or if in the country, occupy a freehold estate of the same yearly value. The consequence of this is, that only a small fraction of the people can vote, and a far smaller portion can be eligible to Parliament. Thus in some boroughs, which send members to Parliament, of three thousand inhabitants, there are not more than thirteen or fourteen voters. In Carlisle, for instance, with twenty thousand inhabitants, there are but about seven hundred and fifty voters; and in Liverpool, with one hundred and eighty-nine thousand people, only a little upwards of three thousand are qualified to vote.

Such is the condition of a considerable portion of the laboring classes in the leading states of Europe. It would be well worth the care of those, who have turned their attention to these subjects in America, to contrast the state of things described,

with that which prevails in this country. But this is a subject too important to be despatched in a summary manner, and in the brief space remaining at the close of our article.

ART. VI. — *Dr. Channing.*

The Ministry for the Poor. A Discourse, delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, on their first Anniversary, April 9th, 1835. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING. BOSTON. 1835.

WE said in our last number, that we considered Mr. Irving the best living writer of English prose. If we could be induced to withdraw or in some degree to qualify this remark, we think that it would be in favor of the author of this discourse : — and it is creditable to the literary character of the country, that the competition for the palm of the highest excellence in writing English, should now be between the different American authors. Such has been the rapid progress of our literature since the very recent period, when it was inquired, with some degree of plausibility, in a respectable English review, — *who reads an American book?* As respects the mere form of language, we rather give the preference to the style of Dr. Channing. It is equally elegant, and a little more pure, correct and pointed than that of Mr. Irving. In reality, however, these two distinguished persons can hardly be said to come into competition. Elegance, correctness, purity, power, and point in the use of language, though essential, are after all, only superficial qualities ; — the outward flourishes and ornaments of a good style ; — of which the substantial part, — the *soul*, as Shakspeare has it, — is the sense ; and here these two writers work with different materials, and belong to different classes. Mr. Irving is properly a poet : Dr. Channing a philosopher. Mr. Irving's field of observation is the surface of nature ; and whether he undertakes to give us the result in the form of a portrait or a fancy-piece, it is still a picture : — a vivid and beautiful representation of the many-colored hues, that compose the brilliant and ever-varying outside of society. Dr. Channing on the other hand, deals in general truths : — he looks through the external forms of things in search of the

secret and mysterious principles of thought, action and being. He takes little notice of the varieties of manners and character, that form the favorite topics of the novelist and poet. Mind in the abstract, its nature, properties and destiny, are his constant theme. He looks at material objects chiefly as the visible expressions of the existence, character and will of the sublime Unseen Intelligence, whose power created, and whose presence informs and sustains the universe.

Writers, whose favorite fields of observation are so different, cannot, of course, with propriety, be compared together. Each has peculiar advantages for acquiring reputation. The poet addresses a larger circle of readers, and one more susceptible of excitement: he sings to young men and maidens, — *virginibus puerisque*, — and his themes are of such a kind that they awaken interest in every heart, without the necessity of previous preparation or study.

“His dream of light,
From morn till night,
Is Love, — still Love.”

In displaying his golden visions to the public eye, he is able to avail himself of a thousand adventitious advantages. Sometimes he presents an actual image of life in the drama, which has always been regarded as the most attractive form of poetry, although perverted too generally to the worst moral purposes. Then the illusions of dress, scenery, music, and the exquisite charm of versification, lend their aid to interest the delighted audience in his favor. Sympathy exerts for him her magic power over crowds of assembled listeners. When, at other times, his thoughts that breathe and words that burn burst forth in song, their effect is enhanced by the accompaniment of the human voice, the most powerful of musical instruments, whose rich, deep, and melodious tones seem to thrill through the frame with a sort of mysterious influence, and awaken emotions which speculative reason could never account for. If, like Mr. Irving, avoiding these highest exercises of his art, he contents himself with preparing for the quiet contemplation of the closet, his silent pictures of life and nature, their subjects are of such a kind as to engage with irresistible power the attention of the multitude. Age forgets his infirmities, — maturity his cares, — as they hang entranced over the pages of Romance; — while youth, — warm-hearted, inexperienced, confident, enthusiastic youth, — receives them with implicit

faith, as a true image of that fairy paradise of innocence and happiness, which his eye of hope delights to behold in the yet untried world. Hence, as we have said, the poet is the worshipped one of the multitude, and especially of the fair and young. Beauty weaves her chaplet of roses for his living brow, and scatters her funeral cypress on his tomb. He realizes the reward that octogenarian Darwin, with more gallantry than good taste in style, anticipated for himself.

“So shall my lines soft-rolling eyes engage,
And snow-white fingers turn the *volant* page;
The smiles of beauty every toil repay,
And youths and virgins chant the living lay.”

The philosopher, on the other hand, deals in topics less immediately attractive, perhaps, but fitted to awaken a more deep and enduring, — a sublimer and a holier interest. God, man, and the universe are the noble objects of his study; and if he bring to them an ability and spirit in any way suited to their importance, it is easy to imagine that the result must be, as it is represented in the enthusiastic language of Milton,

“Not rough and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

If his voice fall less sweetly on the sensitive ear of youth than that of the poet, it attracts to deeper attention the thoughtful spirits of every period of life. Overlooking the graceful forms and glowing colors that embellish the surface of nature, the philosopher unfolds the mysteries of mind, ascertains the principles of thought, feeling and action, and deduces from them the rules of conduct for the government of public and private life. The fathers of the people, the rulers of nations look to him to furnish the eternal rock of principle, upon which the fabric of every permanent political and social institution must be founded. He rises above the great men in active life of his day and country, and becomes the lawgiver of ages. Even this, extensive as it is, is only his inferior and secondary sphere of action. He looks beyond the Finite, even in its highest and most important forms, to the Infinite. His comprehensive grasp of intellect embraces the future and eternal, as well as the present passing condition of things. He sees in the ever-changing Appearances of the world around him only the expressions of a permanent, substantial Reality; he follows out the

fleeting forms of Time and Space, till they lose themselves in the illimitable oceans of Immensity and Eternity. He explores the mysteries of mind, from the faint and feeble ray with which it twinkles in the human intelligence, to that high and holy seat of clouded majesty, where the original fountains of Wisdom, Love and Power centre in the great, all-creating, all-informing Sun and Soul of the Universe.

Nor is the philosopher destitute of adventitious aids, to heighten the effect upon the people, of his solemn meditations upon these all-important themes. If music, painting, sculpture, declamation and verse, in all their variously attractive graces, lend their aid to the poet, eloquence, — a sister art, in its highest exhibitions more enchanting if possible to the intellectual ear than any of the others, — eloquence, alike in its written and spoken forms, — is the handmaid of philosophy. Even in the silence of the closet, the elegant language and beautiful imagery of Plato, Cicero, Fenelon or Stewart, steal with irresistible attraction on the mind, and open, as it were with a golden key, its inmost recesses, to receive the sublime truths, that are clothed in so charming a dress. But when to this seductive source of influence is added the mysterious power of the human voice; not running through a series of curiously modulated, artificial notes, but breathing its pure, simple, natural tones, only with augmented power, solemnity and pathos; — when Cicero, Chatham, or Ames gives this thrilling, heart-stirring accompaniment to the highest wisdom, as applied to affairs of state; — when Bossuet, Taylor or Channing attunes it to the solemn doctrines of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come; — when we feel at the time, that this is no matter of sport and display, but the trial of a cause, not merely of life and death, but of eternity, in which we are ourselves at once the audience and the parties: — we must admit that philosophy, so enforced, has but little reason, in the way of effect, to envy her seductive sister.

Our readers will be nearly ready by this time to say, with the prince in *Rasselas*: “Enough! you have satisfied us that no man can ever be either a poet or a philosopher.” In reality, however, it is necessary to the highest excellence in either character, that the qualities required for both should be combined in the same person, and we find them, in fact, exhibited in combination in the works of the few gifted men, who have been acknowledged as the masters in either, and as making

some approach to the *ideal* of perfection. In Shakspeare, for example, we see in combination with the richest and most exuberant imagination, an originality, depth, and precision of thought on general subjects, that would have placed him, had he devoted himself more directly to its exercise, at the head of moral science. In like manner, the Platos, the Ciceros, the Johnsons, the Stewarts display, though in somewhat chastened forms, all the essential elements of poetry. To arrive at the highest excellence in either department requires, as we have seen, a mind complete in all its faculties. The question, which of these shall take a lead, and give a character to the joint result of the whole, will be determined, probably, by accidental circumstances, — such as the nature of professional pursuits, or the period of life when production is called for. In youth, imagination is predominant, and thought operates in a subsidiary and secondary line. If the mind is then prompted to exertion, the product will be poetry. In maturer years, the “seraph contemplation” assumes the ascendancy; — the flower of learning fades, and yields its place to the richer, but somewhat less brilliant fruit. Varieties in professional pursuits obviously tend to a similar difference in the result. But we have not room to enlarge any farther upon these general topics, and must hasten to our immediate subject.

Without intending to intimate, that Mr. Irving and Dr. Channing realize the idea of a perfect poet and philosopher, we may say, perhaps with safety, that they are not excelled in their respective department by any living English or American writers. Mr. Irving has not attempted indeed to give to the beautiful creations of his fancy the high finish of versification, and to judge from the few slight attempts in that way which we have seen from his pen, he does not possess this talent, even to the moderate extent which is frequent among writers of far inferior power. But though verse presents itself in the infancy of learning as the most natural method of giving smoothness to language, it may perhaps be doubted, whether the melody of measured prose has not, for cultivated ears, a still more exquisite charm. At all events, the effect of such prose as that of Mr. Irving can be exceeded only by verse of the very first order, and of this we have little or none from the present race of professed poets. Philosophy, it is well known, has for some time past been an almost abandoned field in English literature, and to say that Dr. Channing is now one of its most success-

ful cultivators, is giving him by no means extravagant praise. Among the present or recent philosophical writers in our own language, we know of no one who has exhibited so much originality, depth and power of thought, so happily combined with the vigor and beauty of language, that are necessary to give them effect. Stewart, by far the most distinguished of the English philosophers, who have lived since Adam Smith, was a beautiful writer, and possessed a large store of book learning, which he has digested into several interesting systematic works. But such works are not the forms, in which a strong power of original thought delights to manifest itself; they are rather in general the labors of patient mediocrity upon the bolder and perhaps irregular efforts of higher minds. Stewart had accordingly but little originality. He pursues with patience the track of the masters whom he venerated, smoothing obstructions, — removing difficulties, — scattering flowers as he goes, — but he strikes out no new paths. Mackintosh, with an equal elegance of taste, had a higher power of thought, but his works have done no justice to his talent. Coleridge, who is now extolled by some of his admirers, especially on this side of the Atlantic, where his reputation, singularly enough, is greater than in England, — as the first of philosophers, and, as such, the “greatest man of the age,” appears to us, we must own, to possess very slender claims to this transcendent distinction. He possessed undoubtedly a mind of a very high order, and was particularly fitted to excel in poetry, of which he has given some exquisite specimens; but even here the fatal influence of indolence, or some other still more pernicious principle, has prevented him from doing himself justice. In his philosophical writings, he shews a great deal of reading, but an almost total want of clearness and precision of thought. His mind seems to be swelling and laboring with a chaos of imaginations, which he has not reduced to shape, and of which he is of course incapable himself of estimating the real value. The only principle that stands out in some degree conspicuously in the midst of this confusion, and which he seems to have intended to make the corner-stone of his system, is a supposed distinction between Reason and Understanding, or in his own phraseology, *the Reason* and *the Understanding*, which we consider as wholly imaginary, and which, whether well or ill founded, has been for more than half a century the basis of the German transcendental metaphysics, and of course can entitle

Coleridge to no great credit on the score of original power. Nor has he, as far as we can perceive, succeeded in establishing this principle, or even making it distinctly intelligible to his readers. A person who is curious on the subject will learn more from the first ten pages of Kant's *Criticism on Pure Reason*, where the supposed distinction, such as it is, is intelligibly stated, than from the whole of Coleridge's never-ending, still-beginning attempts to explain it, in which the English language breaks down under him at every step. Thomas Carile is, we think, the most profound and original of the living English philosophical writers. He is the person, to whom we look with the greatest confidence to give a new spring and direction to these studies in the mother country. In fact, the sceptre of philosophy, though it seems to have passed from Germany to France, where it is now wielded by the distinguished Cousin, still lingers on the continent of Europe, and will not probably be transferred very soon to England. Coleridge and Carile are both, like Cousin himself, disciples of the German transcendental school.

It is no very extravagant praise, therefore, to say that Dr. Channing is not excelled by any one of the recent English writers on philosophy. His mind, like most others of a truly rich and substantial character, has put forth its powers successively in a long course of gradual development. He distinguished himself, it is true, very early as a preacher, but his first efforts in this line have been much excelled by those of more recent date. The first productions, by which he made himself known to the public beyond the sphere of his immediate professional circle, were, like some of the more elaborate of his earlier sermons, controversial essays on disputed points in dogmatical divinity. These, though not perhaps among the very best of his writings, have contributed a good deal to extend his reputation, because they interested in his favor the sympathies of an active, intelligent and constantly increasing, though not at present very numerous class of Christians. The Calvinistic creed had been, under some one of its different modifications, the prevailing belief of New England from the first settlement of the colonies till towards the close of the last century, when there grew up here, as in Great Britain, under the influence of the general tendency of the age towards inquiry, a disposition to attempt a reform in this celebrated system. This disposition spread itself silently and gradually for some years, until it had

become quite prevalent in this neighborhood at the commencement of the present century, when Dr. Channing began his labors as a preacher. He adopted the new opinions, with the zeal that was natural to his temperament and period of life; — explained them in his sermons, — defended them in controversial tracts, — and sustained them before the public by the influence of his respected name and character. After the decease of some other eminent apostles of the same faith, who were nearly contemporary with him, he became the acknowledged leader of the sect in this country, and has been even looked to of late by its members in England as their most efficient champion. This position in reference to the British Unitarians has contributed, as we have said, to extend his reputation abroad, by overcoming in his favor the reluctance natural to writers of all nations, and especially the English writers in regard to this country, to acknowledge merit in a foreigner. Conscious of the advantage which they derived from his labors, and proud of the lustre which his talent and eloquence gave to the common creed, the British Unitarians forgave Dr. Channing for being an American, and commended his works in their journals with as much heartiness, as if he had been born within the four seas; — a concession which the national pride never makes except under the influence of some extraordinary motive to mere literary desert. His writings were, in this way, brought before the public eye in England, and having thus attracted general attention, have been noticed with approbation in quarters wholly independent of any partisan influence, although the leading reviews have not yet done them full justice.

Without entering at all into the merits of these controversies, we may be permitted to say that Dr. Channing, in the part which he has taken in them, has never been betrayed by the ardor of discussion into intemperance in language or extravagance in doctrine. His controversial sermons and tracts exhibit uniformly the decorous forms of expression and the gentle and tolerant spirit, which, while they are graceful in all men, are more especially becoming in a minister of religion. In the ardor with which he embraces his own opinions, and seeks to demonstrate the errors of his opponents, he is not, like so many other reformers, hurried away into still more dangerous errors of an opposite character. The substantial truths of religion, natural and revealed, which form the common basis of the

various creeds of all the sects, and are admitted alike by all, as of primary importance, have rarely if ever obtained a more vigorous support, than they have found in the tongue and pen of this eloquent apostle of Christianity. His controversial essays may therefore be regarded as models of this kind of writing; but we do not, as we have said, consider them as precisely the best of his productions, for the reason that controversial writing, however well managed, is not the most favorable field for the exercise of a really superior talent. Controversy generally turns upon topics of secondary importance, and which are interesting to us chiefly because they are subjects of controversy. We mean not to say that it is always useless, or that even when of no great direct advantage, it may not indirectly have its value. It serves as an exercise of intellect, and often leads to researches that develop principles and facts of real importance. Thus the alchemists, in their efforts to discover the chimerical philosopher's stone, and elixir of life, laid the foundation of the science of chemistry. But the interest which controversy creates for the time on topics of inferior interest, tends to withdraw the attention from those of higher importance, about which there can be no dispute. The great truths which form the basis of all our happiness and hopes, are as clear to the understanding as the sun is to the eye, and are the objects of almost as general a belief. To bring them home with power, not to the understanding which does not require to be convinced, but to the hearts of men, where their influence is counteracted by the passions; — this is the triumph of talent and eloquence, and any thing which has the effect of diverting the highest minds from turning their labors into this direction, is a real disadvantage to the community.

The reputation which Dr. Channing had acquired by his sermons and controversial tracts, was extended and placed upon a firmer basis by several articles, written for the *Christian Examiner*, — the most important of which were upon the characters of Milton and Bonaparte. They have since been republished in a collection of the author's writings, and furnish perhaps more decided evidence than any other single productions of the extent of his powers.

The article on Milton was suggested by his *Essay on Christian Doctrine*, which, as our readers will remember, was discovered in manuscript and first published a few years ago. Dr. Channing has not, however, confined himself to an exam-

ination of this treatise, but has gone at large into a survey of Milton's character and principal productions, — touching incidentally upon such general questions in criticism and philosophy as came in his way. Of these digressions, the passage on the nature and office of poetry is the most powerful, and, though doubtless familiar to many of our readers, will be read with pleasure.

“ By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it ‘makes all things new’ for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of na-

ture; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

"We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immortal work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

"We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems, there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections, which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; — these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for mul-

tipling bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life."

In some of these remarks, which are in the main as correct and just as they are beautifully expressed, the office of poetry is perhaps extended a little beyond the limits, which a rigid analysis of the intellect would prescribe. The aspiration after a higher and better state of being, the "stretching beyond what is present and visible," which is one of the noblest characteristics of the mind, and which has often been regarded as one of the strongest evidences of its immortality, seems to find its appropriate manifestation, not so much, as Dr. Channing supposes, in poetry, as in those researches into the nature, origin and destiny of the mind, and its relations to the Supreme Intelligence, which we have described above as the office of Philosophy, or what in the proper acceptation of the term is only another name for the same thing, — Religion. Poetry no doubt occasionally gives a form to these aspirations, as to all the other elements in nature. She has devoted to the expression of them in all languages some of her most exquisite strains, but she also expresses with equal power and deeper pathos the gloomy forebodings of a darker destiny, that have so often, in moments of despondency, overclouded and bewildered the highest minds. Who does not recollect the touching verses, in which the Sicilian bard laments, that while the plants which perish in the autumn revive again the following year, man, — the great, the noble, the wise, — after once finishing his brief course, is doomed to sleep out the cheerless, hopeless, interminable night of the grave? Who has not felt that the stanzas, in which the minstrel of Scotland has repeated and developed the same thought, are far more poetical than the single one in which he presents in conclusion, by way of consolation, the hope of immortality?

"If pity inspire thee, Oh! cease not thy lay!

Mourn, sweetest complainer! man calls thee to mourn;

Oh! sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away,

Full quickly they pass, but they never return."

Poetry, therefore, whose office it is, as we have said before, to create pictures of all the elements of nature, as they exhibit themselves under real or feigned combinations in action or

passion, spreads upon her pallet with equal freedom, and uses with equal effect the dark and the brilliant colors, that correspond respectively with the lights and shades of life. If in Milton she regales the mental eye with the splendid vision of the opal towers and battlements of Paradise, she can write in Dante with as firm a hand on the portals of a darker abode, — “You that enter here must leave all hope behind.” But the longing after immortality of which we are speaking, prompts the mind to seek some assurance of this sublime and cheering hope; and this is supplied by Philosophy. Philosophy, — Religion, — for, as we have said, we consider them as two names for one and the same thing, — embodies our vague, instinctive aspirations after a higher and better state of being, in distinct principles, and presents them to the mind as ascertained truths. It is in the researches which lead to these results, that the mind, under the influence of such aspirations, finds its natural exercise, and employs most appropriately its “powers of original and ever-growing thought.” If, indeed, there be any well-defined and generally acknowledged distinction among the results of intellectual effort, it is that which separates the provinces of Thought and Imagination, — or, according to Lord Bacon’s familiar classification, of Philosophy and Poetry. Poetry takes from the hands of her more contemplative sister the results to which we have alluded, — the moral certainty of the spiritual nature and high destination of man, — and adorns them with the embellishments which she knows how to spread over every thing she touches. The *Paradise Lost* furnishes itself the most remarkable instance of a work, in which the highest results of thought are presented in connexion with the most brilliant and glowing creations of fancy. The reason why Milton was capable of producing such a work was, that he combined, as all who are capable of the highest excellence must combine, the faculties that belong to Philosophy and Poetry in equal perfection. Divine Philosophy had supplied him with the materials, which Poetry enabled him to work up with so much effect. But we fear that we are growing metaphysical, and perhaps owe an apology to Dr. Channing for subjecting to a strict analysis what was probably intended as a glowing and rapid sketch, rather than a precise exposition of the nature and offices of Poetry.

In his estimate of the poems of Milton, Dr. Channing has exhibited much discrimination and correctness of taste, with a

disposition to render the fullest justice to his subject. While he concedes to Shakspeare the merit of a greater versatility of powers, he considers the *Paradise Lost* as the first of all poems. One of his objects in writing the article was to rescue the fame of Milton from the shadows that had been thrown upon it by the rather unfavorable tone of his *Life* by Dr. Johnson. In his zeal to clear up the fame of Milton, we are not sure that Dr. Channing has not dealt in some respects too harshly with the mighty Rambler; a personage for whom, we are free to say, we entertain a very particular and especial regard. Dr. Johnson has certainly not done justice to Milton, but this was owing, we think, to his political prejudices, and not, as Dr. Channing intimates, to any want of "enthusiasm, creative imagination, or lofty sentiment." The author of *Rasselas*, if he had never written another word, would have amply substantiated, by that work only, his claims to the possession of all these faculties in their fullest perfection. But all his other works are marked by the same general characteristics. The Rambler is one perpetual flow of the purest wisdom, embodied in the richest language. It is from one end to the other, as Cicero says with so much beauty of Aristotle, a river of flowing gold. Why should we find fault with the style, because its merit is not exactly the same with that which we admire in the works of some other great writers? Are there not in the gardens of letters and art, as well as in those of nature, a hundred kinds of beauty, all different and each equally charming in its own way? For ourselves, we look on Dr. Johnson as the master-mind of the last generation. We respect even what we may venture to consider as his errors, for they were generally closely connected with the highest virtues. While we regret that his works are not more voluminous, we rejoice that he was able to do so much. Almost every line that he wrote has a real value. We rejoice more especially that it fell to his lot, — and it was a singular distinction, reserved for him alone among all the human beings that have yet lived, — to furnish in his conversation the materials for a copious and elaborate book, — one of the most instructive and entertaining in the whole compass of literature; — a work, which is quaintly styled by a late writer the *Johnsoniad*, and which, for our own reading, we much prefer to the whole array of modern "degraded epics." What a proof of Dr. Johnson's influence over all who surrounded him, that he was able to impregnate a mind so ordinary as that

of Boswell with the seeds of this *unique* production! So little, in fact, did the great moralist himself anticipate the value of this indirect creation of his own genius, that when he was informed that Boswell had it in contemplation to write his life, he replied with characteristic energy and decision: "Sir, if I thought so, I would prevent him by *taking his*."

Though Dr. Channing has, we think, rather undervalued the merit of Johnson, his remarks on the Life of Milton are highly interesting.

"We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the *man s* of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names, to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendor on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively 'of the earth,' whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of the angels. It was customary, in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among the seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep, yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought, not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived, seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be im-

proved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government, marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. 'Reformation' was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was the solace of his declining years. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced, not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton? The comparison which we have instituted, has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life, and his references to his own history command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm and creative imagination and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton? We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his 'Lives,' we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal."

The article on the character of Bonaparte is still more elaborate and powerful than that upon Milton. After all that has been written upon the subject, of which it has fallen to our lot, from peculiar circumstances, to read probably as large a portion as most individuals of the present day, we have no hesitation in saying, that we have met with nothing in the way of a summary delineation of character, superior or even fully equal to this masterly sketch from the pen of Dr. Channing. The work which suggested the article was the *Life of Bonaparte* by Sir Walter Scott ; but great as is the merit of Scott as a writer, and valuable as the work itself may be considered, although it is certainly not one of the best of Scott's productions, we hazard little in saying, that there is no passage in it of the same length, to be compared for power and effect to the hundred pages employed in this Review. Châteaubriand, Madame de Stäel, Benjamin Constant, M. de Pradt, in short, almost every writer whose theme was in any way connected with the public affairs of the day, has essayed his strength upon the character of Napoleon ; and we need not say, that to carry off the prize from such competitors as those whom we have just mentioned, is no slight praise. But notwithstanding the many brilliant and striking passages to be found in the works of these and other writers upon this subject, we repeat, that we have no recollection of any article or separate work, in which it is treated with so much condensation of thought, vigor and elegance of style, and substantial justice in the dispensation of praise and censure, as are shewn in this remarkable tract. Madame de Stäel, had she completed either her *Ten Years in Exile*, or her *Considerations on the French Revolution*, would have been naturally led by the course of her subject to undertake a formal and extended examination of the character of Bonaparte, and we know of no European writer of the time who was better fitted or more likely to do it full justice ; but most of her works, as they remain to us, were published under his political jurisdiction, and of course are silent respecting him. The work of M. de Châteaubriand, entitled *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, which we have before us, and have glanced through again for our present purpose, is the one which comes most nearly from the nature of the plan into comparison with that of Dr. Channing ; and without disparagement to our distinguished countryman, we may venture, as respects the merely rhetorical artifice and movement of the

style, to place the brilliant and practised pen of the author of the *Genius of Christianity* above his. In most other points, particularly power of thought and calm justice in the estimate of moral and intellectual qualities, Dr. Channing is entitled to the preference. M. de Châteaubriand betrays, too strongly, the bitter spirit of personal and political enmity; there is too evident a disposition to degrade for political effect a personage whose influence is regarded as dangerous; or, to speak more correctly, for there seems to be but little of the spirit of calculation in the work, it evinces too clearly an irresistible desire in the author to pour out the long pent-up flood of indignation at private and public wrongs, in the strongest and bitterest terms which the language would furnish, without much attempt at nice discrimination as to their exact propriety. Dr. Channing, on the other hand, unconnected with his great subject by any relation of amity or enmity, political or personal, — *nec beneficio nec injuria cognitus*, — brings to his work the calm, reflecting impartiality of a judge. Though in no way dazzled by the splendor of Napoleon's successes in the early part of his career, — though leaning, on the whole, to a rather less favorable estimate of his intellectual and moral qualities than the public opinion of the world has appeared to put upon them, — Dr. Channing has yet avoided entirely the tone of indiscriminate and reckless censure, — acknowledges fairly the good points in the character of his subject, and, on the whole, approaches very nearly, in our view at least, to the precise line of truth.

To have treated with more effect than any other writer, the greatest subject supplied by the history of the present day or of modern Europe, and the one upon which all the greatest writers of the time have essayed their powers, is no ordinary achievement; and the merit of it may perhaps be considered as enhanced by the fact, that the topic was foreign to Dr. Channing's professional pursuits and studies. But this circumstance, though it illustrates the extent and versatility of his powers, was in itself very favorable to his success, and probably contributed more than any other to give him the calm and steady impartiality which makes one of the greatest merits of the article. So extensive had been the influence of the "*Man of Destiny*," that even in this remote region, very few persons, who had been at all connected, either by their studies or personal position, with political affairs, could have spoken of his

character with any degree of coolness. It required, perhaps, the absolute independence of the clerical profession, to enable a contemporary to survey with untroubled eye this portentous moral phenomenon, and display it to the world in the "calm lights of mild philosophy."

An able writer in the Edinburgh Review bestowed some attention, several years ago, upon Dr. Channing's character of Bonaparte, and appeared to consider it as much too severe, and especially as unduly depreciating the extent of Napoleon's intellectual powers. Dr. Channing, in the course of his remarks, is led to make an estimate of the claims to superiority, in comparison with each other, of the different kinds of greatness. He assigns the first place to *moral* greatness; the next to *intellectual*, "that is, genius, in the highest sense of the word," and places in the third rank the greatness of *action*, the only kind to which he supposes Bonaparte to have had any legitimate pretension. This arrangement stirred the bile of the Scottish critic, who remarked in a tone of sarcasm, that "we in Europe look upon Cæsar, Alexander and Charlemagne as no babies," and significantly intimated that the real object of Dr. Channing, in elevating moral and intellectual greatness above that of action, was to give himself a claim to precedence over the most distinguished characters in public life. We took occasion not long after the appearance of the article, to make a reply to it in treating of the "Tone of British Criticism," and adverted particularly at some length to this classification of the respective claims of the different sorts of great men to comparative superiority. (We need not repeat the remarks which we then made, and which have been fully confirmed by our subsequent reflections. We will merely add, that the classification adopted by Dr. Channing has nothing paradoxical about it, but is, on the contrary, sustained by the highest authorities, and coincides in substance with the common opinion of enlightened men. The principles upon which Lord Bacon establishes his scale of precedence, first among sovereigns, and then among subjects, are not materially different. With him, as with Dr. Channing, superiority in action, and especially in military affairs, sinks into a secondary line, and the first places are reserved for intellectual power exercised upon the largest theatre, and for the moral greatness of self-sacrifice in the cause of patriotic duty.

"The true marshallings," says Bacon, "of the degrees of sovereign honor are these : in the first place are the founders of states and commonwealths, such as were Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Othman ; in the second place are lawgivers, which are called second founders or perpetual princes, because they govern by their ordinances after they are gone ; such were Lycurgus, Solon, Edgar, Alphonso of Castile, who made the *Siete Partidas* ; in the third place are such as compound the long miseries of civil wars, or deliver their countries from servitude of strangers or tyrants, as Augustus Cæsar, Vespasian, Aurelian, Theodoric, King Henry the Seventh of England, King Henry the Fourth of France ; in the *fourth place, are such as in honorable wars enlarge their territories or make defence against invaders* ; and in the last place are the fathers of their country, who reign justly, and make the times good wherein they live. Degrees of honor in subjects, are first those upon whom princes do discharge the greatest weight of their affairs, their right hands, as we may call them ; *the next are great leaders, such as are princes' lieutenants, and do them notable services in the wars* ; the third are favorites, such as exceed not this scantling, to be solace to the sovereign and harmless to the people, and the fourth, such as have great places under princes, and execute their places with sufficiency. There is an honor, likewise, *which may be ranked among the greatest, which happeneth rarely ; that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country.*"

Our readers will be pleased to compare with this sketch, which, though rather brief and meagre, is stamped with the impress of the master-mind from which it proceeded, the more developed and finished form, in which Dr. Channing has presented, with not inferior power and elegance of language, essentially the same principles.

"Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to Moral greatness, or magnanimity ; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty ; espouses as its own the interests of human nature ; scorns all meanness and defies all peril ; hears in its own

conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders ; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion ; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever ' ready to be offered up ' on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world. Next to moral, comes Intellectual greatness, or Genius in the highest sense of that word ; and by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master spirits in poetry and the fine arts. — Next comes the greatness of Action ; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans ; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and

made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the bounds of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

"We are not disposed, however, to consider him as præminent even in this order of greatness. War was his chief sphere. He gained his ascendancy in Europe by the sword. But war is not the field for the highest active talent, and Napoleon, we suspect, was conscious of this truth. The glory of being the greatest general of his age, would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis XIV., was large enough to cherish it. The question is; Did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement? Did he discover new foundations of power? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations? Did he discover, or originate, some common interests by which his empire might be held together? Did he breathe a spirit which should supplant the old national attachments, or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used? Never in the records of time, did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did Europe at the period of the French revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world? Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose? What did he do but follow the beaten track? but apply force and fraud in their very coarsest forms? Napoleon shewed a vulgar mind, when he assumed self-interest as the sole spring of human action. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind. The

strength of moral, national, and domestic feeling, he could not comprehend. The finest, and after all, the most powerful elements in human nature, hardly entered into his conceptions of it and how then could he have established a durable power over the human race? We want little more to shew his want of originality and comprehensiveness as the founder of an empire, than the simple fact, that he chose as his chief counsellors Talleyrand and Fouché, names which speak for themselves. We may judge of the greatness of the master spirit, from the minds which he found most congenial with his own. In war, Bonaparte was great; for he was bold, original and creative. Beyond the camp he indeed shewed talent, but not superior to that of other eminent men."

Dr. Channing's judgment of the moral character of Bonaparte has been sometimes condemned as rather too harsh. We certainly should not be disposed to concur with those, and there are many such, who would degrade him to the rank of a mere ruffian. "There was, on the contrary," as we remarked on a recent occasion, "a seductive softness, a kind of fascination in his manner, which neither man nor woman could resist. He combined in an astonishing, an almost unexampled extent, the loftiest capacity for the highest spheres of *action*, with a strong passion and aptitude for the arts and graces of polished life." But we fear that under this outward mask of softness and elegance, there was very little real benevolence. The remarks of Dr. Channing are, at all events, much less violent than those of some other distinguished writers, although they would perhaps admit of a little qualification, especially in reference to the supposed absence in Bonaparte of any love of pleasure, or of letters and the arts. It appears, in part we believe, from developments that have taken place since Dr. Channing wrote, that the emperor had, in the later periods of his career, relaxed a good deal from the sternness with which in earlier life he resolutely closed his ears against the enchantments of the Italian syrens;—and it can hardly be denied, that he displayed throughout a very remarkable taste and aptitude for letters and the arts. One of his favorite amusements, while emperor, was to extemporise love-*tales* for the entertainment of the ladies of his court, and he is said to have done it with great power and effect. On the subject of his moral character, Dr. Channing's remarks are as follows:

"We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying, that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by

indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son.* He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects which had infested his march. To him, all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe."

Compare with this certainly not very lenient judgment, the unmeasured and fiery invective of M. de Châteaubriand. It may serve to shew that if Dr. Channing has perhaps a little overstepped the line of strict impartiality or charitable construction, he has at all events stopped very far short of the almost frenzied execrations that, in the first consciousness of recovered freedom, burst from the lips of the gallant spirits of France, who had been wrought up almost to madness by a long course of oppression and insult.

* See "America," page 57. We should not give this very unamiable trait of Napoleon's domestic character, but on authority which we cannot question.

“When God sends upon the earth the men who are to execute his judgments, every thing gives way before them ; they have extraordinary success with moderate talents. Born in the midst of civil commotions, these destroyers of the human race derive their principal power from the very miseries to which they owe their being, and from the horror with which these miseries are remembered. It is given to these men to corrupt and belittle : to annihilate honor, to degrade the soul, to defile every thing they touch, to govern by lying, terror and impiety ; to speak all languages, dazzle all eyes and bewilder all understandings ; to make themselves pass for great geniuses, when they are in fact only vulgar villains, for excellence of every kind is inseparable from virtue. Dragging in their train the besotted nations : conquering by force of superior numbers, dishonored by a hundred victories, brandishing a blazing torch in their hands and bathing their feet in rivers of blood, they rush on to the ends of the earth, like drunken men, urged forward by the God whom they deny.

“When, on the other hand, the Almighty wills to save and not to punish an empire ; when he employs his servants and not his executioners ; when he destines those whom he sends forth to honorable fame and not to universal infamy, far from making their way easy like that of Bonaparte, he raises up before them obstacles worthy of their virtues. It is in this that we may distinguish the tyrant from the deliverer, the ravager of nations from the great captain, the man sent to destroy from the man sent to reform. One is master of every thing and employs immense resources to accomplish his objects ; the other effects important ends with slender means : it is easy to recognise at the first glance in the former, the character and mission of the ravager of France.

“Bonaparte is a false great man ; he wants the magnanimity which makes men truly great. The distinctive trait in his character is an invincible obstinacy, a will of iron, I mean for carrying through extravagant and unjust projects, for he easily abandons such as are favorable to good morals, to order, and to virtue. His plans are not the result of reflection, but of sudden impulses. There is something theatrical about him, and he feigns every thing, even to bursts of anger, which he does not feel. He is always acting a part of some kind. Thus at Cairo he is an apostate, who boasts of having destroyed popery, while at Paris he is the restorer of the Christian religion.

Sometimes a fanatic and sometimes a philosopher, he always arranges his scenes beforehand. A sovereign, who takes lessons in attitudes of an actor, leaves no doubt about his true character. Desirous to appear original, he is almost always an imitator, and his imitations are so coarse that they lose their effect. He is always endeavoring to say or do something extraordinary. Affecting the character of a universal genius, he talks indiscriminately of the finances and the theatres, — of war and of fashions, — determines at once the fate of kings and constables, — dates from the Kremlin a decree to regulate the play-houses, and on the day of a great battle sends off an order to arrest a few silly women at Paris.

“When Bonaparte turned the Directory out of office, he addressed them in the following terms: ‘What have you done with that France which I left in so brilliant a condition? I left you at peace; I find you involved in war: I left you millions of money, which I brought from Italy, I find you without a franc in the treasury. What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, my companions in arms and in glory? They are dead. This state of things cannot last; in less than three years, it would bring us to a despotism. But we want a republic: a republic resting on the basis of equality, of good morals, of political toleration, of civil liberty.’

“Now then: man of mischief, we take you at your word. What have you done with this glorious France? Where are her treasures, the millions brought not from Italy only, but from all parts of Europe? What have you done, I say, not with the hundred thousand only, but with the five million Frenchmen, whom we all knew and loved, — our kindred, our friends, our brothers? This state of things cannot last: it has plunged us into a frightful despotism. You wanted a republic, and you have given us slavery. We on our part wish for a monarchy founded on the basis of equality of rights, of good morals, of political and religious toleration, of civil liberty. Have you given us such a monarchy? What have you done for us? What do we owe to your government? Who was it that murdered D’Enghein, that tortured Pichegru, that exiled Moreau, that loaded the sovereign Pontiff with chains, that kidnapped the Spanish princes, that began an impious war? It was you. Who is it that has lost us our colonies, destroyed our commerce, opened America to the English, corrupted our morals, deprived us of our children: that has desolated our families, laid waste

with fire and sword more than a thousand leagues of country, that has spread a horror of the very name of France through the whole world? It is you. Who exposed France to the plague, to invasion, to dismemberment, to conquest? You, I repeat, you. Here are questions which you could not have addressed to the Directory, and which France now calls upon you to answer. How much more guilty you are than those men, whom you would not permit to govern! A legitimate and hereditary monarch, who should have heaped upon his kingdom a small portion only of the miseries which you have brought upon us, would have endangered his crown: and shall you, a usurper and a foreigner, derive security from the very calamities of which you have been the cause? Shall you be permitted to go on, until you have nothing to reign over but sepulchres? No. Misfortune restores to us our rights. We will no longer offer up our children to Moloch; we will have no more to do with your conscription, your police, your censorship, your nightly massacres, and the rest of your abominable forms of tyranny? Not France only, but all mankind bear witness against you. All men call for vengeance on you in the name of religion, of morality, of liberty. Where have you not carried desolation? In what quarter of the globe is there a family so obscure as to have escaped your ravages! The Spaniard in his mountains, the Illyrian in his valley, the Italian under his cloudless sky, the German, the Russian, the Prussian, from the ruins of their smoking villages, demand of you the sons whom you have slaughtered, the tents, the cottages, the castles, the temples that you have burned. You compelled them to come to France, and recover in your palaces the blood-stained spoils that you had taken from them. The voice of the world pronounces you the greatest criminal that ever lived. For it was not on barbarous and degenerate nations that you brought these miseries: in the midst of civilization, in an age of light, you have wielded the sword of an Attila, and governed on the principles of a Nero. Lay aside then your iron sceptre; descend from the heap of ruins which you call your throne. We treat you as you treated the Directory. Go! and may it be your only punishment to witness the joy which your fall will occasion in France, to behold with tears of rage the spectacle of the general felicity."

M. de Châteaubriand has himself, in some of his subsequent productions, qualified in part the extreme harshness of these

denunciations, which we introduce merely to shew how much farther the feeling of hostility to Napoleon has been carried by other writers of the highest pretensions, than it is by Dr. Channing. After all, the moral complexion of his character was determined in a great degree by the course that he took on his return from Egypt. Had he, at that time and afterwards, lent the aid of his transcendent ability to the cause of improvement and liberty, instead of employing it for his personal aggrandizement, he would have been ranked among the benefactors of the human race. In justification of his course at this period, it has sometimes been said that France was not in a condition to enjoy liberty ; — that she required a master, and that it was an act of patriotism in Bonaparte to take possession of the vacant sceptre, which, if he had not seized it, he must have known would have fallen into utterly incapable hands. This apology would be more plausible, if, after assuming the dictatorship, he had employed his power in founding a free government instead of an iron military despotism. This was what the liberal party in France and throughout the world expected of him, and it was a sort of vague hope that when he had conquered all his enemies and broken down all the arbitrary governments, he would finally lay aside the general's truncheon, and stand forth in his true character as an Apostle of Liberty, that kept up a lingering interest in him to the very last moment of his career among the friends of liberty throughout the world. On this head, Dr. Channing has some remarks, which are among the most original and judicious in the article, and which, if our limits permitted, we would gladly quote. The substance is, that after taking the government into his hands, instead of making himself a merely military despot, he should have established liberal institutions, corresponding in some degree with the public opinion of the time ; that he should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which would have worn the appearance at least of an improvement in the social state, and would have come into contrast with the arbitrary forms and unmeaning pageantry of the other governments. This too he might have done, without relinquishing the immediate control of the executive power, had he limited the reach of his ambition to the magnificent prize, which was thrown as it were into his hands. Could he have been satisfied with the condition of a constitutional monarch of France, governing through the agency of liberal institutions and

wise laws, he might have held the throne for life, under any title which he thought proper to assume; have descended in peace to an honored grave, and figured in the history of the world as the founder of a new and glorious dynasty. He had at times some indistinct notion that this was his true course, as appears not only from remarks which occasionally fell from him in conversation, but from his code and his public works. That he had not the steadiness to act systematically upon such a policy, proves that, with all his military genius and success, he had, as Dr. Channing justly remarks, no pretension to that highest order of intellectual greatness, which Bacon assigns to the *founders of empires*. His attention was constantly diverted by some tempting opportunity to engage in a new war, and it was probably the consciousness that war was his peculiar field of glory, rather than any settled project of universal empire, which led him to seize and even seek these opportunities, rather than attempt to avoid them. War, in fact, was his element, as it was his passion. There he was bold, powerful, original, commanding, in short, a man of genius in the highest sense of the word; in other things he only exhibited the quickness, with which a man of genius will commonly seize the prominent points of any subject to which he happens to give a casual attention. Napoleon will be known to history as the greatest Captain of modern times, and he accomplished his destiny as such. He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword. His military passion and talent were the sources at once of his greatness and his ruin.

Dr. Channing's articles on Milton and Bonaparte, with a number of his sermons, and a few miscellaneous essays, were collected into a volume and published in the year 1830. Since that time there have also appeared in succession two volumes of his sermons, and several others have been published separately as they were successively delivered. The original and striking views on general subjects, which occur continually in these productions, and which seem to indicate a course of mature and systematic reflection upon all the great branches of moral philosophy in the widest sense of the term, have often suggested the hope that Dr. Channing might be induced to embody his views upon that science in the form of regular treatises. The feeble state of his health may perhaps have concurred with other causes, in preventing him from attempting any work of this description. We learn on every account with high satisfaction,

that this objection does not now exist, at least to the same extent to which it has heretofore done; and we indulge a hope, that a part of his future labors may take this direction. Our literature is very imperfectly supplied with standard works on these subjects, and a series, from the pen of Dr. Channing, would be welcomed, we are persuaded, as a public benefit on both sides of the Atlantic.

Independently of the articles on Milton and Bonaparte, and some others of a similar kind which we have not room to notice, the reputation of Dr. Channing rests entirely on his discourses. These may be considered either in reference to their form and immediate object as sermons, or to their substance as essays on various high and interesting questions in the several branches of intellectual, moral, and religious philosophy. We shall close this article, already longer than we originally intended, with a few remarks upon them under each of these points of view.

Considered merely as specimens of pulpit eloquence, the discourses of Dr. Channing are among the best that have appeared for many years; perhaps we may say with safety, that they are the best of the present time. Pulpit eloquence, as is well known, is not at present carried to a very high point of perfection in England. The deficiency of the established church in powerful preachers has been often remarked, and is dwelt upon at some length by Dr. Channing himself in his article on Fenelon. Paley, Porteus and Horsley, who belonged to the last generation, were men of more than ordinary power, but none of them rose quite to the first rank. At present the establishment, though it includes some eminent classical scholars, particularly the Bishop of London, and some political and literary characters of note, such as Bishop Philpotts and Sydney Smith, does not, as far as we recollect, contain a single person of great eminence in the pursuits and studies appropriate to the profession, and particularly in pulpit eloquence. To what circumstances this remarkable deficiency may be owing, we have not room here to investigate. It certainly holds out, *prima facie*, no very strong argument in favor of an established religion. The Scotch church can boast of one divine of high and not undeserved distinction in Dr. Chalmers, and we suppose that he may fairly be considered as the most eminent pulpit orator now living in Great Britain. His sermons are perhaps a little less rich in style than those of the late Robert Hall. Without disparagement to the merit of either, which is certainly great

in different ways, we should entertain no apprehension in regard to the result of a fair comparison of their works with those of Dr. Channing.

The sermons of Dr. Channing are, in fact, models in this kind of composition. The style is warm, vigorous and pointed, without affectation or effort at display. No writer is more sparing in the use of figures of speech, historical and poetical illustrations, delineations of characters, and all other merely rhetorical arts. He trusts for effect to the substance, and seems to aim at making his language, as nearly as possible, a simple and vigorous expression of his thoughts. We may add, that his manner of delivery has been formed precisely on the same principle. Though his voice is good and well managed, and the general effect of his speaking impressive, there is no appearance about him of a wish to display his powers of oratory, or indeed to bring before his hearers in any way the idea of himself. You feel, on the contrary, that you are listening to a person, whose consciousness of self is absorbed in the deep interest with which he enters into his subject, and whose only effort is to communicate, as directly and as promptly as he can, to the minds of his audience, the thoughts and feelings with which his own is swelling and laboring. This is the perfection of eloquence in all its departments, and most especially that of the pulpit, where the remotest approach to affectation is not only out of place, but absolutely offensive.

In his occasional discourses, Dr. Channing judiciously allows himself a greater latitude in point of time, than is usual in the ordinary performances of the Sabbath, and thus obtains the necessary space for a full development of his subject. Some of these occasional discourses will bear a very good comparison with the most powerful sermons of the first English divines of former times; and we are happy to add that, with the recent improvement in his health, Dr. Channing seems to have gained a redoubled flow of talent and eloquence. The sermons which he has published this year, and particularly the one addressed to the Fraternity of Churches, on the Ministry for the Poor, which is now before us, are among the very best that he has ever delivered. Indeed, we hardly know, within the compass of this branch of literature, a work which exhibits a more remarkable combination of the highest and purest eloquence, with the most profound and, at the same time, per-

fectly practical and intelligible wisdom. We extract the following passage as a specimen.

“The true cultivation of a human being consists in the development of great moral ideas; that is, the Ideas of God, of Duty, of Right, of Justice, of Love, of Self-sacrifice, of Moral Perfection as manifested in Christ, of Happiness, of Immortality, of Heaven. The elements or germs of these Ideas belong to every soul, constitute its essence, and are intended for endless expansion. These are the chief distinctions of our nature; they constitute our humanity. To unfold these, is the great work of our being. The Light in which these Ideas rise on the mind, the Love which they awaken, and the Force of Will, with which they are brought to sway the outward and inward life, — here, and here only, are the measures of human cultivation.

“These views shew us, that the highest culture is within the reach of the poor. It is not knowledge poured on us from abroad, but the development of the elementary principles of the soul itself, which constitutes the true growth of a human being. Undoubtedly, knowledge from abroad is essential to the awakening of these principles. But that, which conduces most to this end, is offered alike to rich and poor. Society and Experience, Nature and Revelation, our chief moral and religious teachers, and the great quickeners of the soul, do not open their schools to a few favorites, do not initiate a small caste into their mysteries, but are ordained by God to be lights and blessings to all.

“The highest culture, I repeat it, is in reach of the poor, and is sometimes attained by them. Without science, they are often wiser than the philosopher. The astronomer disdains them, but they look above his stars. The geologist disdains them, but they look deeper than the earth's centre; they penetrate their own souls, and find there mightier, diviner elements, than upheaved continents attest. In other words, the great ideas, of which I have spoken, may be, and often are, unfolded more in the poor man, than among the learned and renowned; and in this case the poor man is the most cultivated. For example, take the idea of Justice. Suppose a man, eminent for acquisitions of knowledge, but in whom this idea is but faintly developed. By justice he understands little more than respect for the rights of property. That it means respect for all the rights, and especially for the moral claims of every human being, of the lowest as well as most exalted, has perhaps never entered his mind, much less been expanded and invigorated into a broad, living conviction. Take now the case of a poor man, to whom, under Christ's teaching, the idea of the Just has become real, clear, bright, and strong; who recognises, to its full extent, the right of property, though it operates

against himself; but who does not stop here; who comprehends the higher rights of men as rational and moral beings, their right to exercise and unfold all their powers, their right to the means of improvement, their right to search for truth and to utter their honest convictions, their right to consult first the monitor in their own breasts and to follow wherever it leads, their right to be esteemed and honored according to their moral efforts, their right, when injured, to sympathy and succor against every oppressor. Suppose, I say, the poor man to rise to the comprehension of this enlarged justice, to revere it, to enthrone it over his actions, to render to every human being, friend or foe, near or far off, whatever is his due, to abstain conscientiously, not only from injurious deeds, but from injurious thoughts, judgments, feelings, and words. Is he not a more cultivated man, and has he not a deeper foundation and surer promise of truth, than the student, who, with much outward knowledge, does not comprehend men's highest rights, whose scientific labors are perhaps degraded by injustice towards his rivals, who, had he power, would fetter every intellect, which threatens to outstrip his own?

"The great idea, on which human cultivation especially depends, is that of God. This is the concentration of all that is beautiful, glorious, holy, blessed. It transcends immeasurably in worth and dignity all the science treasured up in Cyclopædias or libraries; and this may be unfolded in the poor, as truly as in the rich. It is not an idea to be elaborated by studies, which can be pursued only in leisure or by opulence. Its elements belong to every soul, and are especially to be found in our moral nature, in the idea of duty, in the feeling of reverence, in the approving sentence which we pass on virtue, in our disinterested affections, and in the wants and aspirations which carry us towards the Infinite. There is but one way of unfolding these germs of the idea of God, and that is, faithfulness to the best convictions of duty and of the Divine Will, which we have hitherto gained. God is to be known by obedience, by likeness, by sympathy, that is, by moral means, which are open alike to rich and poor. Many a man of science has not known him. The pride of science, like a thick cloud, has hidden from the philosopher the Spiritual Sun, the only true light, and for want of this quickening ray, he has fallen in culture far, very far, below the poor.

"These remarks have been drawn from me by the proneness of our times to place human culture in physical knowledge, and especially in degrees of it denied to the mass of the people. To this knowledge I would on no account deny great value. In its place, it is an important means of human improvement. I look with admiration on the intellectual force, which combines and masters scattered facts, and by analysis and comparison as-

cends to the general laws of the material universe. But the philosopher, who does not see in the force within him something nobler than the outward nature which he analyzes, who, in tracing mechanical and chemical agencies, is unconscious of a higher action in his own soul, who is not led by all finite powers to the Omnipotent, and who does not catch, in the order and beauty of the universe, some glimpses of Spiritual Perfection, stops at the very threshold of the temple of truth. Miserably narrow is the culture, which confines the soul to Matter, which turns it to the Outward, as to something nobler than itself. I fear, the spirit of science, at the present day, is too often a degradation, rather than the true culture of the soul. It is the bowing down of the heaven-born spirit before unthinking mechanism. It seeks knowledge, rather for animal, transitory purposes, than for the nutriment of the imperishable inward life; and yet the worshippers of science pity or condemn the poor, because denied this means of cultivation. Unhappy poor! shut out from libraries, laboratories, and learned institutes! In view of this world's wisdom, it avails you nothing, that your own nature, manifested in your own and other souls, that God's word and works, that the ocean, earth, and sky are laid open to you; that you may acquaint yourselves with the Divine Perfections, with the character of Christ, with the duties of life, with the virtues, the generous sacrifices, and the beautiful and holy emotions, which are a revelation and pledge of Heaven. All these are nothing, do not lift you to the rank of cultivated men, because the mysteries of the telescope and microscope, of the air-pump and crucible, are not revealed to you! I would they were revealed to you. I believe the time is coming when Christian benevolence will delight in spreading all truth, and all refinements, through all ranks of society. But meanwhile be not discouraged. One ray of moral and religious truth is worth all the wisdom of the schools. One lesson from Christ will carry you higher, than years of study under those, who are too enlightened to follow the celestial guide.

"My hearers, do not condemn the poor man for his ignorance. Has he seen the Right? Has he felt the binding force of the Everlasting Moral Law? Has the beauty of virtue, in any of its forms, been revealed to him? Then he has entered the highest school of wisdom. Then a light has dawned within him, worth all the physical knowledge of all worlds. It almost moves me to indignation, when I hear the student exalting his science, which at every step meets impenetrable darkness, above the idea of Duty, and above veneration for goodness and God. It is true, and ought to be understood, that outward nature, however, tortured, probed, dissected, never reveals truths so sublime or pre-

cious, as are wrapt up in the consciousness of the meanest individual, and laid open to every eye in the word of Christ.

"I trust it will not be inferred from what I have said of the superiority of moral and religious culture to physical science, that the former requires or induces a neglect or disparagement of the latter. No, it is the friend of all truth, the enemy of none. It is propitious to intellect, and incites to the investigation of the laws and order of the universe. This view deserves a brief illustration, because an opposite opinion has sometimes prevailed, because reproach has sometimes been thrown on religious culture, as if it narrowed the mind and barred it against the lights of physical science. There cannot be a more groundless charge. Superstition contracts and darkens the mind; but that living faith in moral and religious truth, for which I contend as the highest culture of rich and poor, is in no respect narrow or exclusive. It does not fasten the mind forever on a few barren doctrines. In proportion to its growth, it cherishes our whole nature, gives a wide range to thought, opens the intellect to the true, and the imagination to the beautiful. The great principles of moral and religious science are, above all others, fruitful, life-giving, and have intimate connexions with all other truth. The Love towards God and man, which is the centre in which they meet, is the very spirit of research into nature. It finds perpetual delight in tracing out the harmonies and vast and beneficent arrangements of creation, and inspires an interest in the works of the Universal Father, more profound, intense, enduring than philosophical curiosity. I conceive, too, that faith in moral and religious truth has strong affinities with the scientific spirit, and thus contributes to its perfection. Both, for example, have the same objects, that is, universal truths. As another coincidence, I would observe, that it is the highest prerogative of scientific genius, to interpret obscure signs, to dart from faint hints to sublime discoveries, to read in a few fragments the history of vanished worlds and ages, to detect in the falling apple the law which rules the sphere. Now it is the property of moral and religious faith, to see in the finite the manifestations of the Infinite, in the present the germ of the boundless future, in the visible the traces of the Incomprehensible Unseen, in the power and wants of the soul its imperishable destiny. Such is the harmony between the religious and the philosophical spirit. It is to a higher moral and religious culture, that I look for a higher interpretation of nature. The laws of nature, we must remember, had their origin in the Mind of God. Of this they are the product, expression, and type; and I cannot but believe, that the human mind, which best understands, and which partakes most largely of the divine, has a power of interpreting nature,

which is accorded to no other. It has harmonies with the system, which it is to unfold. It contains in itself the principles, which gave birth to creation. As yet, science has hardly penetrated beneath the surface of nature. The principles of animal and vegetable life, of which all organized beings around us are but varied modifications, the forces which pervade or constitute matter, and the links between matter and mind, are as yet wrapt in darkness; and how little is known of the adaptations of the physical and the spiritual world to one another. Whence is light to break in on these depths of creative wisdom? I look for it to the spirit of philosophy, baptized, hallowed, exalted, made piercing by a new culture of the moral and religious principles of the human soul.

"The topic opens before me as I advance. The superiority of moral and religious to all other culture, is confirmed by a throng of arguments not yet touched. The peculiar wisdom which this culture gives, by revealing to us the end, the Ultimate Good of our being, which nothing else teaches; the peculiar power which it gives, power over ourselves, so superior to the most extensive sway over the outward universe; the necessity of moral and religious culture to make knowledge a blessing, to save it from being a curse; these are weighty considerations which press on my mind, but cannot be urged. They all go to shew, that the culture which the poor may receive is worth all others; that in sending among them religious and moral influences, you send the highest good of the universe."

This passage is at once a fair specimen of the author's style as a pulpit orator, and a sort of compendium of his whole philosophical doctrine. We have spoken of him as belonging to the class of philosophers or original thinkers on general subjects, and we had intended to offer some remarks upon his sermons considered as expositions of his opinions; but the space remaining to us would not now allow us to do this at any great length, nor is it necessary to add much upon this head, for those of our readers who are able to enter into the spirit, and appreciate the value of the sublime trains of thought, exhibited in the above extract. The merit of Dr. Channing as a philosopher does not lie in arranging and digesting, a little more methodically than preceding writers, the common-places of some of the branches of moral or natural science, or even in directing the public attention to some before unobserved facts or principles in these great departments of knowledge. Achievements of this kind, though they have their value, and, in many instances, a very great one, belong after all to an order of inqui-

ries of secondary importance. There is much in the works of Dr. Channing, as of most other philosophical writers of much volume, which comes under this head, as, for example, his theories on the controverted points in theology, on the progressive character of the human mind, and on the importance of government as an agent in promoting the advancement of civilization, and the welfare of society. His speculations on all these subjects, as on others that might be mentioned, have to a greater or less extent the character of novelty, and their results, if true, must be received as discoveries in moral science. But it is not, we think, on these speculations, however interesting and in many respects valuable, that his reputation and merit as a philosopher are mainly founded. The value of his views on the controverted points in divinity, will be differently estimated by the different sects; and the whole subject, as we have intimated above, may not improbably lose a part of its present supposed importance with the decay of the excitement, which has grown out of the contest. As to the other questions to which we have adverted, the progressive character of the mind, and the value of government as an agent in the improvement of society, we entertain some doubts, whether the peculiar views of Dr. Channing will be finally confirmed by the verdict of an enlightened public opinion. His theory of progress has not yet been stated with sufficient fullness and precision, to enable us to ascertain exactly what it is; but as far as we are able to form a conjecture, it is hardly consistent with the analogy of nature, or the results of experience. We also think that he is rather disposed to underrate the importance of government, as an instrument for promoting the improvement of society. On some future occasion we may venture, perhaps, to examine more fully the opinions of Dr. Channing upon these topics. We have adverted to them here, in part, for the purpose of showing that the approbation which we have expressed of his character and works is not a mere unmeaning tribute of applause to a public favorite, but is the result of our own unbiassed and independent judgment.

The merit of Dr. Channing as a philosopher does not, therefore, as we conceive, lie so much in any systematic exposition of moral science, which he has not attempted, or in any new and peculiar theories of his own invention, as in feeling himself, and bringing home to the hearts of others, with extraordinary distinctness and power, the simple but sublime

truths which lie at the bottom of all religion and all philosophy. There are two, and only two, essentially opposite views of the nature and destiny of man, and his relation to the universe of which he forms a part. One considers him as a being superior in degree only to the animals that surround him, and intended like them for a transitory existence, which is to terminate in the dissolution of the body, and of which the only rational employment is to devote it, as it passes, to sensual pleasure. This is a doctrine which seems to be sanctioned by the practice of a large majority of our race, at all times and in all countries, but which, stated as a philosophical theory, is repugnant alike to common sense and common feeling, and has rarely appeared as such, excepting at periods of great and general corruption, on the eve of some tremendous revolution, like those which preceded the fall of the Roman Empire and the present agitations in Christendom. It is then avowed in its naked deformity, spreads itself for awhile among communities prepared by their vices to receive it, the precursor and, to a certain extent, the immediate instrument of political ruin, and after doing its work of desolation, is again rejected with loathing, and gives way, as we now see it doing throughout Europe, to a general reaction in favor of truth.

The other view of our nature to which we have alluded, considers man as connected by strong temporary ties with the sensual world, but belonging essentially to a higher one, — destined to unfold new powers and pass through new scenes of action and enjoyment in future conditions, and to approach more nearly, by a gradual course of progress, to the perfection and purity of that high Intelligence of which his own is a faint image. This is the doctrine which, in all common times, and in all the ordinary states of society, has commanded the general assent of the world. It recommends itself with equal power to the reasoning head and the feeling heart. It beams upon us from the glorious orbs that enlighten us from above, and the countless wonders and beauties of the spectacle of nature around us and beneath our feet. The grand movements of the universal system reveal it to us in the harmony by which they are governed, and which the ancients fancifully described as the music of the spheres; while a voice within whispers it from the secret recesses of every uncorrupted heart. It forms, as we have said, the basis of all religion and all philosophy. We see its consolatory light gleaming faintly through a veil of

error and fable, in the Indian's dream of a hunter's paradise "beyond the cloud-capt hill" that bounds his earthly vision ;— in the monstrous creations of the Oriental mythology, and in the elegant and graceful forms of Grecian art. It flowed in strains of honied eloquence from the lips of Socrates at the banquet with his friends, and over that dark cup which the ungrateful city of Minerva prepared for the last hours of the wisest of her sons. Cicero repeated the lesson in his beautiful Tusculan retreat. Aurelius proclaimed it anew from the throne of the world. Revelation has given to it the sanction of her mysterious oracles. It is the wisdom of the Old Testament ; the Faith and hope of the new. Scepticism herself hardly ventures to call it in question. "Who," says Goethe, speaking in the character of Faust, a personage supposed to be abandoned to the influence of an Evil Spirit, and intended as a type of human nature beset with temptation,

"Who dares name Him ?

Who avow that he believes in Him ?

Who that feels, dares to say I believe Him not ?

The All-Embracer, the All-Sustainer,

Does He not embrace and sustain thee, me, Himself ?

Does not heaven spread itself on high above us ?

Lies not the Earth firmly here below ?

Do not the eternal stars beam on us brightly from their spheres ?

Is not all this thronging to thy head and heart,

And weaving itself in eternal mystery

Invisibly, visibly around thee ?

Fill then thy heart with it, vast as it is,

And when thou art wholly blest with the feeling,

Call it happiness, — heart, — love, — God !

I have no name for it. Feeling is all in all.

Names are sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow."

This view of human nature, which may be called the spiritual one, and which forms the basis of all religion and philosophy, recommends itself, therefore, with almost irresistible power to the minds and hearts of men, but it comes to them generally mixed with a large allow of fable and error. The multitude, swallowed up in temporary interests, too exclusively occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, power or gain, to devote much care to the immortal mind, adopt the mixture of truth and fable, which happens to be the received opinion of their own time and country, with implicit faith, and we may add, for any practical purpose, with entire indifference.

In this way, the clear light of truth is gradually obstructed, and sometimes almost wholly lost. It belongs to a few superior spirits, and it is the proof of their superiority, to feel the importance of these views, to separate them from the mass of error with which they are mingled, not so much by attacking the false as by insisting on the true, and to bring them home with power to the hearts of others. This is the leading object of the writings of Dr. Channing, considered as expositions of general principles. He knows and feels that philosophy, rightly understood, is, as we have repeatedly remarked, only another name for religion. "It is the property of moral and religious faith," to use his own fine expressions in the above extract, "it is the property of moral and religious faith, to see in the Finite the manifestations of the Infinite, in the Present the germ of the boundless Future, in the Visible the traces of the Incomprehensible Unseen, in the power and wants of the soul its imperishable destiny."

This is the sum and substance of the philosophical doctrine of Dr. Channing, and of all true philosophy, by whatever name it may be known. It is when thus understood, that philosophy becomes indeed, as Milton calls it, divine; that its cultivation is identical with the progress of truth, virtue, civilization and human happiness. The men whose superior talents and purity of purpose qualify them to take a leading part in carrying on this work, are the great benefactors of our race, and we reckon Dr. Channing among the number. We offer him our grateful acknowledgments for the good he has already done, and we trust that his future labors will allow us frequent opportunities for renewing them.

ART. VII. — *Study of Natural History.*

A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History. By WILLIAM SWAINSON. London. 1834.

It is well to take every opportunity to extend a taste for the study of Natural History; for popular as it is, compared with former days, it does not yet inspire a general interest at all proportionate to its importance. Doubtless it is made the subject of lectures in all the cities, and most of the villages of our land; and we could not say that anything was wanting, if a taste for

the results of study were all that is necessary to form. These are so brilliant and striking, that they cannot be set before the most unintellectual of men, without producing in them emotions of delight. But, unfortunately, a taste for such results is one thing, and a taste for the study is another ; and out of the thousands who enjoy such displays of the treasures of science, there may not be one who is disposed to submit to the labor, self-denial and sacrifice, which science requires of its disciples ; neither have such displays any tendency to form that passionate love of truth, — that thirst for searching and exploring, — which bears men up in the laborious process by which discoveries are made. If we remember aright, Rousseau pointed out this error in education many years ago. It is forming a taste for having, where the object is to form the taste for earning ; the former is mere indulgence, the latter is exertion. Such exertion gives health to the mind, while the enjoyment of which we speak soon becomes satiety, and in a short time, the power to enjoy is lost. The object of such discourses as this, then, should be to shew that there is pleasure, not only in knowing but in learning ; and that every intelligent man will enjoy what he has learned by his own efforts, far more than that which is supplied to his hand. There is no doubt that the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, enjoys it more than he who sets in luxurious repose, to be served by others ; considering enjoyment alone, it is better to labor than to rest ; but this is not the only circumstance to be regarded ; there is another question, which tends most to confirm the health and vigor of the physical system, and to prepare it to resist the waste of time and the infirmity of declining years. So there is no doubt, that he who travels patiently over the field of natural science, enjoys his accessions of knowledge, far more than if he had them all spread out before him without any labor of his own ; and, so far as respects the health and vigor of his mind, it is exceedingly important that he should deal more with processes than results, and find his happiness in the excitement of the race, and not the value of the prize.

We are inclined on this account as well as others, to think well of such discourses as this. They show by the spirit with which they are written, what kinds of interest and devotion these pursuits are able to inspire. It is not their object to shew the student what he will find as he advances ; this is left for him to discover ; they would rather convince him that the

pursuit itself, apart from the consideration of its success, will be its own reward. No evidence can be more convincing for this purpose than that of those veterans in the science, who have undertaken pilgrimages and encountered hardships in a spirit of deep devotion to the study ; sustained in it, not by encouragement nor by applause, but by the self-rewarding principle, which ensures that services and sacrifices in a disinterested pursuit shall always be overpaid. It is not every one who will become a scientific naturalist ; nor is this necessary ; without mastering the details of science, men may become useful observers ; and in this way, be able, without pretension and almost unconsciously, to secure improvement for themselves, and render service to the world. White of Selborne is a familiar example ; he never pretended to be a scientific naturalist ; his whole ambition was to furnish observations to those who would be able to arrange and use them ; and yet, perhaps, there is no one who has done more to extend the taste for natural science than he. There was nothing in his situation peculiarly favorable to such pursuits ; he had no more leisure to devote to them than most men may secure to themselves if they will. As to his field of observation, it was nature ; the same nature which is spread out under every eye ; and no man can say that the place where he dwells is barren, till he has ascertained by actual observation that it affords nothing to reward attention, or to inspire thoughtfulness in the mind. The frozen plains of the north, and the fiery regions of Africa, have rewarded investigation with treasures, which have been thought cheaply purchased, by encountering hardships and dangers ; if so, it is not likely that any part of the inhabited world will be found, which does not merit, and will not reward the attention of observers. Since the number of scientific naturalists must be small, it is very desirable to form a class of observers, who may aid the cause of science without being able to make it the business of their lives.

But what good will the study of Natural History do ? It is a fair question ; and no general interest can ever be awakened in the pursuit, till it is answered to the satisfaction of those who ask it. At the same time this is no easy matter ; since what will interest one mind to the full extent of its powers, may not be able to make the least impression on another. If any one after reading the *Iliad*, ask what good it will do, the proper answer would be, that it would do very little good to him. If

any one, looking over the face of nature, can see nothing inspiring in its beauty, it will be of little service for him to keep looking on in the hope of enjoying it more. If any one, however, should ask the same question before reading it, there would be some hope of answering it to his satisfaction. And thus, if any who have paid attention to the studies recommended in the work before us, ask concerning their utility, it will be a waste of time to endeavor to point it out ; the book of nature is one which they will never learn to read. There are those who really desire to engage in every liberal pursuit, and whose minds and hearts are open to everything which promises improvement or delight. These are the persons whom the naturalist should endeavor to engage in the service of science ; he may endeavor to convince them ; and he may enter upon the undertaking with a confidence like that which, in former days, we have heard teachers of youth express, on occasions when we thought the oracle more doubtful ; “ that they will remember it, and thank him for it, to the longest day they have to live.”

It will not be difficult to shew to every one who asks the question, whatever his age, profession, or pursuit may be, some benefit which these studies can bestow. They have one decided advantage over almost all others ; they bring at once the body and the mind into action, since every one who has anything of the naturalist about him, leaves his books and the narrow enclosure of his study, and goes forth into the open fields of nature. It is manifest that pursuits, which thus excite the physical and intellectual powers, remove the unnatural inconsistency, which perverted education has established between study and action. It certainly never was intended, that while the mind is exerted, the body should be palsied by disease, nor was it any part of the design of Providence, that those who live by the labor of their hands, should leave their minds forever inactive and barren. It seems to us, that the studies in question reunite what man has unwisely separated, and are, therefore, best suited to our nature. Those who, like the author of this discourse, are desirous to extend a taste for these liberal studies, have a great encouragement in the fact, that they are everywhere met and welcomed by a deep and strong love of nature. It seems born in the soul of man ; it strengthens with his strength ; it has much power where it has never found a voice, among those who are thrown into familiar inter-

course with nature. Even among those who have no such advantage, — even under the exhausted receivers in the depths of the city, there are many indications which shew that this passion can never be rooted out from the breast. It is manifested by deeds, not words; those in whom it exists may not be able to talk in sentimental phrase concerning the beautiful and picturesque, and will, therefore, be set down as wholly insensible; but any one, who knows how to touch the spring of feeling in their soul, can appeal to it, and awaken it with power. In the darkest lanes of the city, bright flowers look out from the window, and bear witness that the love of nature is there. If there be a garden, like that commemorated by Martial, where *nec cucumis possit jacere rectus*, not even a cucumber has room to lie straight, flowers will be seen breathing incense on the ungrateful air, which returns any thing but incense to them. Even boys, the most merciless of all destroyers, have their pet animal, and are subdued into something like humanity by their regard for their playful charge. The birds, too, — not only the familiar robin, but the wild baltimore and the retiring warbler, sing with confidence, believing that some will listen to them in the rattling street, as well as in the Sabbath stillness of the village. Who does not rejoice in the spirit-like song of the bird, when he comes to assure us that spring has released the sweet influences of Pleiades, and bound Orion in chains; or when he hurries from the north, as soon as he hears afar off in the mountains the first murmurs of the winter storm? He seems conscious of man's attachment; he lingers long after the leaf has fallen, — till the winds of autumn are singing their vesper hymn. Wilson expressed a natural sentiment, when he desired to be buried where the birds might sing over his grave. In truth, this love of nature, in all its forms, is universal as the human heart. Mrs. Hemans, in her beautiful invocation, calls for flowers for the festival, for the conqueror and the bride. But nature had already taken this in charge. At her suggestion, flowers from the earliest ages have crowned the celebrations of joy, of glory, and of love. She would have found them also in places of sorrow; in the captive's lonely cell; in the field where the weary are at rest; for there, perhaps her own grave may bear witness, the love of nature suggests the last proof of delicate attachment, and flowers bloom upon the grave.

The tastes of childhood, to which we have just alluded,

shew that the feeling is as general as we have represented it. The very infant delights in the young animal, and watches its motions with an interest which makes him quite forget the plaything in his hands. He holds the shell to his ear, with thoughtful attention, as if he hoped it would whisper something of the mysteries of the deep from which it came. Can any reader of Wilson forget the child who came with a glowing face to his mother, saying, "Look, my dear mother, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why! all the woods are full of them! Red, orange, blue, and 'most every color. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much prettier than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mother? shall I go and gather more?" The naturalist said, that the feeling of the boy precisely resembled his own. Would it not be easy to cherish that fine enthusiasm, whether in youth or age, till it becomes an intellectual thirst for knowledge? There is no doubt of it. This pleasure, in beholding such objects, inspires the wish to know more of them, and to ask those questions which science offers to answer. It would be easy, also, to exalt it into a religious feeling. The eye glides naturally over a sweet evening prospect to the clear heaven beyond; so it passes, of itself, and without effort, from the contemplation of nature up to nature's God.

But it may be said, that there are some, practical and intellectual men too, who are wholly indifferent to these things. It is true that there are men, like the geometriician of Montesquieu, who, describing a lovely country-seat, said it was a house thirty-five feet by sixty, with a garden of ten acres. There are some also, who, as Voltaire irreverently described a great English divine, are "reasoning mills," with eyes habitually turned inward, and, of course, incapable of seeing the world about them. There are some men, like Johnson, who, from defect of the senses, cannot see such things, and, of course, can hardly be expected to enjoy them. But except where there is physical disability, or when the course of life is singularly unfavorable to the cultivation of this taste, we are sure to find it. It may not, as English travellers expect, be paraded in the chance company of a steam-boat or stage coach, nor will one who feels it, speak of it quite as freely as of the politics of the day. Still it exists in all cultivated minds, with very few exceptions; and to those we may apply Locke's remark concerning the oyster, which he says is

lashed to the rock, and obliged to take whatever the sea washes into its shell. "Hence we see the goodness of Providence, in making its sensations so few and dull."

The few who are wholly indifferent prove nothing against the general truth, that the love of nature belongs to the human heart. Uncultivated men, who have no system to guide them, are often attentive and accurate observers, and those who make inquiries of them are surprised at the amount of information which they are able to give. Men of business, worn with their cares, always look upon it as one of the ends of their labor to be able to retire into the country; and if, when they retire, they find that the habit of business has destroyed their relish for it, still the desire of such retirement, kept up through so much laborious excitement, shews how strong it must be. Those who plunge into the stirring concerns of public life, have always counted it a privilege, as well they may, to retreat from the dusty strife to the passionless excitement of the world of nature. And how can it be otherwise? There is an expression in the face of nature, that can be seen by every eye, — a gentle and gracious expression, which inspires confidence and love. We know not why it is, that divines have found so much fault with the doctrine of Pope's *Essay on Man*, that "the body nature is, and God the soul;" philosophical examination it may not bear; but considered as poetry, it well expresses the truth, that nature is not inanimate nor unmeaning; that there is something in it which gives it spirit, life and expression; and that this soul of the universe is no other than the Being whose power created, whose wisdom sustains, whose goodness crowns it all.

This love of nature as a "thing of life" explains the fact, which is well known to many who are unaware of the cause, that in our communion with nature, we never feel alone. We feel solitary when we do not find man among the works of man. A deserted house is one of the dreariest places in the world; it is more dreary than the raw chillness of a new-made grave; and so is a deserted city, till nature has covered its ruins with verdure, and made it her own again. But we feel no such overpowering sense of loneliness among the works of God; there is reverence and awe indeed, when man stands on the sea-shore, — when he gazes on the expanse of the desert, — or when he stands at midnight on the deck of a vessel in the heart of the seas. Why is it so? Among

the forsaken works of man we feel solitary, because man is not there. Among the works of God we never feel so desolate, because he *is* there. We find this confirmed by the adventurers of the West; they have complained of loneliness only when in presence of men. So in the Arabian deserts, Châteaubriand found an intelligent young countryman of his own, who was so enchanted with their sublime solitudes, that he had given up his friends and his home. How powerfully this sentiment can sometimes act upon the heart, we see in one of the most striking of Park's adventures. He was in an African wilderness, far from any abodes of men, overcome with weariness, and alarmed by beasts of prey. He felt as if all was over with him, and was on the point of lying down in despair, when his eye rested on a little flower, blooming alone amidst the desert sands. It carried his thoughts upward at once to Him that made it. He asked himself if it were possible, that the Being who sustained that little flower in existence, could withdraw his presence from suffering man. He no longer felt helpless and alone; he went his way with new vigor, and soon reached a place of relief and repose. Had he felt deserted, he would in an hour have been torn by the beasts of the desert, and to this day his bones would have whitened in the sun.

So far from being an uncommon thing, the love of nature often manifests itself on a large scale with the intensity and power of the strongest passions. For in this, we take it, are we to look for an explanation of the mystery of that patriotic feeling, which has sometimes wrought so powerfully in the hearts of those who are absent from their native country. The love of country is founded in local attachment; it is found clinging to the scenery and natural objects of the father-land. No man ever forgets the tree that shaded the home of his childhood, nor the stream that ran near the door. When such objects are grand and striking, as in the mountains of Switzerland, they take firmer hold upon the memory; the images are more vivid, and the associations are proportionally strong. This was the case with the Hebrews; on the dry plains and beside the slow rivers of Babylon, they were haunted with the vision of the hills and valleys of their own romantic land. Such examples have been found in our own country, little as it may be credited by those who believe that human nature differs in different regions of the earth. During the revolutionary war, there was a time, when some of the best and bravest men in

the southern army actually died, man after man, in consequence of that sickness of heart, produced by absence from their home. Nor is this to be ascribed to the strength of domestic attachment ; it is a more expansive feeling ; it attaches itself not so much to the fireside, as to the "blue hills of our native country." The savage, who has little domestic happiness, is no stranger to its deep devotion ; all his eloquence consists of images which shew that nature is before his mind ; and there can be no doubt that the love of nature is one of the chief elements of that love of country which, in numberless memorable examples, has shewn itself able to bid defiance to the grave.

We have said so much, — perhaps more than will be read, — concerning the love of nature, because it is the cause and spring of all improvement in these studies ; and if it exist so generally, it cannot be hard to inspire that interest in these pursuits, which they require and deserve.

But some may doubt whether this feeling, of which we have spoken, will accept the guidance of science, and submit to its restraints ; whether it can be elevated from an imaginative sentiment into a steady and well-governed enthusiasm, such as improvement in science requires. On this point it can be easily shewn, that wherever there is scientific zeal, it is invariably associated with a strong attachment for nature ; and more than this, there are examples to shew, that those who have made themselves illustrious in these pursuits, had their attention turned to the subject by the early love of nature. Linnæus himself is believed to have formed the taste, which afterwards made him so illustrious, from his delight in the flowers of his father's garden. The elder Bartram, who stood so high in the estimation of the naturalists of his day, was an entire stranger to science, though a thoughtful and observing man. In the early part of his life, — indeed, through all his life, — he was a husbandman. One day when, weary with ploughing, he rested under a tree, he observed a flower, one of those things on which he had often loved to look. He longed to know something of its history ; — then he determined to know all that could be learned concerning it. This was the spring that required to be touched ; in the same hour the lover of nature became a naturalist, and the spirit then awakened never slept to his latest day. At the age of threescore and ten, he was exploring the wilds of Florida. then a country as dangerous and inaccessible, as could now be

found in North America. Wilson is another example. He loved nature so well that he became a pedler for the sake of enjoying it, and with the exception of Wordsworth's friend, was probably the only one of that calling, in whom this passion overpowered the love of gain. The vocation, as he pursued it, was not easy nor profitable; still, it served to nourish the taste which he afterwards indulged in this country with so much renown. We wish we could say, happiness; but it is ordered that these pursuits shall be their own reward, and that the prize, immortality, shall not come till the mortal life, with its many sorrows, is past.

There is another heresy of precisely the opposite description; it is the doubt whether science will not quench the love of nature; whether there is not a drudgery and cold exactness in science, which will destroy this animated feeling. It evidently had no such effect in the men just mentioned. True; but it may be said, they persevered in the hope of glory; it may not be so with those who study for pleasure and improvement alone. This impression is founded on the precious maxim, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and truly nature and religion both are little beholden to those who make this their creed. Perhaps it is not easy to explain the self-sustaining principle, which induces men to devote themselves to a favorite pursuit, and repays them for all their labors. But they can easily see its effects; they can see how soon a burning thirst for knowledge takes possession of their souls. There is no danger which they will not face; there is no hardship which they will not undergo, if it will enable them to solve those mysteries which, of all things, they desire to know. There was, no doubt, a dim magnificence in the imagination which an ancient Magian formed of the heavens; but could it compare in grandeur with the view of Newton, who looked through the system with the searching brightness of an archangel's eye? It would be hard indeed to believe, that we shall love nature less in proportion as we know it better.

It is not the love of nature, which refuses to be enlightened. It is a superstitious feeling, which would be more properly called the fear of nature. The Bramin, when the English officer shewed him with his microscope that he must needs destroy life in eating, was miserable to find that he was always violating that Pythagorean law, which it was the glory of his

life to observe. He should, however, have been grateful ; for the information which he had thus gained, sorely against his will, might have opened his mind to the teaching of a better philosophy and a better religion. What can be the charm of error ? Why so strong dislike of the revolutionary spirit of science, which restrains the power of the moon, disarms the stars of their malignant influences, strips the *ignis fatuus* of its terrors, and sends back the ghost to its grave ? What satisfaction can there be in believing that serpents have power to fascinate, or that birds can foretell the destinies of men ? There are many to this day, who are provoked to hear it denied that house sparrows change into snowbirds in the winter, or that the swallow, a bird of most untiring wing, instead of retreating before the storm, escapes it by diving into the mud. The true lover of nature is a lover of truth, and as Johnson said of Sir Thomas Brown, is willing to pay labor for it ; though he may not manifest it precisely like that eminent man, who, " having heard a rumor of sympathetic needles by which, suspended over circular alphabets, distant friends or lovers might converse, procured two such alphabets, and placed them on the proper spindles. The result was, that when he moved one, the other, instead of taking by sympathy the same direction, stood like the pillars of Hercules !"

But it may be said, that, allowing there is no reason to expect to find men indifferent to these sciences, we see in point of fact, that they are so ; not that they do not take pleasure in results, but there are few who give much attention to them, and hardly three or four in a nation who make them the business of their lives. But to say that these studies inspire no general interest, is only saying in other words that they are not generally known. Knowledge is the cure for indifference ; that which one does not know, of course, he does not care for ; but as we grow acquainted with the subject, our interest is excited in one way or another. We may not like it more ; if not, we shall dislike it more ; our feeling will take decided forms, either of partiality or aversion. It is always found by experience, that the more one knows of these things, the more he will desire to know. The facts at first may seem few and meagre, and the reward unequal to the labor ; but as we go on the field enlarges, and we begin to ask where nature can have hidden these surprising things, while the wonder is that we have not noticed these things which have lain close under our

eyes. We have heard divines say, that in another world, the wonders of Providence will be unfolded to view. Another world? What world do they live in? At the moment while they are saying it, they are surrounded with unexplored and unsuspected wonders. Another world! Why, this becomes another world to the man who opens his eyes. Science breathes life and light into it; it kindles with glory, happiness, and praise; there is no one who cannot feel its inspirations if he will.

Some naturalists of the present day, as Linnæus did before them, complain that the science is not even held in reverence, and they hardly mention the subject without a reproof to those who treat it with levity and scorn. Something, however, must be forgiven to human nature. They must pardon a smile when the naturalist is descanting on the wonders of an insect's wing, for those who are guilty of this irreverence, only smile at the physical disproportion between his subject and himself, and they do not doubt that he has found something in it worthy the attention of enlightened minds. Are we to suppose that Franklin raising his kite, or Newton blowing his soap bubbles, was secure from this kind of martyrdom? Those who saw them thus employed, must have thought, to say the least, that the sages were engaged in very singular recreations. Naturalists sometimes bring ridicule upon themselves, by affecting a magnificence not called for by the occasion. Thus Kirby and Spence were so transported at witnessing the evolutions of a party of gnats upon the wing, — their celestial dances, as they called them, in which they were "rising and falling, transparent and glorious," that they could think of nothing but "angels and glorified spirits, drinking life and joy from the effulgence of divine favor." Is it a sin to smile at such lucubrations? Those able naturalists should have remembered, that for one instance in which such language would exalt a mortal's devotion to the skies, there would be hundreds in which it would be more likely to draw an angel's down.

But passing from these more general views of the subject, we will attempt to direct attention to some of the purposes to which these studies should be applied.

First of all, to the purpose of improving the minds of the young, and a more important purpose we do not know. They should be instructed in Natural History, not because it may lead to something useful, but because, with-

out looking to any other result, the mere pursuit is improving to the mind and heart. We will not contend for the preëminence of these studies. Every one, which brings the mind into action, will do good. But the great thing is to find such studies, as may bring the mind into willing and cheerful action ; if they do not, the child may acquire that mechanical facility which often passes for real improvement, while it is, in fact, injurious to the intellectual powers. There are too many studies, which their minds play upon, — perhaps work upon, while they are dealing all the time with words and not with things. “Words,” it has been said, “are the daughters of earth ; things are the sons of heaven ;” but in many studies, the mortal claims and receives what belongs to the immortal. The observation of children needs to be cultivated more than the memory ; the habit of remembering is in great part mechanical and easily brought to perfection ; the habit of observing with the mind open as well as the eye, is not so easily formed ; but it is so important to all kinds of success in later years, that the science which will do most to form it in the young, carries with it its own recommendation. We think that Natural History will be found, more than any other, to fasten itself upon the mind, and to give a cheerful excitement to all its powers. We have never seen anything more beautiful, than the desire of knowledge which the young sometimes discover ; “the soft, dark, earnest eye” turned in breathless attention upon him who endeavors to instruct them. There is something fresh and animating in their view of the creation ; they long to know everything within their sphere ; the world seems enchanted ; it awakens trains of thought and feeling, which, to them, are glorious and unbounded. As they grow older, this curiosity subsides ; indifference grows and gains upon them, till, when they are men, they stand without interest amidst the beautiful and grand of nature, conscious of their ignorance, and yet not desiring to know. Verily, the doctrine that man must be born again, is philosophically as well as religiously true ; he must renew the childhood of his soul, before he can ever desire to learn what it is shameful not to know. Restore him his childlike feelings, and his cold heart will kindle with new intellectual desires ; he will burn to know the history of every thing, — of every delicate flower on the earth, and every bright star in the sky ; and when he sees the countless multitude of wonders that solicit his attention, he will begin to

value the hope, perhaps we should call it something more than hope, — that he may walk forever in the same path of knowledge, of light shining brighter and brighter, which he is travelling in this world below.

Children, then, are not only proper subjects, they are by far the best subjects of this kind of instruction. Instruction we call it, though it depends on themselves far more than others; these are pursuits in which the schoolmaster, whether abroad or at home, can do but little to aid them. The strong heart and active mind work out their own improvement, or nothing is done. They must, indeed, leave the schoolmaster within his narrow prison, and go out into the fields to strengthen their physical powers by exercise, and their minds by observation. It is not every study which will bear to be thus pursued; but those which will, afford a relief from the unnatural confinement which our systems of education impose on their disciples or victims. They supply that nervous impulse, without which, physiologists tell us, we may exercise forever with very little advantage. We are not about to declaim concerning these systems; there may be some danger of their improving the intellectual at the expense of the physical powers. But it seems to us, that the greatest danger is, that they will improve neither; if the body loses strength, the mind will sympathize with it. In a great proportion of those cases, in which the young mind is thought to be making ruinous efforts, the mind is as inactive as the form. There is some easy play of memory which counterfeits mental exertion; or the look of lassitude passes for an intensely thoughtful expression. Though there are cases of disease in which the mind is preternaturally developed, in general it is true, that the mind cannot be improved, while the bodily powers stagnate and decay.

It is difficult to account for the manner in which these studies have been neglected in youthful education. It certainly is not owing to want of means and advantages; for no one is so situated that he cannot give them some attention. A residence in the country is, doubtless, most favorable; but we find more instances in the city than the country, of those who pursue them with vigor and success. The truth is, that there are no disadvantages which resolution cannot overcome. When Sir Joseph Banks, with Dr. Solander, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, nothing doubting that he should enjoy the happiness

of bringing to light the rich treasures of the country, the Portuguese authorities would not suffer any one of the party to land. This was sufficiently mortifying; but the naturalists, having some live stock on board, bethought themselves that the jealousy of that enlightened government possibly might not extend to them; and under color of procuring fodder for the animals, they received every day a collection of plants from the shore. A little money, judiciously applied, taught the purveyors to consult the taste of the botanists as well as of the cattle; and thus by this simple expedient, they were able to make a considerable collection of Brazilian plants, without setting their feet upon the soil of the country. Mr. Swainson himself, while exploring the forests of South America, was troubled with a complaint which prevented him from walking. Meantime he despatched the three Indians who were with him in search of insects, birds, and other animals, while he remained at home. Thus every day added something to his collections, besides providing food for the party. He passed the morning in preparing the skins of the birds, and arranging the insects, and the evening in looking over the new acquisitions brought in by his men; and thus was able not only to amuse the tedious hours of his confinement, but to continue his pursuits with vigor and success. Such examples shew, that there is no situation in which these studies cannot be pursued. Neither is it such men only who can do these things; it does not require the knowledge of a master to begin with; the author mentions the case of a female friend, who, during a long illness, employed herself in making a collection of English plants. An intelligent servant was sent out to collect them; feeble though she was, she examined and arranged them; and in this way passed years in happiness and improvement, which otherwise would have been entirely lost.

When these studies can thus be attended to under many disadvantages, it seems strange that, even if neglected in youthful education, they should not have formed a part of that process of self-education, which every cultivated mind passes through. The reason of their forming no part of youthful instruction is, that they do not appear to be an essential preparation for any business in life; a test which would, if followed out, put to flight many of those branches of learning that are most important to the interests of the mind. The meaning of it seems to be, that these studies are important, not to the mer-

chant, the lawyer, the clergyman, the mechanic, but only to the *man*. And really one is tempted to ask, if the man is not to be regarded? Is there no such thing as improvement, which cannot be estimated by the bearing it will have on our prosperity and success in life? Must not every one who has a heart and soul acknowledge, that to strike out new sources of intellectual enjoyment, — enjoyment which rests not in itself, but carries the soul onward and upward, — enjoyment which is of itself improvement, is as great a service as can be rendered to man, considering him not as a being placed here to travel to the tomb, but as one who has a character to form, for an eternal existence? We have many false standards to cast away, before we shall be able to tell discerningly what objects in life we should most earnestly pursue.

But, admitting that immediate results, bearing on our comfort, are all that we need regard, we have only to look back upon the progress of natural science, another name for the investigation of nature, to see what it has done for the benefit of men. What is there, from the reader's spectacles to the reviewer's paper and pen, which observation has not drawn out from the great treasures of the natural world? Does any one think that the world is travelled over, so that nothing remains to be explored? So far from it, the spirit of observation, when under the direction of science, labors with tenfold more success, and unfolds, even in the most beaten paths, a thousand resources of which man never dreamed. Look, for example, at the progress of horticulture. How many would have laughed at the idea of forming societies in reference to fruit trees, of which all the kinds were so familiarly known? And yet, who does not know, that science is creating new varieties, by following out the suggestions of nature? There can be no doubt, that science will be continually drawing out new resources from the vegetable world. Fruits that are now thought worthless will be multiplied, like the crab-apple, into rich and various kinds; roots, like the potato and mandioca, which were poisonous in their natural state, will be disarmed of their venom, and *tamed* for the service of mankind. It may be true, that no new animals may be acclimated and employed in our service; this only proves that we do not want them; but we fully believe that animated nature will furnish resources for the comfort and subsistence of man in future ages, which are little dreamed of now. The whole insect race is passed

over as worthless and contemptible ; we are content to wonder at the Roman supper of snails, the Arab feasting on his locusts, the South African with his roasted ants, and the South American negro with his luxury of grubs. Among us insects have an immunity, of which we trust the advance of science will deprive them. The moschetto winds his horn triumphantly in our ears, boasting that he compels half America to retreat under safety nets for half the year ; the fly revels in every apartment of our houses, as familiarly as if they were his own. The time may come, when the innumerable pests which now murder our sleep, infest our houses, plunder our fruit, and destroy the beauty of our gardens, may appear to more advantage on our tables. There is certainly some prejudice, which must first be overcome ; but it cannot require more courage in the first instance to swallow a snail, than an oyster. Those who cannot rejoice in this application of insects to the purposes of life, may be taught at least how to remove them. The fact is, that every man, woman, and child has a direct interest in these studies. Every man who owns a beast, a field or a tree ; every woman who lives where moths corrupt a garment ; every child who rambles in his holidays, and returns, burning with poison from the hedge, has a direct and pressing interest in studies of this description.

But there is also a moral lesson, which can be learned from the contemplation of nature. Solomon is good authority on this subject, though some have thought that he shone more in morals than in Natural History, when he directed the idle to the ant to learn the lesson of prudent labor. They are pleased to say that the ant does not prepare its food for the winter, inasmuch as it is torpid throughout that season. In defence of Solomon, we can only say, that he never said that it did ; all he said was, that it prepared its food when it wanted it, and he thought that in that respect, it offered a good example to men. The Oriental taste goes very far in search of such illustrations. Sir William Jones translates from the Persian,

“ Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with gems the hand that brings thee woe ;
Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the arm that rends thy side ;
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower ;
All nature cries aloud, ‘ shall man do less,
Than heal the railer and the smiter bless ? ”

These analogies are sufficiently far-fetched, it is true ; still, they are founded on the right principle, which is that of cultivating the faculty of association, one of those parts of education, which have been strongly recommended, but steadily and almost systematically neglected. It is not, however, a business of the schools, it belongs more properly to self-education ; if any one will regard it, he may smite his own rock in the wilderness, and supply that thirst of enjoyment, which otherwise will prey upon the soul.

In this country, we often lament that our soil is wanting in powerful associations. Other lands have their ruins, which inspire an interest of the most exciting kind, and men of taste sometimes complain that ours is barren. But what are those ruins ? Are they not monuments of barbarism ? Are they not floating relics of piratical vessels, which have happily sunk in the tide of time ? They commemorate a social system, which, though it was gilded by a few beams of honor and humanity, was in reality a curse to the world, and which those who suffered and mourned under it rejoiced to see passing away. A few associations of generous chivalry, manly spirit and romantic self-devotion, make men cling to these monuments of dark and bloody times. But is it not possible to associate thoughts quite as delightful and inspiring with the works of nature ? Most certainly it is. It is not nature that is wanting ; she spreads out her forms of beauty and grandeur before us, but they excite little interest, because we are wanting to ourselves. We expect to find these associations already existing, while it depends on us to form them. Our eyes do not see, — our imagination must create them ; and if we have the right heart and the right spirit, we can easily and almost without effort create “tongues in the trees,” which shall whisper deep meaning ; “books in the running brooks,” where we can learn more than we ever have known, and “sermons in stones,” the *lastly* of which no one shall be impatient to hear. This is the work of poetry, — that is, *creation* ; where this quickening power exists, the desert need not be barren ; and there is an inviting field for its action in a land like ours.

Though the improvement of our condition is not the most important thing, still it is important, and natural science enables us to secure and advance it. We call ourselves lords of the creation ; but we little know the resources of our dominions ; every year is bringing to light some new treasures ; and, moreover, while

we boast of this aristocracy on earth, there are creatures which threaten to abolish our peerage, unless natural science discovers the means to put them down. The larger animals are subdued to our purposes, or driven out from our bounds ; our vegetable enemies, such as the leuco-chrysanthemum and the Canada thistle, can be destroyed by reasonable care ; but, meantime, insects, creatures which man can engage single-handed, threaten to overwhelm him with their numbers. Some explore our mansions to prey upon our food, dividing their labor on the most approved principle, to make the destruction sure. Others pay their attention to our wardrobes, and work upon our clothes in silence and darkness ; deathwatches drum upon our headboards to enjoy our fright ; rosebugs, sawflies and caterpillars of all descriptions lay our gardens and flower beds waste ; cankerworms leave our fruit trees barren of every leaf ; curculios gather the fruit, and the borer comes to put the finishing stroke to the tree. They seem to ascertain what man values most, and then they know where to commence their depredations. Our only consolation is, that others suffer even more than we ; in South America there are tribes which are obliged to bury themselves in the ground, as if for their long sleep, before venomous insects will suffer them to close their eyes. All kinds of historical documents are destroyed by the white ants ; for which the future historian of that continent will doubtless remember them in his benedictions. In India, matters are still worse ; the ants have been known to board a ship of the line and sink it in the Ganges ; the palace of the Governor General at Calcutta is now under their hands, and all the conservatives in the British empire will not save it from the dust.

And now what is to be done ? It is true, as we have suggested, that if they eat us and ours, we can take revenge by eating them ; and this would seem to be a fair and natural retribution, by which we may punish their transgressions and reduce their numbers. But there is an unhappy prejudice against this course, with which we confess that we sympathize, though against our judgment and conviction. Our only hope then, is in the progress of natural science, which in this and other departments must step forward to remove existing evils. It must beard these minute lions in their den. Moreover, it must teach the human race, that if they will not eat them, it is foolish in the extreme to quarrel with creatures that will. They

are active against their own interest when they allow idle boys to shoot birds, under pretence of protecting fruit, which those same boys are a thousand times more likely to steal and devour. A great point will be gained, when the farmer is able and willing to distinguish his friends from his foes.

Natural History, though it holds out no splendid rewards to those who pursue its studies, will not fail to supply its fair proportion of contributions to the general welfare. Natural Philosophy has furnished its lighthouses and lifeboats for the ocean, its lightning rods and steam engines for the land, and its safety lamp for those who explore the regions below. Chemistry has supplied its bleaching inventions and its medicines, not to speak of the more questionable blessings of dry bone soup, linen rag sugar, and sawdust bread. Natural History, though it seems to content itself with simple descriptions of nature, forbearing to investigate its laws or the action of its powers upon each other, will continually unfold new productions and properties in all its departments; — new uses for animals, vegetables and minerals, and ways in which they can be applied to the benefit of man. It will teach men to employ nature against itself, and so to neutralize many of its evils, shewing how it furnishes the antidote as well as the bane; shewing, in fact, that it never puts difficulties in the way of man, without some corresponding advantage which it rests with them to discover. Of course it will exact something in return; it will require men to look round them with observing eyes, and to pay at least sufficient attention to nature, to know how to estimate the blessings which it bestows. But, for all this, it will abundantly reward him; it will make him happy, by affording something to fill up the vacancy of his mind and heart. If the mind ever rests, its calm is not clear, transparent repose, but corrupt and unhealthy stagnation, and this is a danger to which men are exposed much oftener than they know. We are unconscious of our inaction of mind, because revery is mistaken for thought; a man never looks so profoundly intellectual as when he is thinking of nothing. A solitary walk, — a seat by an evening fire, are said to be favorable to thought, when sometimes, on such occasions, not a thought passes through the mind for hours; thought being the action, and not the dreamy repose of the mind. Now when this science changes the thoughtless into observers; when it teaches them to look with interest upon the insect, whose instinct is so perfect and sure in all its op-

erations ; when it makes them see beauty in the frail loveliness of the flower, which now they crush beneath their feet ; when it leads them to examine the rich plumage or listen to the song of the bird, instead of destroying it with wanton cruelty, it renders them a service which cannot be over-estimated ; it opens fountains of enjoyment for them, which will never cease to flow.

In this point of view, we have no doubt that these studies might be employed as efficient instruments of moral reform. For it cannot be questioned, that most men are driven to lawless indulgence, not by their love of it, — not by the strength of the temptation, — but by the horrors of a vacant mind, which induce them to seek this relief from themselves. The force and resistlessness of the temptation consist, not in its own attraction, but in the unhappiness of a mind preying upon itself, which eagerly catches at any means of relief for the moment, without thinking of the consequences. It is in such vacant and unguarded hours, that the evil spirit of sensual indulgence attracts and secures its victims. Now those pursuits, which furnish an excitement to the mind, will arm it against such fascination, by keeping it in that action, which is as essential to virtue, as it was to eloquence in the opinion of the great master of the art. Moral reforms are apt to resemble those of political parties, which remove one set of evils by substituting another ; but whoever supplies subjects of engaging intellectual interest to the minds of men, goes to the root of the evil, while others are hewing at the branches which spring again as fast as they are cut away.

This science renders us no small service, when it shews us the unbounded liberality of nature, and the readiness with which she surrenders her treasures to man. Trusting in this liberality, man goes forth into the wilderness, such as this country was two centuries ago, taking with him his axe and rifle, and little else beside the strong hand and the strong heart ; for he knows, that if he is true to himself and does his own part, nature will never be found wanting. He chooses the place for his habitation ; nature furnishes the tree for his building, its stem for the walls, its evergreen thatch for his roof, its pitchy splinter for his candle, and its branches for his fire. When he is hungry, nature sends him to the forest abounding in the pigeon, the pheasant, and the deer, or to the streams crowded with fish, where his wants are supplied without destroying his patient

laborer the ox, whose services he cannot spare. If he is thirsty, he goes to the spring that rises near his door. Before the earth, then broken for the first time, supplies him with its harvests, he is sheltered, warmed and fed by the bounty of nature.

If we look at the scene again, after a generation has passed away, the place is as different from what it was, as civilized from savage man. Here and there a blackened stump, a memorial of the ancient forest, is seen, but the raw desolation is gone, the rich cornfield waves in the breeze, the yellow grain heaves like the ocean, and the garden is sprinkled with fruits and flowers. The wild stream is tamed, and labors like a servant in the factory and mill; the woods retreat from around him, leaving a few trees to cover him with their friendly shade. That his children may not be tempted to idleness, the fish are withdrawn from the rivers, the bird from the forest, and the wolf and the bear unwillingly retreat from a place which is no longer for them. Thus provided with the means of subsistence, comfort, and even luxury, we might suppose that nature would leave him there. But no; she teaches him to build a more durable habitation from the clay or the stone; the sheepfold and the cotton-plant supply him with clothing; in place of the smoking torch, his lamp is filled from the depths of the Northern Ocean, and when the trees of the forest begin to fail, he is taught to prepare a fire with the fossil from her mines. The earth brings forth so abundantly, that he has leisure for the cultivation of his mind. The result appears in his ingenious inventions, reducing still lower the amount of labor, and placing in the hands of all the luxuries which were for only a few; and that result is yet more plainly manifested in the learning, the research, the habits of thoughtfulness, which are essential to the intellectual and moral being, and which are necessary to give him a full title to the name of man.

In this country, it is exceedingly important that a taste for these studies should be generally spread. We have already far too much of that excitement, which grows out of the quick sympathy of party associations; an excitement which grows by indulgence, till communities, like men under the same circumstances, are unable to take any deliberate view of the great questions which it rests with them to decide. This is the great disadvantage of popular institutions; they imply a thoughtfulness and judgment in the people, while, by placing everything

in their power, they excite them in a manner unknown in other lands. A disadvantage it certainly is ; but it is the disadvantage which attends a great and acknowledged blessing ; and it is made ten times greater than it need be, by the enginery of selfish men, who are always at work to blind the honest and unguarded many ; — to blind the Samson, that they may force him to work in their mill. We formerly believed ourselves to be a cool and unimflammable people. It would be strange enough had it been so, considering the race from which we are descended ; it now appears in a thousand indications, that we resemble the anthracite, which, a few years ago, it was thought could not be kindled by the united powers of hurricane and conflagration. The reason was, that the means of igniting it had not then been discovered. So was it with the American character ; it was cool and unexcitable, only because the means of exciting it had not then been learned and arranged into a system, as they are now. The best, perhaps the only remedy, is to supply resources, and engage as many minds as possible in pursuits of a less stirring description ; science, literature, and all the elegant arts, will be so many calm and unpretending, but still efficient means for securing the peace and happiness of our nation, which is endangered only from within, and which will die by suicide if it perish, and not by any foreign blow.

Mr. Swainson gives no very cheering account of the state of natural science in England, and mentions as one reason of its decline, that it is not honored as it should be, and that literature and science are no passport to public honors and rewards. As for titles and similar small matters, these are unimportant enough in themselves ; there is something supremely ludicrous in the idea of George IV. conferring honor on Walter Scott and John Herschel. But, when a country abounds in such distinctions, which are properly regarded as rewards for services that do credit to the country, if a large class of eminent men are excluded from them, it certainly gives the impression that others are preferred before them, and that their services and exertions are not appreciated nor understood. It will not do for a people, who make so much of such concerns as rewards for political services, to turn to men of science and tell them that such things are not for them, and that they must find their reward in their own pursuits and the general applause of men ; for such language will apply as well to one class of men as another, and the fact that it is not thought sufficient in the case

of military and political services, shew that it has not much meaning in such a country, though it would be perfectly satisfactory in ours. We do not suppose that the titles of Cuvier, Laplace and Humboldt were any honor to them; they were only the signs that their merit was understood, and therefore were an honor to the governments which bestowed them. Great men are not insensible to applause; they like to know that their country thinks them deserving of honor; and it is natural enough that they should feel neglected, if they see respect paid to the services of others which is denied to them.

These are matters, however, with which, in this country, we have very little to do. There are other suggestions in this discourse of Mr. Swainson, which might be of service to us. The recommendation that naturalists should be appointed to attend our naval expeditions, might easily be adopted here. They might not go under that designation, perhaps, but some appointment might be secured for them, which would put them beyond the reach of want, and enable them to pursue their researches under more favorable circumstances than when they go forth alone. The military parties, sent so often into our western regions, might be made far more serviceable than they are, to the cause of science. Much indirect and yet effectual patronage might be extended to able men, by administrations composed of persons who know the value of intellectual things. Something of this kind has already been done; but much more remains to do; and no public men will secure to themselves a more honorable remembrance, than those who add the treasures of other lands to those of our own country.

It is for the sake of the country, that we would recommend that such patronage should be extended. Men distinguished by their scientific attainments, will be sure of all the respect which they can desire, either for themselves or their favorite pursuits; but the country ought to secure the benefit and honor to itself as far as possible. Whether it does or not, the pursuits will be followed and discoveries will be made. The studies are too fascinating to need the excitement of external rewards, and, as we have expressly said, it is not on this ground that we think governments would be wise to give them. Those sciences, which make us acquainted with the liberality of nature, are embraced within the province of religion. Those who engage in them most devotedly, have their religious feelings quickened by their familiarity with nature. For science, in our day,

is not satisfied with investigating properties, laws and powers, it insists on looking for benevolent design ; it considers its work unfinished, till it ascertains the purpose of kindness with which everything was created. Thus it is, that religion exerts a commanding influence over all the pursuits of enlightened minds ; they feel that it is only in the religious direction, that they can travel from glory to glory.

ART. VIII.—*Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould.*

1. *Poems.* By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Philadelphia. 1834.
2. *Poems.* By MISS H. F. GOULD. Boston. 1835.

MANIFOLD are the perils, according to Madame de Stael, that beset the female writer who aspires to fame ; in a monarchy, she must expect to be assailed with the poisoned weapons of ridicule ; in a republic, with the formidable if less fatal enginery of universal hatred. But the remarks of this lady are not to be received as undisputed axioms ; they were apt to be suggested by her own feeling, rather than by observation of the world around her ; nor is there one of her many writings, in which she herself forgets, or suffers the reader to lose sight of her personal claims to sympathy. She said this in the bitterness of her heart, while, by the streams of Babylon, and amidst the serious privations that wait on exile, she remembered the place which she regarded as the wandering Hebrew did the Holy City, — the scene of her intellectual victories, the field in which alone she could encounter spirits as fiery and restless as her own. The experience of one, of a genius so erratic and peculiar, gives no just indication of the destiny awaiting others ; the burning track of the comet does not shew the unchanging orbit of a planet. Even her own fortunes were no fair illustration of the justice of her own remark. It was not her literary talent that exposed her to the ridicule or hatred, which she herself encountered ; it was not her philosophy or eloquence, that brought down upon her the ponderous vengeance of Napoleon ; she might have written till the twentieth century, without being driven out from the paradise of her affections ; it was rather the consuming passion for power and distinction, —

the fatal ambition of guiding the flashing wheels of the political revolutions of her own eventful day. It was when she concentrated the rays of her glorious intellect to consume the imperial throne, — when she spoke to the conqueror of the avenging judgment of the world and of posterity, — that he expressed his aversion to such recreations, and hastened to postpone the lecture to a more convenient season. Perhaps, when she told him that she should occupy a page in his history, it was not without a secret consciousness that she would ask for nothing better; the hurt of the daughter of ambition might be mitigated, if not entirely healed, by the balm of general applause and sympathy.

If the remark of Madame de Stael were well founded in its application to France, it would still have been destitute of justice as respects society elsewhere. There, the condition and influence of women have long been quite peculiar; owing to an unusual social position, she has been conversant with subjects which are in other countries appropriated exclusively to man. From the time of Clovis to the Revolution, by an involuntary abrogation of the Salic law, the sceptre has often been consigned to female keeping by the weary, inefficient hands that held it. The personages thus selected as its guardians have sometimes bought this honor at the cost of better fame; but the influence attending their position has been such, as to render the movements of the political machine an object of general attention to the sex. Matters, on which the lips of English females would be sealed, have been canvassed; schemes designed with fear of change to perplex their own and all the nations, have been ordinary topics of speculation in the saloons of Paris. Such a character as that of Madame de Stael, at home in the whirlwind and the storm, burning to ride in the one and direct the other, could have been formed nowhere else. She was herself aware of this; and has given in her *Corinna* a picture of the English female character, as icy and repulsive as the summer of Prince Regent's Inlet; a picture, which is indebted to her fancy for many of its darkest hues, but which very strongly shews the horror with which she looks upon the fetters of English propriety and reserve. Madame Roland is another example of the influences we have mentioned; with less of brilliancy and ambition than her great contemporary, she was fired by a generous enthusiasm, combined with practical sense and talent, of which Madame de Stael, at any period of her

life, knew little : but it was the opportunity presented for the exhibition of these qualities by the peculiar tone and feeling of French society, which made her the guiding spirit of a party, of which Guadet and Vergniaud were champions, and enabled her to shew a spirit and magnanimity superior to theirs. We may imagine the dismay of the *coteries* of London, if they were to see some English Madame Roland discussing affairs of state at a cabinet dinner in Downing street; if it were suddenly disclosed to them, that the despatches of the foreign secretaries were written by their wives, or that the Premier had poured into the ears of majesty the substance of a curtain lecture.

But there have been within a century some great changes of opinion, not limited in their operation to France and England, which have removed the real or imaginary dangers attending the exhibition of female talent. It would be idle to talk of these perils, in communities not destitute of female critics, and full of female readers. The literary empire, like almost every other, has been divided; the sexes are beginning to share it pretty impartially; nor would it be safe to say that woman's portion of it is less fertile or less wisely governed than the other. We should hold him to be rather indiscreet, to say the least, who should at this day make the experiment of casting reproach or ridicule on female writers, unless the circumstances of the case were pretty aggravated; if things shall continue to go on as they have done for the last twenty years, it is by no means certain that these writers will not constitute a majority of the whole number, and, acting in the spirit of the republican principle, manage matters at their own discretion. Those who love to search out the literary characteristics of the time, and to read in the aspects of the heavens the movements of the intellectual constellations, will do well to watch the glittering train which are going up the sky, as the beautiful stars of the southern hemisphere lift themselves upon the view of the voyager beyond the equator. He will there perceive the evidences of a change, entirely without a parallel in the history of literature; which has already raised the intellectual glory of woman to a point of elevation, not before attained or even conceived, and bids fair to produce still more important changes in the universe of mind. If it had been revealed to some philosopher of old, that the day should ever come, when the laurel wreaths of science, as well as the flower

garlands of romance and poetry, should entwine the brows of those whom he regarded as the painted insects of a summer day, no doubt he would have looked down with lofty scorn on the oracle and soothsayer ; nor would the poet of antiquity, we fear, have taken it in kindness, had he learned that woman, in the order of nature an inferior thing, in the order of society without rank or influence, should in coming years divide with him the jewels of his starry crown. But it were needless to go back to distant ages to ascertain the extent and nature of this revolution ; one, who merely turns to the beginning of the last century in Great Britain, will obtain a sufficiently just idea of the difference in the state of female literature in our own day and the past.

One might have expected that the reign of a female queen, fruitful as it was in literary talent, would give at least some indications of female power ; but the age of Anne took little of its character from her whose name it bears. She was as inefficient a personage, as the best regulated limited monarchy could possibly have asked for ; and her reign brought no distinction to her sex ; with the exception of one or two, who gained a transient notoriety by their talent for political intrigue and mischief, there is no female who has given the historian the trouble to record her name. It was at the beginning of the reign of George I., that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu burst upon the world in the full splendor of her wit and beauty. She was undoubtedly an extraordinary person ; it is curious to see the extent of the homage paid to her intellectual as well as personal attractions. It was no common mind, on which Pope exhausted his power of flattery in verse, and his hyperbole in prose ; he prostrates himself before her like an Indian idolater before the sun ; the depth and fervency of his devotion are quite too great to be entirely sincere, but they certainly shew in what general esteem the object of so much eulogy was held. At the period of their subsequent estrangement, he seemed afraid to avow himself her enemy ; Johnson declares that he meanly retreated before her, and disavowed the application of satires, the aim of which was plain enough to others ; and well he might ; she had the power and the will to repay such favors with ample liberality ; and the "little nightingale, — all sound and no sense," as she bitterly called him, however he may stand in the eyes of posterity, fared no better in those of his own generation for his quarrel with

“that dangerous thing, a female wit.” She was, moreover, the object of the praise of Young, and of the sarcasm of that prince of literary exquisites, Horace Walpole. Her reputation as a writer is principally founded on her letters; they are certainly models of ease and grace, of keen observation and polished wit; but they elevate our respect for her understanding more than they exalt our estimation of her delicacy, and leave upon the reader no strong impression of any lofty traits of character. It is but fair to say that the letters were not published by herself, nor even in her lifetime. The pupil of Burnet, the lady who translated the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus at twenty, might, had the moral purpose not been wanting, have been remembered as the glory of her age; as it is, her memory is scarcely preserved, and is scarcely worth preserving.

Lady Mary long survived her beauty, and lived in comparative retirement abroad for many years before her death. The only female writers of distinction, contemporaneous with her at the latter period of her life, were Elizabeth Carter and Elizabeth Montague; the one a bright example of learning and unpretending piety, the other more remarkable for her influence in society than for her writings. Neither requires much notice as an instance of female literary success. Southey, in his specimens of English poetry, has endeavored to redeem some female poets of this generation from the tomb; but it is impossible to imagine a more melancholy charnel-house than the edifice he has erected to their memory. Scott has also engaged in the same amiable task in the lives of the novelists; but there is really little in the works of those whose biographies he has recorded, to give them an abiding place in the public favor. Nor would one obtain an exalted idea of the influence or estimation of woman, from the novels of the last century, regarded as delineations of society; such writers as Fielding and Smollet, to be sure, could hardly be expected to discover any examples of either, in the haunts they most frequented; but in Richardson, we might expect, if anywhere, to meet them. His ladies, however, are distinguished principally by their passive qualities, and attract us rather as objects of compassion, than from any power which they display over the minds of others. This is natural enough in general; but in the many and massive works of such a painter, who was ambitious to copy nature, some portrait of woman in her most commanding

form would probably have been found, had his observation furnished him with the original of such a picture.

The change, however long delayed, came at last, and the first decided sign of it appeared in the works of Fanny Burney. About sixty years ago, she began to give to the world her animated pictures of society, full of contrasts as deep and striking, as that of the light and shadow of a portrait painted by torch-light. They were doubtless exaggerated, and were indebted to this depth of coloring for much of their effect; but they were also pervaded by a spirit and freshness, which seem like the result of inspiration, when compared with the pedantry and dullness of her later writings. Her first work was *Evelina*, and there are some curious anecdotes on record concerning its reception. "You *must* have it, Madam," thundered Johnson to a female friend; Edmund Burke sat up all night to read it; Sir Joshua Reynolds refused to quit it for his dinner, and, after the fashion of Mr. Oldbuck, read and ate at the same time. "With flying colors," as the author herself remarks in her late strange memoirs of her father, "the work went off." "No imagination," said Burke, "not even the imagination of Miss Burney,—could have invented so extraordinary a character as that of Cardinal Ximenes: no pen,—not even the pen of Miss Burney,—could have described it adequately." Dr. Johnson, after exhausting his eloquence in praise of the work in a large company, proceeded from words to deeds, and set about personating Mr. Smith, one of the vulgar characters of the work, himself. "We thought," says Mrs. Thrale, "that we should have died no other death than that of suffocation, on seeing Dr. Johnson handing about any thing he could catch or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was 'all for the ladies,—every thing that was agreeable to the ladies, except going to church with them.' " Certainly it was no ordinary work, that made such innovation in the brains of these grave personages. Cecilia came next, having been read and admired in manuscript by Mr. Burke before its publication. It was of this work that Lord Thurlow, when conducted into the library of a nobleman whom he was visiting, remarked, "What signify all your fine and flourishing books! Here is a little work (taking Cecilia from his pocket) that's worth them all!" We mention these circumstances, because, from the character of this lady's later productions, one can scarcely form the least conception of that of her earlier ones, and because they serve

very strikingly to shew with what cordiality of welcome the earliest were received. Their defects of style, and extravagance of coloring, strike one more forcibly on a second reading than the first; but they are certainly works of remarkable talent, considering the youth and position of the writer.

Nearly at the same time was presented the strange apparition of a country girl, with no advantages of birth, and no unusual ones of education, the charm of whose conversation places her at once amidst the highest circles of the intellect and fashion of the capital; before whom Johnson composes himself into unusual and reluctant courtesy, and Walpole bows down with instinctive homage; who writes poetry, not of the very first order, but which the first minds of the day are contented to admire, and dramas, which win the rapturous applause of the pit and boxes; who speaks to the sense and feelings of the multitude, when the clouds of revolution are gathering in their wrath, in tones the remembrance of which has long survived the excitement that gave them birth; who next addresses her impressive lessons of morality, with equal power and effect, to the fashionable and the great; and having done this, retires from the sphere she was thus fitted to adorn, in order to instruct the children of the poor; to nourish in solitude the flame of her religious feeling, and make it burn with kind and gentle influence on others, through the closing years of a useful and protracted life. The wise and good of many nations pronounce with grateful reverence the name of Hannah More. It is difficult, at this day, to measure accurately the extent of her influence, great and well-defined as it undoubtedly was, because most of her writings were occasioned by temporary circumstances, and lost, of course, a portion of their interest with the changes of the times. But there is enough to shew, that she possessed the surest evidence of genius, the power to set its seal on other minds; whether she wrote anonymously or under her own name, her writings were welcomed with equal earnestness, and produced equal effect; and if we measure the degree of merit by its influences, it would be hard to point to any superior writer of her age, in the field which she selected; a field, which can hardly be said to be a popular one, and in which talent of no inferior order is required to command success. It was a more certain evidence of ability no less than virtue, that she gave her whole mind and heart to the highest and holiest cause, at a time when the world solicited her with

seductions, which too often tempt our nature beyond its strength. How striking and how delightful is it, to see one to whom the literary princes of the earth did homage, retiring voluntarily from their brilliant circle to labor in a village school, in her quiet retreat at Cheddar; cheerfully encountering the evil report of minds too narrow to comprehend her own; and never pausing in her toil for the welfare of her race, even when pressed by the infirmity that is apt to make the kindest selfish, till her heart was cold in death! The present age will do well to cherish the fame of such a woman; it can find no surer way to exalt its own.

We come next to a name, on which the young and old, of this country as well as of her own, alike delight to dwell;—the name of *Maria Edgeworth*; who, by a fortunate exemption from the ordinary laws of exhaustion and decline, has lately reappeared before the public as a writer, with scarcely less vigor and success, than when thirty years ago she stood without a rival. It was about the beginning of the present century, that she began to pour forth, in beautiful succession, her diversified and striking tales of character and life, with invention as untiring as the eagle's wing, and a generous purity of purpose, that flowed from an unfailing fountain. The earliest of her writings was published several years before. It was well that she should appear, while the star of *Hannah More* was in the ascendant; they shew, by their remarkable and impressive example, that the modes of doing good are as various as the shades of character and talent; though moving at almost the same point of elevation, in the same sphere, neither ever crossed the others' track, or eclipsed the other's light. The inspiration of the one was borrowed from fountains, that flow fast by the oracles of God; her lips were touched with fire from high and holy altars; and this consciousness of an exalted mission gave a corresponding dignity to her efforts, while the natural intensity of purpose which it produced, led her to convey her lessons in the form in which they could most directly reach the heart. The other went forth into the abodes of men, to draw them by gentle persuasion in the way of virtue; not so much by shewing them its innate loveliness, as by convincing them how closely it was connected with their happiness and comfort, the only kind of conviction to which a large portion of mankind will condescend to listen; and in doing this, she spread the sunlight of her generous feeling on all around her, making it shine as brightly in the lowly and familiar places,

as on the cliffs and mountains ; until many, who could not be induced to follow virtue for virtue's sake, were content to do it for their own. We wish she had added to her other titles to admiration, that which is derived from the wisdom from above ; but we cannot forget that while the name of Christianity never escapes her lips, she assiduously labors to promote one of its noble ends, and thus prepares a way, by which religion may gain an entrance into hearts, that never before gave it welcome. Each of these distinguished writers was employed in her own way in the lofty task of making others better ; and they remind us of two instruments of music, the one responding to the winds of heaven, the other struck with the perfection of human skill, mingling together their delightful harmony. Both had in a high degree the power of reformers ; the direct and animated eloquence of one aroused the attention of those, on whose ear the warnings of religion had fallen listlessly and dead ; the other made her representations of morality alluring to the eye, which had long been averted from the frigid portraiture of the writers that went before her.

The range of Miss Edgeworth, great as it is, has very definite limits. She has a conscientiousness about her, which impairs her spirit, when she steps beyond the sphere of her own observation ; within it, she sees and describes with wonderful accuracy and truth, standing at the precise point of view at which every object is represented in the proper light, and in its just relative proportions. Her talent is obviously not adapted to the historical romance, because she does not possess the instinctive faculty of divining how those whom she has never seen, will think, and talk, and act, by studying the thoughts, conversation and actions of the persons with whom she is familiar. Some of the personages whom she has introduced into her novels, accordingly, are cold and formal ; like the bailiffs, introduced as gentlemen in Goldsmith's *Goodnatured man*, who look their parts exceedingly well, but occasionally let slip an astounding imprecation upon all Frenchmen and wooden shoes. On the other hand, her descriptions of Irish life and character are so spirited and vivid, that we never ask whether they are accurate ; we at once feel and know that they are true. In all that appertains to social and ordinary life, she goes below the stillness of the surface, and watches with unerring certainty the force and direction of the under currents, the efficient principles of action. The reader, therefore, surrenders himself at

discretion, because he finds every thing true to nature, true to character, true to life, and is never harassed with those doubts, which sometimes destroy the moral effect of striking delineations. Then her magical invention illuminates the whole, with a radiance like that which our own landscape sometimes presents, when the leafless forest is encrusted with ice, and blazes like a fairy palace in the winter's sun. How happily must the brilliant drapery of fiction be wrapped around the severe beauty of moral instruction, when their blended attractions are made to sink deep in every heart, and find a permanent dwelling-place in all memories! When does mild philosophy appear more charming, than when she gracefully stoops to impress her precepts on the ear of infancy?

Had the present generation produced no other female writers than the two whose merits we have mentioned, it would still have furnished enough to shew, that the intellect of woman may possess commanding influence; but the names of other illustrations of the remarks which we have made throng upon the recollection, and it would require a larger space than we can now command to do them anything like justice. Even in advanced age, we see Miss Baillie still tracing the fiery streams of passion to their sources, — searching into the hidden things of that dark mystery, the heart, — and arraying her startling revelations in the imposing garb of rich and classical poetry. Mrs. Somerville, going still farther beyond the province of inquiry, which custom has allotted to her sex, has invaded the domain of physical science with a power and comprehension, of which few examples are afforded by the living philosophers of her native isle. Miss Martineau has also redeemed that sex from the class of unproductive laborers, by bringing the principles of political economy from the lecture-room and study to the fireside, until the public is ready to share the enthusiasm of the sailor, who exclaimed in reply to one applauding the beauty of the representations in Captain Parry's arctic theatre, "Beautiful! I say 'tis philosophy!" We ought not to forget the graphic pencil of Miss Mitford, who seems to have imbibed a portion of the spirit of Miss Edgeworth, with independent excellencies of her own; nor can we easily forget another, who has associated herself not ingloriously with the best modern poets of her country, and who has just descended to an immature and honored grave, at the moment when she might have been expected to do much more to render permanent a

reputation, which rose with every year of her life. The excellencies of Mrs. Hemans were her own ; she imitated no one but herself ; and she possessed the faculty of investing even barren subjects with so much beauty of sentiment and language, that the associations she awakens are forever bound with them in the recollection of her readers. We are not awed by her power, but attracted rather by her tranquil grace, and still more by the purity, that runs through all her writings ; a quality, which certain commanding poets of our time have held in somewhat light esteem. She aimed at nothing bold and startling, but she accomplished every thing at which she aimed. Those who love to see the waters of poetry overhung by the dark masses of the cloud, or lashed by the tempest into wrath, or heaving and menacing at the very moment of their deepest repose, will find in her writings little to admire ; her course is that of a gentle stream, stealing through meadows carpeted with flowers, and cheerful, even when it flows beneath the depths of shade.

While the literature of Great Britain has been thus adorned by female intellect, our own has not been slow to partake of the regeneration ; there is no doubt that the amount of woman's literary effort, in proportion to the whole, is greater here, and has done more to elevate the national character and her own, than in any other country ; and it should be remembered that those who have labored longest have not yet reached the meridian of their powers, and that what they have already done is not to be taken as the full measure of what they have it in their power to do. When we speak of the female writers of our country, the heart, in the strong language of Johnson, " goes out to meet " Miss Sedgwick ; if no other had yet appeared among us, no other nation would have cause to boast its own superiority. To speak at large of her writings, would be about as superfluous as to gild refined gold, or paint the lily ; they are familiar already to every lover of truth and nature. Deep pathos, perpetual sympathy with all that is generous in feeling, and a keen insight into all that is lofty or noble in character, pervade them all, and inspire no less respect for her moral qualities, than admiration of her talent. To an inventive power and quickness in seizing the delicate shades of society, as well as in presenting them with perfect distinctness, inferior to that of Miss Edgeworth, she unites a faculty of description, and of giving reality and life to the character of

other times, which Miss Edgeworth does not possess, at least in the same degree of perfection ; and in one of the most recent of her publications, to which we shall presently advert more fully, she has exhibited a power of conveying moral truth through the attractive medium of fictitious story, not surpassed by that of any other writer of the time. While she has wielded the sceptre of romance with so much grace and skill, she has been followed with no very unequal steps by other ladies, who share her talent and her name. The range of Mrs. Child is somewhat more diversified ; her first beautiful romance yields to no other, which is founded on our own past history ; she has shewn herself no less at home in the graver department of biography ; and her fine powers have been applied, with equal skill and success, to the task of rendering instruction attractive to the young ; while, in the mean time, one of her publications gives portentous evidence that she has not sacrificed to literature the sub-lunary concerns of domestic economy. We owe to the graphic pen of Miss Leslie some of the most curiously wrought delineations of character and manners ; no Flemish paintings could be more truly colored or accurately drawn. Mrs. Hale has cultivated with success the sister branches of romance and poetry ; and, in another department, the name of Mrs. Farrar holds a distinguished place. It is, however, needless to pursue the enumeration of names, familiar to all readers. A very large amount of talent has been displayed in fugitive efforts, that deserve a record in more enduring forms.

This is a very cursory view of the evidences of the change, of which we have been speaking. So great a change could not come over the form and fashion of literature, without producing some important changes in its spirit ; and in one respect, the alteration is already visible. By a beautiful illustration of justice, it appears to be reserved for woman to do for Christianity in some degree what Christianity did for her, when it raised her to her just position in the social scale, and enabled her to become a bright example of its own beatitude. Such have, accordingly, been the aim and tendency of female literature in general ; we may confidently believe that it will continue to be found on religion's side ; and if such should be the fact, it would be treachery to the great purpose of our being not to welcome it, as a momentous and restoring power. Whoever believes that the ultimate end of science is to instruct, and that of poetry to please, mistakes the matter great-

ly ; the true and only worthy object of literary effort, and all scientific research is, to purify the heart while they enlarge the mind, and thus to render both, according to their humble measure, worthy of the Source to which they owe their powers. Great minds have prostituted their high endowments to base and sordid purposes ; philosophers have labored with insane delight to degrade and vilify their nature ; historians have gone deep into the lore of ages to shew the sad condition of their race, and its still more wretched destiny ; the great masters of the lyre have invested sensuality with the robe and diadem of virtue ; but it is wisely ordained by Providence, that they shall forfeit permanent and enviable fame, while they thus abuse their trust. The only glory to be won by such unholy means is poor and perishable ; it cannot strike its roots deep, and spread forth its giant arms, so as to resist the waste and storms of centuries. The writer, who expects the future generations to rise up and call him blessed, who would add his name to those of the great benefactors of mankind, whose memory shall not fail, must inscribe it on the rock of ages. These are truths, which woman is in far less danger of forgetting than man, from whose memory the pride of intellect or the hope of applause, so frequently obliterates them.

If such is to be the religious character of female writers, their moral influence will of course be great and happy ; this result is equally assured by their social position, and their prevailing qualities of mind and heart. The spirit of man is militant, and whatever be the cause he is engaged in, strikes for victory ; passion sweeps over his purest purposes, and leaves the heart a desert ; interest, the god of this world, takes possession of the abandoned dwelling-place ; rivalry and envy blight, like a summer frost, his generous emotions ; and vanity, the gilded serpent, whispers her temptations not vainly in his ear. It was remarked by Edmund Burke, that nothing in this world is so hard as the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician ; but the same petrifying effect is visible in every pursuit, by which fame and honor are to be won ; because the whole mind, and soul, and strength are thus concentrated on a single object, — an object frequently without relation to the welfare of others. The spirit of philanthropy sometimes takes possession of the bosom. Then the dreams of ambition vanish, the iron grasp of avarice is relaxed. Then the missionary of humanity traverses the arctic snows, and the burning waste ; flies to the

sickly vapors of the prison, and buries himself in the anticipated grave of the hospital ; shrinks from no privation, smiles at all danger, wherever there is evil to be averted, or good to be done ; and if the cause demand the sacrifice, the victim is ready for the altar or the stake. Surely there is nothing in the world more commanding, than this fierce energy of the human mind ; — nothing nobler, when it takes the form of dazzling and enthusiastic virtue ; nothing more absorbing or intense than this stern devotion of the soul, even to a selfish object. But it is not from lips that are sounding forth the war-cry of passion, whether good or evil, that the gentle accents of persuasion are to come ; it is not thus that one mind becomes qualified to commune with another with mild and salutary influence ; least of all, to speak to the young heart in tones that shall win it to the love of virtue. The mind, thus absorbed, stands separate from others by its solitude or elevation. But the gentle voice of woman addresses that heart, when its earliest thoughts may be easily inclined to good, in the soothing accents of interest and tenderness, in the fireside lesson, in the music of the infant hymn ; before it has gone forth to wrestle with temptation, but not before the education for eternity is begun. It speaks to the maturer mind in those accents of truth and reason, which are heard amidst the conflict of contending passions ; and which, however unheeded, are repeated from the opening of life till its last sun goes down. By a peculiar happiness of position, she is in a great degree removed from the influence of those infirmities of the mind, which the world are now disposed to regard as the evidences of its power ; as if the delirium of fever were an indication of the usual temperament, or the fierce effort of convulsion the measure of our ordinary strength. She cannot comprehend, how the intelligent and haughty can be brought to wear the iron fetters of political party with no less triumph, than if they were badges of sovereignty, instead of slavery ; she is slow to understand, how the Christian can obey to the letter all the commandments, except the one expressly given by the Author of his faith ; she is reluctant to believe the humiliating truth, that the applause of mankind is to be won by employing the gifts of God in hostility to Him who gave them. We may surely venture to indulge the hope, that her influence will mitigate the wild excitement of the chase for wealth and fame, tranquillize the angry passions which constantly rebel against the necessary ills of our condition, and

convince men that the way of wisdom is the way of pleasantness and peace.

We know not a more beautiful example of the facility and grace, with which the power of woman's intellect may be thus exerted, than is presented in Miss Sedgwick's little tale, entitled "*Home*." For ourselves, we should hold the applause which she had won before in light esteem, compared with the consciousness, which the effect of this touching story must have given her, of her power to do good. With a single exception, in which a practical lesson is inculcated at variance with the opinions of large portions of the community, we know no production, in which the soundest moral lessons are more attractively conveyed. Its scenes and pictures are generally of a kind, which no writer of the other sex could have exhibited with half so strong and affecting an impression; — they are family pictures, — fireside scenes, — and their images rise up before us, with all those associations, the first to enter and the last to leave the heart, which entwine and cling around the venerable name of home. If anything could render us contented with our fortunes, and anxious to promote the happiness of others, it must be works like this. They will win for their accomplished author a more enduring title to the public gratitude, than any that romance or poetry can give; and if her whole attention should henceforward be exclusively applied to them, she would only enhance her pure and exalted fame.

With such examples before us of what female talent can accomplish, as those to which we have alluded, we cannot well point to any literary department, in which it is likely henceforth to be exclusively displayed; for even while we are engaged in speculating in regard to its capacities, they may be developed in novel forms and to a hitherto unknown extent. A few years ago, no one would have indicated scientific research, as likely to become the field for their exertion. It may probably, however, be safely assumed, that those branches which belong to the province of imagination, are those to which woman will be most inclined by her prevailing taste and qualities; and in these she is eminently fitted to excel. Among these branches, the fashion of the day has attached unusual interest to romantic fiction; and there is no doubt that this, under the guidance of true observation and sound principle, may be an active handmaid of virtue. Those who are most

inclined to doubt its value, object to it on the ground of what all admit to be its abuse and imperfection ; nobody denies that false representations of life and character are of pernicious tendency, but it is far from following, that just ones are injurious also. On the contrary, they stand to us in the stead of experience, by connecting causes with their consequences, and presenting moral results, often more directly than we can trace them in real life ; nor is it an evil that this is done in an attractive way ; if ornament be necessary to captivate and gratify, we know not why morality should scorn to wear it. Some of the most instructive lessons, and those which come the nearest to the heart, are to be drawn from social life ; but they lose at once their value, when they are without fidelity to nature ; and this sort of truth is one of those graces, which romance has been much too slow to acquire, and too ready to part with. One may as well study human nature in *Gulliver* or *Peter Wilkins*, as in the greater portion of our novels. We may anticipate with confidence, that much female talent will take this direction, and that, combined with the keen observation and power of description with which it is rarely unaccompanied, it will raise the standard of excellence in this branch of literature, while it accomplishes real and extensive good. There is one thing which woman may certainly effect in it ; she may do her own sex justice ; a point on which the novelists of the other sex have not been very scrupulous ; and when a striking example of female character is wanted, she may create a *Belinda* or *Lady Geraldine*, instead of a *Meg Merrilies* or *Norna*. In poetry, too, she may find a fit province for her genius. There she may gather flowers that never will in other climates grow. Her eye may not look with piercing brightness through the lower clouds, and gaze undazzled on the seraphim around the throne ; she may not send forth strains of more than mortal depth and fullness, like the few, who have been invested with angelic attributes below ; but her voice will be heard in those aspirations for higher things, — in those breathings of a lovely and confiding spirit, — which shew what poetry is, when it fulfils its worthy office of withdrawing the mind from the earthly and material, to fix it on that which is spiritual and undying. In short, she may display her happy and improving influence in all those branches of literature, which are most nearly connected with the welfare of mankind, and tend to exalt and dignify our nature ; and thus

redeem them from the discredit in which they are apt to be involved, by the unworthiness of those who abuse, while they pretend to cultivate them.

The two ladies, whose writings we propose to notice, present of themselves an assurance, that our expectations are not wholly groundless. About twenty years ago, at the very outset of our critical labors, the earliest publication of Mrs. Sigourney, then Miss Huntley was reviewed in this journal. It was considered as evincing much real merit and still greater promise, and derived an additional claim to attention from the circumstances under which it was prepared; circumstances reflecting so much credit on the author, that a slight allusion to them here will not be thought indelicate. She was indebted for her education to her own exertions; in early life she had none of the advantages, which affluence and leisure can bestow; yet, under the pressure of various inconveniences, she cultivated with success the art to which she owes her fame. It remained to be seen, whether, under other and more favorable circumstances, she would retain the same inclination, and go on improving in the way to which her youthful tastes inclined her. This was by no means certain; many are the ladylike accomplishments, which, like the burden of the pilgrim, are thrown aside with infinite satisfaction, at certain eventful stages in life's journey; but the reputation she has since acquired has been so general, that we need hardly say how our hopes have been fulfilled. Without devoting her attention exclusively to poetry, or engaging in the composition of any extensive work, Mrs. Sigourney has continued from time to time to give to the public, principally through the medium of the magazines and annuals, a variety of productions, by which she has acquired a high rank as a popular and useful writer.

The volume before us is a collection of the poetical productions, which the author has thought proper to publish in a more permanent form. Some of its contents were written at a very early age; others, as she herself assures us, were composed at later periods, amidst domestic occupations or maternal cares; and the greater portion of them were suggested by passing circumstances, and may be regarded as extemporary in their nature. She describes them "as the wild flowers which have sprung up in the dells, or among the clefts of the rock;" but we feel ourselves entitled to assure her, that they will neither bloom like the wild flowers in solitude, nor fade as

soon ; they will be more likely to be numbered among the lasting favorites of the garden. Such writings do not ask nor admit of the display of some of the very highest attributes of poetry, and to these Mrs. Sigourney presents no claim. The excellence of all her poems is quiet and unassuming. They are full of the sweet images and bright associations of domestic life ; its unobtrusive happiness, its unchanging affections, and its cares and sorrows ; of the feelings naturally inspired by life's vicissitudes from the cradle to the death-bed ; of the hopes that burn, like the unquenched altar fire, in that chosen dwelling place of virtue and religion. The light of a pure and unostentatious faith shines around them, blending with her thoughts and giving a tender coloring to her contemplations, like the melancholy beauty of our own autumnal scenery. Sometimes she watches the gorgeous array of the clouds at sunset, but her eye looks beyond them to the habitation of the disembodied spirit ; sometimes she muses at the eventide, and the forms of the loved and lost are present to her view ; presently she carries us to the domestic fireside, and while dwelling on its blessings, points to the great Source from which they flow ; again, we see the mother at the bedside of her dying boy, or herself extended on the bed of death,—and the lofty aspirations of the Christian faith invest the verse with a dignity appropriate to their own sublimity. Mrs. Sigourney's habitual tone of thought is pensive, but not melancholy ; serious, but not severe ; and her views of life, without being joyous, are not shaded by repulsive gloom. Every subject she touches is made the fountain of calm reflection, which is often striking, and always pure. If she do not often excite the reader to enthusiastic admiration, she generally leaves a strong impression of her power, and never fails to inspire respect for the qualities of her mind and heart.

Mrs. Sigourney's versification is, in general, correct and sweet ; although, in this respect there are occasional instances of want of care. The effect of short pieces, like the greater part of her's, very much depends upon the delicacy and perfection of their finish ; in those of greater magnitude, the attention is withdrawn from minute defects, or they are lost in a comprehensive survey of the general proportions ; as an imperfection, which would pass unheeded in a panorama, is at once detected in a cabinet picture. Her writings in blank verse are, however, remarkable for the music of their flow. In their

style of thought and expression, they remind us of those passages of Cowper, where the movement of the verse is in perfect keeping with the gravity and tenderness of the subject. Like him, she is attracted only by Nature's soothing and gentle aspects; her spirit holds no communion with the elements in their wrath; she takes no delight in witnessing the whirlwind and the storm; she looks on all the seasons, as they change, not to people them with images of gloom, but to draw from them whatever of happiness and instruction they can give. A voice of praise is uttered in her Winter Hymn; the beautiful drapery of the woods in autumn reminds her less of approaching decay, than of the newness of life which is to follow. We could not desire that the moral influence of her writings should be other than it is; while she pleases the fancy, she elevates the heart.

Great as Mrs. Sigourney's merit certainly is, she has not yet displayed it with so much effect as she may and will do, if she shall be inclined to render poetry a more exclusive object of pursuit. Thus far, it has evidently been little more than the amusement of her leisure hours; with less divided attention, she has the power of accomplishing higher and better things. The productions before us are ornaments, wrought without much effort by taste and ingenuity; they resemble the lighter works, with which the scientific inventor occupies the time that he can spare from his severer labors. Whenever, instead of limiting her range to that portion of the atmosphere which can be traversed with a light and careless wing, she shall prepare herself for an adventurous flight, she cannot fail to gain a permanent place in the public favor.

As an illustration of her sensibility to natural beauty, and of the grace with which she describes it, we extract "A Cottage Scene."

"I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised its head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles, — and the winds,

Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother nature's breath, — and heard the trump
Of those gay insects, at their honied toil
Shining like winged jewelry, — and drank
The healthful odor of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets; — but most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength to run
My weary race; — lifting a thankful prayer
To *Him* who shewed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven."

The following lines, written "on seeing the deaf, dumb and blind girl sitting for her portrait," afford a just idea of the natural and pleasing sentiment, with which the author knows how to invest her subjects. There is apparently an imperfection in the second line of the first stanza.

"Heaven guide thee, artist! Though thy skill
Can make the enthusiast's passion tear,
And catch expression's faintest thrill,
What power shall prompt thy pencil here?

She hath no eye, — God quenched its beam;
No ear, — though thunder's trump be blown,
No speech, — her spirit's voiceless stream
Flows dark, unfathomed and unknown.

Yet hath she joys, though none may know
Their germ, their impulse, or their power;
And oft her kindling features glow
In meditation's lonely hour,

Or when unfolding blossoms breathe
Their fragrance 'neath a vernal sky,
Or feeling weaves its wild-flower wreath
As some remembered friend draws nigh,

Then doth the heart its love reveal,
Though lip and eye are sealed the while,
And then do wildering graces steal
To paint their language on her smile.

For still the undying soul may teach
Without a glance, a tone, a sigh,
And well canst thou its mirrored speech
Interpret to the wondering eye.

What though her locked and guarded mind
Doth foil philosophy divine,
Till even reason fails to find
A clue to that untravelled shrine,

Yet may thine art with victor sway
Win laurels from this desert wild,
And to a future age portray
Mysterious nature's hermit child."

Several of the remarks, which we have made in reference to Mrs. Sigourney, will apply with equal justice to Miss Gould. This lady has been for some years very favorably known, chiefly by the fugitive pieces which she has contributed to many of our most popular periodical works. Within a year or two, she has collected these and published them in a separate volume, which has already received a very strong expression of the general sentiment in its favor, by the demand for a third edition, a compliment very rarely paid in our generation to any of the sons or daughters of song. One of the principal attractions of her writings is their perfect freedom from pretension; she composes without the slightest effort to do more than to express her own thoughts in the most unaffected language; in this way, however, she produces more effect, than she could do by laborious effort. The sin of affectation is the one, which most easily besets the poet, for the reason that it wears the air of novelty; whoever undertakes to describe feelings which we have never experienced, and to express sentiments which have rarely figured in verse before, or even to clothe familiar ideas and feelings in a masquerade dress, will be pretty sure to attract admiration, until the public have had time to detect his borrowed plumage, when he is likely enough to be dealt with according to the most rigorous canon of the law. In this respect, Miss Gould never offends; she is uniformly faithful to

nature. Like Mrs. Sigourney, she gathers the wild flowers of the rock and dell; and she does more; she collects those which many pass by unnoticed, as too common and familiar to be entitled to a place in an ornamental garland; but she looks upon them as the works of God, and fitted to convey a striking and impressive moral. We confess that we like this disposition to see and welcome beauty wherever it is to be found, without regard to the rarity or estimation of the object in which it dwells. It is, doubtless, the secret of her popularity; she sees in the retiring ground-laurel, the no less timid anemone, the crocus in its snowy winding-sheet, the hyacinth bursting from its temporary grave, the emblems of our own vicissitudes. Nothing in nature is without its moral lesson; she finds instruction in the solitary snowflake, the little bower of violets, the forsaken nest of the bird, and even in the breast-pin, the lost kite, and the playthings of infancy. But tones of deeper feeling come forth from the winter funeral, the prayer of the broken-hearted, the empty bier by the church-yard gate, the soul's farewell to its earthly prison. These are some of the diversified subjects on which she loves to dwell; she invests them with sentiment and imagery, sometimes familiar, sometimes new, but always in harmony with true and amiable feeling, and awakening associations to which no bosom is a stranger. This power of investing the objects around us with moral associations may be too freely exercised, and there are some instances in the volume before us in which the familiar sinks into the homely, and the rock is struck in the unreasonable hope, that the living waters of poetry will flow; but such instances are very rare, and scarcely cast a shade over the good taste and excellent feeling, which characterize her writings.

Several imitations of the Scottish are given at the close of the volume. They are not, as respects the truth and beauty of the sentiment, inferior to the rest; but there is not one of them that would not appear to more advantage in an English dress. The Scottish dialect comes gracefully from the lips of Burns, because it was his own, and because he wrote for the peasantry of Scotland; but it loses all its beauty, when it ceases to be natural, and is then entitled to no higher praise than that which is due to an easy imitation. We never witness a disposition to copy the manner or peculiarities, to which circumstances have given popularity, without regret; it is so rarely witnessed

in Miss Gould, that we allude to it now, rather in reference to others than to her; excepting in the single particular which we have mentioned, it is one from which she is wholly free; but it is quite too common, and involves an error of the same sort, as an imitation of the gait or dress; for the very peculiarities, so assiduously imitated, are invariably the least attractive characteristics, and not unfrequently the most serious defects of the model.

The following lines, on the subject of "The Lily," present an interesting specimen of the style and sentiment of the author.

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine —
To find its name on his unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?
In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines,
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
That wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest thoughts
Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a fair specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the Lily of the field,
Declared the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!"

There is an air of originality in the following lines. Their title, "The Consignment," is not, perhaps, sufficiently descriptive of their character.

"Fire, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence entrust;
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This, — in childhood's rosy morn,
This was gaily filled and sent.
Childhood is forever gone ;
Here, — devouring element.
This was friendship's cherished pledge ;
Friendship took a colder form ;
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be bright and warm.

These, — the letter and the token,
Never more shall meet my view !
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too !
This, — 'twas penned while purest joy
Warmed the heart and lit the eye ;
Fate, that peace did soon destroy,
And its transcript now will I.

This must go ! for, on the seal,
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel ;
'Twas a heart-string breaking too !
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence, thou waking shade of grief,
Go, forever disappear !

This is his, who seemed to be
High as heaven, and fair as light ;
But the visor rose, and he, —
Spare, Oh memory ! spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath,
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame !

These, — the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came ! 'Tis pain to save
Cold remains of sundered ties.
Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart !
Still, my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part !"

A portion of the contents of this volume is designed for the entertainment and instruction of the young. The pieces to which we allude are full of simple beauty, and are well adapted to produce a pleasing and salutary impression on the mind.

Since its publication, we have seen in various journals poems from the pen of Miss Gould, superior in spirit and elegance to any which it contains. We trust that she will continue to employ her powers in the way which she has thus fortunately selected; for we feel assured that, in proportion as she advances her literary reputation, she will not fail to promote the cause of morality and virtue.

ART. IX. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

Sartor Resartus: in three Books. Reprinted for friends, from Fraser's Magazine. London. 1834.

THIS little work, which, as the title-page informs us, was first published in successive portions in Fraser's Magazine, comes before us under rather suspicious circumstances. It purports to be a sort of commentary, by an anonymous writer, on a late work upon the Philosophy of Dress, or Clothes, by Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Professor of the Science of Things in General at the University of Weissnichtwo in Germany. The commentator represents himself as having made the acquaintance of this writer, some years ago, on a visit to the place of his residence; and gives a pretty full description of his personal habits and character, to which we may advert hereafter. Some time after his return, the commentator, or, as he calls himself, the editor, received from his German friend a copy of the work just alluded to, the title of which, at full, is as follows: *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken*, (Clothes, their origin and influence,) von *Diogenes Teufelsdröckh J. U. D. &c. Stillschweigen and Co. Weissnichtwo*. The volume was accompanied by a number of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, containing a notice of it in the following favorable terms. "Here comes a volume of that extensive close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo; issuing from the hitherto irreproachable firm of Stillschweigen and Co. with every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality, as to set neglect at defiance. A work," concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic reviewer, "interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophical thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynxeyed acuteness, and rugged, independent Germanism and philanthropy, (*derben Kerndeutschheit*

und Menschenliebe,) which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of philosophy in our German Temple of Honor."

The volume was also accompanied by a letter from the author, containing, as is said, a variety of compliments and encomiums upon "the present Editor," but no other instruction in regard to the work than a hope, intimated in the concluding phrase, that it might meet with success in England:—*Möchte es auch im Britischen Boden gedeihen.*

Our commentator, or editor, as he prefers to call himself, on the first perusal of this "remarkable volume," perceived that it exhibited what he affects to consider as an entirely new system of philosophy, and in the author an almost unexampled personal character. Having mastered the contents of the work, he was deliberating rather anxiously upon the best method of imparting to the public the treasure which he supposed himself to have acquired, when his zeal was still farther excited by a letter which he unexpectedly received from Counsellor *Heuschrecke*, the most intimate friend of Teufelsdröckh, with whom our editor had not been in previous correspondence. The counsellor, it seems, after much extraneous matter, entered at large upon the subject of the work in question, described it as creating an extraordinary sensation throughout all Germany, and at length hinted, with much circumlocution, at the practicability of conveying some knowledge of it and of its author to England, and through England to the Far West. The counsellor added, that if our commentator were disposed to undertake a biography of Professor Teufelsdröckh, he (Counsellor Heuschrecke) had it in his power to furnish the requisite documents. This letter decided the previously irresolute purpose of our editor, and he immediately made an arrangement with the publisher of Fraser's Magazine to furnish him with a series of articles upon the Philosophy of Clothes, and its author.

After commencing and making some progress in his work, the editor represents himself as receiving from his correspondent Heuschrecke another voluminous and discursive letter, accompanying the promised documents, which proved to be a sort of irregular autobiography, consisting of a mass of papers, written by the professor himself upon all sorts of subjects, including his own life and adventures;—the whole deposited

in "six considerable paper bags, carefully sealed, and marked successively in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the six southern zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra." The editor complains very much of the confusion in which he found these materials, and of the great trouble that he had in collecting from them the facts which he wanted. By dint of hard labor and great perseverance, he finally succeeded in putting together a sort of biography, which occupies the second book of the commentary before us. In the third and last, the editor returns to his task, and concludes his summary of the contents of the work.

Such is the account, given by the "present editor," of the origin of this little work. Though professing in general a good deal of respect for his author, he at times deals pretty freely with him: — "Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh!" and even "Thou rogue!" are among the titles which are occasionally bestowed on him. For ourselves, we incline to the opinion, that the only rogue in the company is the "present editor." We have said that the volume came before the public under rather suspicious circumstances, and, after a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is, that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six paper bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the "present editor" is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject; — in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is in plain English, a *hum*.

Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, excepting what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen und Co.* — Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly magazine, published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the

matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves, here in New England, upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch mother-land, as our brethren of the fast-anchored isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the “extensive, close-printed, close-meditated volume,” which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the “present editor,” upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*,—“Know-not-where,” at which place the work is supposed to have been printed and the author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole, but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Eucpffuhl*,—“Duck-pond,”—where the supposed author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond, is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile, at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that “he had searched to no purpose through all the Herald’s books in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscribers-lists, Militia-Rolls, and other Name-Catalogues;” but had nowhere been able to find the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person.” We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor *Heuschrecke*,—Grasshopper,—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a “fair business transaction.” The same may be said of *Blumine*,—Flower-Goddess,—the heroine of the fable, and so of the rest.

In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth, as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity ; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*, — the Tailor Patched, — which the present editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes every where the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maidens, — *virginibus puerisque*, — and calls upon them by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will, — to use the mildest terms, — not be in very good

humor. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenor of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigor, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature, and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.

From what has been said, our readers will gather, with sufficient assurance, that the work before us is a sort of philosophical romance in which the author undertakes to give, in the form of a review of a German treatise on dress, and a notice of the life of the writer, his own opinions upon Matters and Things in General. The hero, Professor Teufelsdröckh, seems to be intended for a portrait of human nature as affected by the moral influences to which, in the present state of society, a cultivated mind is naturally exposed. Teufelsdröckh is a foundling, brought up by poor but respectable parents, and educated for the legal profession. He is called to the bar, or as the phrase is in Germany, admitted as a listener (*auscultator*), and having little business and no property, finds himself rather at a loss for the means of subsistence. While lingering in this uncertain state, he forms an acquaintance with an English traveller, named Towgood, and is patronized to a certain extent by Count Zahdarm, a nobleman whose lady occasionally invites him to a sort of entertainment, which would be called here a blue-stock-ing party, or *Blue Congress*, but which is dignified in Germany by the more classical title of an *æsthetic tea*. At one of these "æsthetic teas," he falls in love with the Flower-Goddess

Blumine, alluded to above, who seems to be a sort of *demoiselle de compagnie* to the Countess, and who, after lending for a time an apparently favorable ear to his suit, all at once changes her mind, and marries his English friend Towgood. This result increases the uneasiness under which Teufelsdröckh was previously laboring, and he finally quits his profession and place of residence, and sets forth upon his travels, which appear to have been extensive, and are described with sufficient exactness, though in general terms. The worst thing about his case is, that in addition to want, idleness, and disappointment in love and friendship, he fell into a kind of scepticism, or rather absolute unbelief. From this, however, he is gradually restored by a series of changes in his intellectual and moral character, amounting altogether to a sort of philosophical conversion. These changes are described in successive chapters under the titles of the *Everlasting No*, the *Centre of Indifference*, and the *Everlasting Yes*, which may be said to constitute the kernel of the work. Being now in a comfortable frame of mind, the wanderer appeals to his pen as a means of obtaining subsistence, and by a diligent use of it obtains pretty soon the professorship of Things in General at the University of Nobody-knows-where. Here he flourishes in tranquil contentment, and publishes the remarkable, close-printed, close-meditated volume, which forms the subject of the present editor's learned commentary.

Such is the general outline of the story. As a specimen of the style, we extract the following account of the first appearance in the world of the learned professor of *Allerley-Wissenschaft*.

“ ‘In the village of Entepfuhl,’ thus writes he, in the *Bag Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, ‘dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful, though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederic the Great; but now quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell; on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbors that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once with

his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, *Schweig Du Hund* (Peace, hound!) before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. '*Das nenn'ich mir einen Koenig*,' "there is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: 'but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting in his eyes.'

"Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, 'the woman-kind will not drill (*wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren*):' nevertheless, she at least loved him both for valor and wisdom; to her a Prussian grenadier-Sergeant and Regiment's-Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*); that understood Buesching's Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him, as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked, and sewed, and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental-sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment where, on pegs of honor, they hung, looked ever trim and gay; a roomy painted cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-colored from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats, where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused garden-talent, had made it what you saw.

"Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that a stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschaetzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfaeltigst benuetzt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schwerem Zinsen, wird's einst zurueckgefordert*, 'Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.' Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, for-

ever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, so noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlor-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappings, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but in the softest sleep, a little red-colored Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other document or indication none whatever.

"To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighboring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to do with this little sleeping red-colored Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavor; thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself, in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDROECKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.

"Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression.' 'Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided

out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas! I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard: but he too must repel me, he too was not thou.

“‘And yet, O Man born of Woman,’ cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, ‘wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst, thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.’

“‘The little green veil,’ adds he, among much similar moralizing, and embroiled discoursing, ‘I yet keep; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father’s name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald’s Books, in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Praenumeranten*), Militia-Rolls and other Name-Catalogues; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name of Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian ‘Diogenes’ mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humor? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich must leave an ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influence of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often

have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at and slung at, wounded, handfettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled, by the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

“For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, nay, almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round the Earth-visiting Me; to which it thenceforth cleaves more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam’s first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same, be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods?—In a very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief and he will steal*; in an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*”

‘Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavoring daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of,—Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a flesh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation, grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay, Poetries and Religions?’

“Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such di-

minutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat and thrived. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that Time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering."

After a detailed account of the adventures of the Professor at schools, academies and colleges, we come to a chapter, entitled *Romance*, which describes his unfortunate flirtation with the Flower-Goddess.

"‘For long years,’ writes Teufelsdröckh, ‘had the poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force: For what? — *Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable? — Come of it what might, I resolved to try.’

"Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not a *Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter, Northwest Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere? — A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

"‘If in youth,’ writes he once, ‘the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in

this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Personlichkeit*) is ever holy to us ; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love : but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us ? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him ? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike ! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth ; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

"In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve ; nor in the stately vistas and flowerage and foliage of that Garden is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier if Cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men ; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when Shame is still an impassable celestial barrier ; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality ; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free !

"As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them ; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-colored angel plumage ; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea* : all of air they were, all Soul and Form ; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*) — *Ach Gott !* how could he hope it ; should he not have died under it ? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

"Thus was the young man, if all sceptical of Demons and Angels, such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Skyborn, who visibly and audibly hovered round him whereso he went ; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly

and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility, and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, 'Thou too mayest love and be loved;' and so kindle him, — good Heaven! what a volcanic earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled!

"Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonized tinder of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humor enough; the whole lying in such hot neighborhood, close by a 'reverberating furnace of Fantasy:' have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, must one day, leaving 'the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,' flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendor, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt out; and the young soul relieved, with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'Crater of an extinct volcano!'

"From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our Philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love: here, therefore, may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh, give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only; for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art,

indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

"Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeaned himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendor and color, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what pre-established Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

"We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; high-born, and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the *Gnädige Frau*, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

"'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee; were it even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Artis* he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder? Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of granite; glittering in the western Sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the

Libyan Waste ; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze ; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

" But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed in his *Relatio ex Actis* ; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine ; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Garden-house, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers ; if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of harps and pure voices making the stillness live. Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. ' Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odors of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company ; in front, from the wide opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peak, so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures : it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself.' How came it that the wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahnungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host ? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut ; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him ; to mock him, and to see whether there were Humor in him ?

" Next moment he finds himself presented to the party ; and specially by name to, — Blumine ! Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden ! whom he bent to, in body and in soul ; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

" ' Blumine's was a name well known to him ; far and wide, was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices : from all which vague colorings of rumor, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming, warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places ; that light yet so stately form ; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps : but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his ; how should she ever think of him ? O Heaven ! how should they so much as once meet together ? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him ; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him ; if he speak she will hear it ! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine her-

self might have aforetime noted the so unnotable; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favor for him? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then; pole and pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into neighborhood? Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when once near its Moon! With the wanderer it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses; and all that was painful, and all that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

"Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded up his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius (*Daemon*) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Shew thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery victory; and, borne on new-found wings of victory moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; wherein also Fantasy bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues."

"It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine;' who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring forth Philistinism (*Philistiositaeten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, the 'discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention: nay, what if there were a slight tre-

mor in that silver voice? what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush?

“ ‘The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle: for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapor; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aerial on the mountain tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of man's Existence decline into dusk and darkness; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

“ ‘To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper: It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.’

“ ‘Poor Teufelsdröckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a ‘man of genius’ also sigh for her; and there, by art magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. ‘Love is not altogether a delirium,’ says he elsewhere; ‘yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case, too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight; on the so petty domain of the Actual, plants its Archimedes lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man: his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy planets and

solar systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before.' Alas, witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the Earth held but one, and not several of these!

"He says, that in Town, they met again: 'day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet all in darkness: him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! "She looks on thee," cried he: "she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's blessings be hers!" Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often the inarticulate mystic speech of Music: such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Eolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart, and soul, and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.

"Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay, into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter or Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her soft, fervid bosom, the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre,

hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question: What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? 'Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human Kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shews more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.'

"Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendor it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How, from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organized? Besides, of what profit were it? We view with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand bags, and confused wreck, fast enough, into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself; considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene.

"One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, they were to meet no more.' The thunder-struck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him: and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam! said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one, — for the first time, and for the last!' Thus was

Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then, — ‘thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe, was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.’”

The Professor now sets forth upon his travels, melancholy enough, as may be supposed. The uneasiness of mind under which he labored, and his first attempts to escape from it, are described in the following passage.

“‘So had it lasted,’ concludes the Wanderer, ‘so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust’s Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom He finds in Battle’s splendor,) and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no Hope, neither had I any definite Fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining Fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless Jaws of a devouring Monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

“‘Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserabest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de-l’Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar’s Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: “What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatso it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it, and defy it!” And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul: and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god.

Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

“Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das Ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: “Behold, thou art fatherless, out-cast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil’s);” to which my whole Me now made answer: “I am not thine, but Free, and for ever hate thee!”

“It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.”

He is now comparatively comfortable and looks about him with more curiosity, and interest upon the world.

“Though, after this ‘Baphometric Fire-baptism’ of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, ‘Indignation and Defiance,’ especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de l’Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit; whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

“Accordingly, if we scrutinize these Pilgrimings well, there is, perhaps, discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay that will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many ‘Saint’s Wells,’ and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceas-

ing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly, on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

" 'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there; and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bel-lows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

" 'Of man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has required of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays, (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS? where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schoenbrunn, to Downing street, to the Palais Bourbon: thou findest nothing there, but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where then is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

" 'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals;

their tilled fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong ; and thirdly, — Books. In which third truly, the last-invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair ; more like a tilled Field, but then a spiritual Field : like a spiritual Tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages) ; and yearly comes its new produce of Leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems ; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-Burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor ; but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. — Fool ! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervor, to gaze on the stone Pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara ? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years : but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's version thereof ? ”

The Pilgrim's progress through the *Centre of Indifference* to the high table-land of the *Everlasting Yes*, is thus narrated.

“ He says : ‘ The hot Harmattan-wind had raged itself out ; its howl went silent within me ; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings ; and sat me down to wait, and consider ; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say : Fly, then, false shadows of Hope ; I will chase you no more. I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you ; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here ; for I am way-weary and life-weary ; I will rest here, were it but to die : to die or to live is alike to me ; alike insignificant. ’ — And again : ‘ Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE ; cast, doubtless, by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Sebst-toedtung*), had been happily accomplished ; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved. ’

"Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep;' that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land;' and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? Were it not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected. However, in Teufels-droeckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire:

"Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the Azure Dome; and around me, for walls, Four azure flowing curtains,—namely, of the four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives, at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husband's kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the world in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance; round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sun-beam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grimwhite, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a world, O Nature!—Or what is Nature?

Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God?" O Heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

" 'Foreshadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangele. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

" 'With other eyes too could I now look upon my fellow-man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the Royal Mantle or the Beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden? and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*;' by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me.'

"The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavoring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands; meanwhile, for my own private behoof,

I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one Shoeblick HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoeblick also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less: *God's Infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus! speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblick they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

"But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-Conceit there is in each of us, — do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used? — I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator, as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

"I asked myself: what is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it, in a word: is it not because thou art not

HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy? Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.'

"*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou too honored to be taught: O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it? O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVER-LASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

"And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*?' The Temple thereof, opened some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'"

We must here close our extracts from this little volume, which, as our readers, we trust, are by this time aware, contains, under a quaint and singular form, a great deal of deep thought, sound principle, and fine writing. It is, we believe, no secret in England or here, that it is the work of a person to whom the public is indebted for a number of articles in the late British Reviews, which have attracted great atten-

tion by the singularity of their style, and the richness and depth of their matter. Among these may be mentioned particularly those on *Characteristics* and the *Life of Burns* in the Edinburgh Review, and on *Goethe* in the Foreign Quarterly. We have been partly led to take this notice of the work before us by the wish, which the author expresses, that a knowledge of his labors might penetrate into the Far West. We take pleasure in introducing to the American public a writer, whose name is yet in a great measure unknown among us, but who is destined, we think, to occupy a large space in the literary world. We have heard it intimated, that Mr. Carlyle has it in contemplation to visit this country, and we can venture to assure him, that, should he carry this intention into effect, he will meet with a cordial welcome. If his conversation should prove as agreeable as his writings, and he should feel a disposition to take up his abode in the "Far West," we have little doubt that he may find in some one of the hundred universities of our country, a *Weissnichtwo*, at which he may profess his favorite science of Things-in-General with even more satisfaction and advantage, than in the Edinburgh Review or Fraser's Magazine.

ART. X. — *Worcester's Dictionary.*

A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language ; with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture and Modern Geographical Names. By J. E. WORCESTER. Carefully revised and enlarged. Boston. 1835.

MR. WORCESTER is not one of those persons who are disposed to shrink from labor ; on the contrary, he appears to love hard work for its own sake, and to be led by inclination to those objects of pursuit, in which most men are with difficulty induced to engage by the urgency of some controlling motive. We have already had occasion more than once to draw the attention of our readers to the results of his industry. Nearly twenty years ago, he became known to the public by his geographical researches. His *Universal Gazetteer* was

published in 1817, and a second edition of it but a few years after. This was a very comprehensive and valuable work, and met with as favorable a reception, as could well be anticipated for any of the same dimensions ; indeed, we are inclined to believe that the author would find his account in publishing another edition of it at the present time, with such improvements and additions as the change of circumstances might require. To this succeeded a *Gazetteer of the United States*, and the *Elements of Geography* ; the last obtained a very extensive circulation, and is now, we believe, used in many of our schools as a manual of the branch of science of which it treats. All the publications which we have named required a minute accuracy, as well as a wide extent of investigation ; the character which they all acquired sufficiently shews that they were executed with judgment and ability ; for this is a department, in which the deficiencies of an author are not to be concealed for any length of time, and are by no means easily forgiven. To these succeeded the *Elements of History* and the *Historical Atlas*. Passing from this field, in which his success had been quite flattering, Mr. Worcester entered upon another, not less laborious, nor demanding less attention and fidelity, — that of a lexicographer. The first results of his labor in this line were displayed by his publication of *Johnson's Dictionary*, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers. While engaged in the preparation of that work, he formed the plan of the *Comprehensive Dictionary*, which is now before us ; but the execution of it was postponed for a season, in consequence of an engagement into which he had entered to prepare an abridgment of the *American Dictionary of Dr. Webster*. When he had completed this engagement, he resumed his own plan, and published the work about five years ago. Several impressions of it have since been called for, and he has repeatedly revised and enlarged it with much expense of time and labor, until it has assumed the form in which it now appears. The *Elementary Dictionary* is the last of his publications. In the mean time, Mr. Worcester is understood to have been the editor of the *American Almanac*, since the first year of its publication, and to have prepared all its contents, with the exception of the astronomical department ; and this is no mean title to distinction ; for there are very few works, in which so

much information, of a kind not easily accessible, is presented with so much authenticity. In all his publications, he has exhibited a conscientious love of accuracy, as well as intelligence, which has stamped them all with a superior value in the estimation of those whose favorable judgment in matters of the sort is most to be desired.

We confess that we look with respect upon men of industry and talent, who are willing to devote themselves to the investigation of subjects, in which the exhibition of those qualities is very slow to be appreciated, because there is little in the result of their researches calculated to strike the imagination. To one who reflects upon the importance of preserving our language in a state of purity, it is really surprising to see with how little compunction men are willing to murder it, or at least to subject it to relentless torture; and how little gratitude they entertain for those, who teach them to save their credit, by conducting themselves with more humanity. It is no easy matter to arrest and prosecute to judgment the foreign interloping words, particularly French ones, which are perpetually intruding themselves into our language, where their absence is much preferable to their company, with the aid, we must say, of some of our own writers, who ought to exhibit more patriotism and more discretion; but an achievement of this sort, wearisome though it be, is even more exciting than the task of pursuing doubtful etymologies far back into the dim regions of departed tongues, of establishing the local habitation of controverted accents, or of settling the questionable claims of suspicious letters to the residence in particular words, which they may have gained by accident or usage. The results of assiduous toil in this department of philology, valuable and even necessary as they are, are apt to be fatiguing to the laborer, while they are not very imposing in the eyes of others. When, therefore, we see a man like Mr. Worcester, willing to engage in it with the intensity of purpose, and fidelity of execution, that he brings to every subject upon which he enters, we owe him something more than a cold and formal acknowledgment; he is entitled to receive at least a portion of the commendation, which is not unfrequently bestowed by the public upon less important labors. In this country, in the absence of any such standard to preserve the purity of language as the French

Academy have established for their own, and having no reason to anticipate that any authoritative one will soon be provided, we must be content to rely, like our English brethren, upon the authority of individuals, whose influence in the estimation of the community will be proportioned to their talent, diligence, and devotion to their task. Among these individuals, a high place will be assigned, by common consent, to the author of the work before us.

Mr. Worcester's object, in undertaking to prepare his Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary, was to remedy certain defects, which appeared to him to exist in the works of a similar kind, generally used in our schools. The most prominent of these deficiencies were found in the number of words which these dictionaries contained, and in their definitions and rules of pronunciation. He has adopted the works of Johnson and Walker as the basis of his own; but has given six thousand more words than are contained in the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the latter. A large number of technical terms employed in the various arts and sciences are given, with their appropriate definitions; so are also many of the words from other languages familiarly used by English writers, but their foreign origin is at the same time indicated, and in various instances, the American or provincial uses of terms are pointed out. These are points, respecting which a dictionary is constantly consulted, and on which a deficiency of information is quite embarrassing to the reader. The advantages to be derived from the pronouncing vocabularies of scriptural, classical and modern geographical names, are quite obvious. There is, also, a copious vocabulary of words of various or doubtful orthography, accompanied by remarks and rules relating to that subject. The volume is very convenient in form, and contains about four hundred pages, printed in a very clear and handsome type.

Mr. Worcester appears to have been particularly solicitous to render his work useful as a pronouncing dictionary, and it is here that the want of a standard, of general authority, has been very widely felt. Owing to the circumstances which we shall presently mention, he has not attempted to establish his own work as such, in the many doubtful cases which are constantly occurring, and it is probable that if he, or any other person, should undertake to do this, the attempt would

be wholly unsuccessful. His system of notation, which furnishes the key to the sounds of the letters, is in some respects peculiar ; but it is as exact as any system of the kind can well be made, and imposes no great burden on the memory ; in point of preciseness, it appears to us to possess advantages over every other. As a general rule, he has adopted Walker's system of pronunciation, without hesitating to deviate from it where it seemed to him to be required. He has chosen to give words of various or doubtful pronunciation, as they are pronounced by several of the most approved orthoepists ; selecting in the first place, as his own, the mode which he considers the best, and then presenting other modes, together with the authorities by which they are respectively sustained. This course may be objected to by some, on the ground that it embarrasses the learner, by referring the choice among the various authorities to his own discretion ; but it appears to us less liable to just exception than any other would have been, and more likely to give general satisfaction, because the reader can endure with much more patience to have a question referred to his own decision, when the best means of forming a judgment are set before him, than to have a particular view of it presented as the only one he is at liberty to adopt. It appears, too, to indicate that Mr. Worcester has pursued his researches in a proper spirit, without undertaking to dictate, or to rely on his own judgment too exclusively. There is no other acknowledged standard of correct pronunciation, than that which is afforded by the usage of intelligent and refined society ; but this usage is variable, and differs much in different places, sometimes even in the same place ; what one regards as of unquestionable authority, another may declare to be sustained by no authority at all. It will hardly answer for a lexicographer to set up his own opinion, as an infallible standard of right, — the imposing dignity of the conscience of the lord chancellor did not prevent Selden from comparing it, as respects its fitness for a standard, with the foot of the same learned personage. Had Mr. Worcester chosen, in all doubtful cases, to select a particular mode of pronunciation, and to adhere to it without noticing the modes recommended by others, he would probably have satisfied nobody ; those who might agree with him in regard to the pronunciation of one word, would have condemned his mode as applied to a thousand others.

The subject of orthography is not without its perplexities. They were felt and lamented by Johnson nearly a century ago ; in the remarkable preface to his dictionary, he mourns over them with an affecting solemnity of tone, which gives abundant evidence of the anguish they had cost him. His task was undoubtedly a more serious one than that of any of his successors ; because before his day there existed no English dictionary, of authority in the slightest degree approaching to that of his own great work ; and the mighty lawgiver was sorely troubled to reduce his discordant and rebellious materials into any thing like uniformity ; but there is still a serious toil awaiting those, who undertake to reform his code, and apply it to the exigencies of the present time. Take, for example, the question of the propriety of using the letter *u* in words which terminate in *or* or *our* ; no great matter, perhaps, but one which illustrates the difficulty to which we refer. We avail ourselves of the research of Mr. Worcester to shew the want of harmony among the various lexicographers, as respects the introduction of this hapless letter. Johnson, as a general rule, retains it in the class of words just mentioned ; he even goes so far as to introduce it into the words *anterior* and *interior* ; but when he comes to *exterior* and *posterior*, which would seem to be quite as well entitled to it as the others, his heart appears to fail him, and he drops it. Entick excludes it from those words which are of direct Latin origin, but retains it in many others, derived from other sources ; in the word *arbour* he inserts it, and gives *armor* and *savor* according to both forms. The compilers of some dictionaries have chosen, as the safer course, to follow the example of Johnson ; but most of the later ones, as well as most writers of the present day, retain the letter only in a few instances. Dr. Webster, with a strict regard to uniformity, omits it wholly. Mr. Worcester has adopted the same course, but gives those who are dissatisfied with it the means of ascertaining and applying the rules of others. His remarks upon the subject of orthography are just as well as valuable ; and his vocabulary of words of various or doubtful orthography, taken in connexion with them, will go as far towards relieving the difficulties of the learner, as any exposition which could be easily devised.

The vocabulary of Greek and Latin proper names, which is appended to the dictionary, is founded on a plan similar to that

of Walker's Key to the pronunciation of such names, but is more complete and accurate. That of geographical names is still more valuable. Mr. Worcester, in preparing it, felt the very serious difficulties arising from the want of established usage in regard to a very large portion of the names, the disagreement of various authorities, and the uncertainty to what extent the English analogy should be followed, where it varies from the foreign in respect to the names of places in other countries. These difficulties render it impossible for any person to devise a system, that will not be open to objection. Mr. Worcester offers his own, as he observes, "with much diffidence, yet not without hope that, imperfect as it is, it may nevertheless be found of some use." Imperfect it undoubtedly is, and from the character of the subject, it is impossible that it should be otherwise; but it has evidently been prepared with great care and judgment; and will be found very convenient and useful, by all who have occasion to refer to it. It will not lead to entire accuracy of pronunciation, because no one can say, in reference to many of these names, what perfect accuracy is; but it will tend to remove much of the perplexity which almost every person must have felt, arising from his uncertainty respecting the pronunciation of words of almost hourly recurrence.

Without entering more at large into the consideration of the manner, in which this work is executed, we may say, that it gives evidence of the sound judgment and diligent research of its author, as well as of his philosophical spirit. The testimonials of its excellence are very numerous, and we doubt not that every one who may have occasion to examine or to use it, will concur in the opinion they express.

ART. XI. — *Travels of Reed and Matheson.*

1. *A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales.* By ANDREW REED, D. D., and JAMES MATHESON, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.
2. *Four Years in Great Britain.* By CALVIN COLTON. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1835.

LET any one take a journey through a part of his own country which is new to him, and when he returns, we can easily see that he gives us impressions, rather than opinions of the people among whom he has been. The act of forming an opinion implies deliberation and active exertion of mind upon the subject, and therefore an amount of trouble which few are inclined to take, when they can decide so easily and confidently without it. To receive passive impressions, — to take the first appearance as conclusive, — to let the eye glide carelessly over scenes and persons, is so much easier than bringing the mind to bear upon the subject, that most travellers, in the process of book-making, deal out these unformed impressions to their readers ; a convenient resort, since, if they were called upon for opinions, and the reasons on which they were founded, in most cases none would be forth-coming. The enlightened visiter of a foreign country, who wishes to make up his mind concerning the people and their institutions, and the manner in which they bear upon each other, endeavors to escape from the misleading influence of these impressions, which in general have little or nothing to do with the matters he wishes to investigate ; unless he does, his opinions, as he calls them, are accidents, and afford no means to his readers of forming a judgment concerning the country through which he has been.

If the worthy traveller on a small scale, to whom we alluded, should encounter some of those evils which beset all wayfarers, even within sight of their own steeple, — if he should meet with one or two surly landlords and coachmen, rough roads, springless carriages, together with a reasonable allowance of rainy days, these things would have an effect upon him somewhat out of proportion to their magnitude and importance. The Christian spirit of benevolence with which he went forth upon his pilgrimage will at once be seriously abated, and a

heavy handful will he be to the Samaritans on whose hospitality he is thrown. If they study his pleasure, he will complain that they torment him with their attentions ; if, as he appears to desire, they leave him to his own thoughts, he will call it unpardonable neglect. His whole conversation among them will be a song of sorrow, depicting to his entertainers the misery and unworthiness of the place in which their lines are fallen, and he will be lost in astonishment to find, that the subject is not particularly welcome to their ears. If, on the contrary, he goes under happier auspices, — if the inns, the first object of his solicitude, are comfortable, the hosts civil, and the coachmen attentive to their duty, — if the elements of nature are favorable, — if the sun shines and the dust is laid, nothing can be more perfect than his philanthropy ; he will be delighted with all that he sees and hears ; the acquaintances which he forms will seem the most agreeable in the world ; and he will wish, — self-denying indeed if he does not express the wish, — that his old friends would come to learn a lesson of courtesy and good manners from the new. So different are the impressions, which the same scenes and persons will give to the same individual at different times. Nor is the mistake to be severely visited ; for we are strongly inclined to believe, that almost all wayfarers in the journey of life are under the same illusions ; the wights who are unlucky in adventures, and unprosperous in business, and crossed in love, do not take views of existence so radiant as those who are born blest heirs of the “silver spoon.”

If these accidental impressions mislead us in our own judgments concerning persons and places within a few miles of their own home, they may naturally be supposed to have still more effect on him who goes into a country where all is new. He must be constantly on his guard against the disposition to draw conclusions from slender premises, and to judge of one thing from others, which have no connexion with it except by accidental association. The English traveller must remember that he cannot travel and be at home at the same time, and that, if he wishes to enjoy the exciting pleasure of seeing foreign countries, he must give up for a time some of the comforts of his own. The inns and stage-coaches, where most of his observations are made, will be good or otherwise according to the amount of competition, and the condition in which he finds them will shew, not the civilization or barbarism, so much as

the wealth or poverty of the country. To supply accommodations to travellers, though an important thing, is not so pressing as some others. The question is, whether the country suits those who live in it, since their wants should be first consulted; and it might be shewn that a tolerable share of intelligence, good feeling and improvement can exist where the roads are not macadamized, and where dinner is not regarded with the seriousness and solemnity which so weighty a concern deserves. Those whom the traveller meets in his pilgrimage may be deficient in good breeding; in every country they will spit, scold and swear with licentious freedom; but the highway is not the best school for the formation of character or manners, and he might, peradventure, find better specimens of the graces, should he visit the fireside and the saloon. If he is talking about the facilities for travelling, these facts come within his design, and he does right to set them down; but if his object be to describe the institutions and character of the people, he must take some heed to the position from which his sketches are drawn.

So far from taking his hasty impressions as the result of a deliberate survey, the traveller should resolve to consider things apart from their bearing on his own convenience and pleasure. The extreme regard for self, which makes it the prominent object in every view, while it renders it impossible that he should see things as they are, forces him into the constant absurdity of describing himself and not the country. Captain Hall's book will give the reader a very clear idea of the manner in which the writer appeared, while he was travelling in this country, and if it were the professed object of the work to furnish his portrait, with the American scenery for the back-ground, no one could say that it was not well done. But much less light is thrown upon the other part of the subject,—the description of the country; instead of that we have Captain Hall's ideas of what republicans must inevitably be, and in all his journey he saw nothing which he could not have seen as well without leaving England. Captain Hamilton proposed to give an account of 'Manners in America,' and doubtless thought that he was doing it with success; but the result was that he gave quite another thing,—a view of his own manners while in America, which evidently were not at all times sufficiently gracious to secure the good offices of those upon whom the traveller's comfort depends. Mrs. Trollope fell into the same

error ; undertaking to describe the domestic manners of the Americans, she gave, instead thereof, a view of her own domestic manners and habits during her sojourn here ; a most interesting subject indeed, but not precisely the one to which the reader's attention was drawn. The good woman had some peculiarities, which were treated by her domestics and others with but little reverence ; whereupon she inferred, somewhat hastily, that domestic order, decency and happiness were wholly unknown in this country. The biographer of Johnson, at the Shakspeare jubilee, with his name "Corsica Boswell" on his hat, was not more prominent in his own esteem on that occasion, than these tourists in their volumes ; the naval hero, boisterous and exacting, with something savoring of the tar, — the captain, with misplaced and vain ambition, affecting the air of epicurean elegance and repose, — and the old lady, with her coarse and not always goodnatured waggery, are placed distinctly before the eye of the reader ; while the vision of the country, which it is their professed object to describe, is by no means so bright.

Beside not suffering himself to eclipse the land through which he travels, the traveller must remember that he cannot in all cases enter into the feelings and habits of thought which prevail in it, and therefore cannot estimate the power of those sentiments, on which public institutions and their value so much depend. Captain Hall looked through this country in vain in search of loyalty, but found no longing for the sceptre and crown ; Mrs. Trollope was disappointed at not finding castles and relics of feudal times on the Alleghany Mountains. They found, on the contrary, a state of feeling quite at war with this traditional reverence, which seemed to them essential to the grace of life. Their inference was, that our nation could not subsist in prosperity and honor without this element of strength. Some travellers from our country, in visiting England, go to the opposite extreme, declaim vehemently against the prejudice, which sustains the honors of the few at the expense of the many, and marvel much at the existence of that loyalty ; it seems to them to be an absurd and unreasonable sentiment, by which the humble are kept in voluntary suberviency to the high. But it might be well for each party to remember, that what may be proper and graceful in one nation, may be injurious and out of place in another. In England, where the land is covered with so many vestiges of other times,

and where there are so many avenues through which the mind is carried back to former ages, all of which have abounded in glorious examples of patriotism exhibited in the form of loyalty to chiefs and kings, it is but natural that these recollections should stir, as with the sound of a trumpet, even those who do not inherit the blind self-devotion of their fathers. Still, it may be, and no doubt often is, a voluntary homage rendered only because it is not exacted, and the republican, who thinks that it must necessarily be a slavish feeling, shews that he is not able to understand it. But the British conservative is equally narrow-minded, when he considers loyalty and its associate sentiments essential to refinement in a land which never saw minister, castle, nor crown. He ought to know that patriotism here may be quite as self-denying and exalted, though it manifests itself in different forms, clinging to the hope of the future instead of the memory of the past. Our facetious brethren of the London Quarterly have often made themselves merry with the assertion of the Americans, that the British do not understand our institutions; and yet nothing is more true, and they are themselves a living example of it; for they, like some poor religionist, who thinks that religion is nothing when divested of imposing forms, evidently believe that patriotism is a weak and powerless affection, which cannot sustain itself without forms, traditions and associations, borrowed from the past.

One other thing must be regarded by the traveller, who wishes to be relied on as a just and clear observer. When he goes to a foreign country, he must take care not to adopt the prejudices of the circle, in which chance, business, or taste may throw him. The English, when in a foreign land, are renowned for associating with each other; a practice which may be favorable to their social enjoyment, but is not equally propitious to the object with which men in general travel. To associate wholly with one class of men, and to suffer their views and feelings to influence his own, is but little if any better. It is quite edifying to look over the productions of some who have recorded their opinions of this country, particularly those who would long ago have been forgotten, had not Ebeling rescued them from the grasp of time. One Anbury, for example, who came to this country as a captain in the revolutionary war, and associated with his comrades and secret friends of their cause, gave it as the result of their collective wisdom that Mr. Washington, the chief of the American army, was a weak man

and quite unequal to his station. Similar oracles may be found in Priest, Barnaby, and others of that day. The French travellers, on the contrary, full of enthusiasm for every thing republican, saw every thing in the most attractive light, and enjoyed most the society of those who believed that the French revolution had opened the gates of mercy to mankind. The clerical travellers before us, were, from the nature of their commission, thrown chiefly into the society of one of our religious denominations, and their exclusive intercourse with them served to give not only very pleasant impressions of their own sect, but too much of that jealous suspicion, which one religious party is apt to feel for another. A traveller needs to guard himself on these points; when he hears charges and surmises, so confidently made by his associates, he is in danger of placing too much faith in them without making allowance for the inevitable errors of those who give up their minds to party.

We would give one piece of advice to travellers, though we have little expectation that any of that worthy fraternity will regard it. It is to go with a disposition to be pleased with what they see. There seems to be no good reason why, so long as the earth is wide enough to afford other fields of observation, a man should make his way through a land where he expects to find everything distasteful and revolting. The obvious alternative is before him, either to stay at home or to go to some other region where things are more to his mind; for certain it is, that if he sets out with the determination to find fault, he will meet with even more success than he desires. Captain Hall was more provoked than the occasion called for, with those who condoled with him touching the unfavorable weather, as if they thought it necessary to apologize for the incivility of the elements to him. This captious tone makes it clear to every reader of human nature, that he was affected with the trifles which he professed to disregard, and was angry with them for offering their sympathy, because it shewed that he betrayed his chagrin. Captain Hamilton was vexed with those who talked to him of Mr. Webster; and it requires no great discernment to perceive, that he would have been very charitable to those who talked to Mr. Webster of him. The truth is, that the gentlemen were not disposed to be pleased, and it is no easy matter to select subjects of conversation acceptable to those who are satisfied with nothing but themselves. It is quite instructive to compare with them the bearing of the

Duke of Saxe Weimar, who had probably been accustomed to as much respect and luxury as either of the gallant captains. Coming as he did, like a wise man, with a disposition to be pleased, every thing appeared to him in a favorable light. It is worth while to contemplate him, after having walked fifteen miles over a muddy road, attending a religious service at night in a little school-room lighted by two candles, and resting himself after his weariness by sitting on a pine log. Something might have been forgiven to human nature, but the only remark he makes upon it is, that the sermon, though a good one, appeared somewhat long! We do not say that the evident aversion to be pleased, which appears so plainly in the works of the English travellers, led them to misrepresentation; but Captain Hall, the proprietor of a camera lucida, should have remembered that much of the fidelity of a representation depends upon the color. The rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but it will not look so beautiful with any other hue; and though the outline may be perfect, still if he paints it black, there will be some reason to complain of the want of exactness in his imitation of nature.

One other caution should be given to this honorable company, whether they regard it or not; it is, not to consider their prerogative as travellers as giving them any right to make free with those who may have been subject to their visitations. We do not mean to apply this to English tourists only; Frenchmen in this country and Americans abroad have been guilty of the same offence against good feeling and good manners. This freedom admits of no excuse, except perhaps in the case of Mrs. Butler, who, looking upon "the world as a stage, and the men and women merely players," doubtless thought they would be greatly delighted to see their names in the play-bill. We never have been able to comprehend distinctly the right of reviewers to hold up authors to ridicule and scorn, nor do we believe that the great foreign authorities, which have acted upon this rule, have gained either credit or renown by the practice. The man, whoever he may be, who takes liberties with names, even in times of political excitement, though he may be sustained for a time or for life, by the malignant spirit of party, is despised by all honorable men; he may be feared, and he may mistake that fear for respect; but it is like the respect which we pay to certain animals, to which we readily give up the road, not because we dread their strength, but because

we would not willingly expose ourselves to those means of annoyance which they unquestionably possess. The rule of honor and conscience on this subject is now beginning, among travelers at least, to be better understood ; they feel that it is better to be more scrupulous, even if they should be less entertaining ; for it is no jest to bear the reputation of one who has abused the hospitality of others, and whom no man can safely admit within his doors.

We believe that the readers of such works are growing more and more convinced of the fact, that human nature, in all parallels of latitude, is substantially the same. There will no doubt be found prevailing traits of character, and still more decided differences of manners in various lands ; but the well-known saying of Madame de Stael, that in all her researches among the human race she had found nothing but men and women, will describe the experience of those who have seen much of the various inhabitants of this lower world. They are, therefore, more slow to believe in those wholesale descriptions which dispose of men in masses, — a process of judgment, unknown to the tribunal of conscience as it is to courts of law. Had Captain Hamilton been equally enlightened on this subject, he would not have given the impression that the natives of New England subsisted by depredations on the less knowing inhabitants of the Southern States, — a grand geographical view, which represents Mason and Dixon's line as forming the boundary which divides the Union into two great classes of knaves and fools, — a view not particularly flattering to either section of the country. We doubt not, that, on severe examination, he might have found some few honest men in the Eastern States, and some at the South who have emerged from that primeval simplicity which makes them so easy a prey to imposture. On the whole, the most charitable view of mankind and of nations, is most likely to be the true one. The influence of spleen and sullenness, though it may make the tourist more pointed and forcible in his remarks, will not make him more accurate in his conclusions. The grumbler's place is at home ; and though "love's shining circle" there be ever so willing to par. witu him, he has no right to inflict himself on the unoffending people of other countries, who are already provided with a sufficient number of native specimens of the race. If a painter feel no interest in the scene which he undertakes to represent, still more if he dislike it, he will do himself no honor

by the effort ; he had better see it in sunshine or not at all. And the traveller in a foreign country, who thinks that all is barren, will do well to see if there is not something within himself, which gives the dark coloring to his view.

The former of the two works before us, was the result of a tour of observation made by two English divines, who lately visited this country. They were a deputation from a body of Congregational churches in England to the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in America, for the purpose of opening communications between them, and making each aware of the condition of the other. The principal objects of the travellers were to ascertain what means were used by the churches here to increase their numbers, what habits of thought and opinion prevailed among them, what dangers threatened their peace, and what heresies were most extensive and alarming. We shall not enlarge upon the subjects of this kind to which they have called our attention, farther than to say, that, had they solicited information from the sects on which they are most severe, they would have been quite as likely to know the truth, as by depending wholly on their opposers. They were sincerely devoted to the purposes of their mission, and therefore, when they speak of secular affairs, are apt to see them with a religious bearing, which is not the only aspect in which they should be regarded. Apart from their views on the subject of religious interests and parties, and slavery, a question which we have no inclination to touch, their book presents few matters of general interest. Some of their descriptions of nature are striking and happy. These seem much more carefully written than the rest of the book, which is often thrown together very negligently, and contains some serious errors.

They, or rather Dr. Reed, who is responsible for the first volume, resisted the temptation of describing the voyage ; a piece of self-denial that deserves to be recorded ; since he evidently delights in such painting, and succeeds in it better than in his other descriptions. On landing at New York, and making his way to the hotel, his first inquiry was for "single-bedded rooms ;" he evidently had strong misgivings upon the subject ; and happy was he to find that the luxury was not wholly unknown in America. It was not so easy, however, to secure a breakfast at uncanonical hours, and he was obliged to content himself with a biscuit eaten standing at the bar. He took the privation of that essential meal with great good humor, and

admitted that his appetite was out of season, since these hotels provided only for periodical hunger. Travellers are usually very serious on this subject, and the omission of this important item in domestic comfort has been known to affect their views of everything, not only in the tavern but the city. But Dr. Reed seems to have been disposed to regard all things with a favorable eye. The time of his arrival was not the happiest for observing the people; it was during a contested election, when great disturbances prevailed in many parts of the city; but though he saw all the signs of strong excitement, he was struck with the light-heartedness and good humor which prevailed, when all were so deeply interested. A great meeting was held at Castle-garden, where one speaker, a carman, contrived by dint of brevity to gain audience for his speech; the next orator was not so happy; the attention of the meeting was drawn away in various directions, and the whole result was to send forth a procession to salute Mr. Webster, who happened to be in the city. The author speaks as if he was surprised to see none of the fair sex abroad on this occasion; whether such attendance is customary in England, or whether he expected to find more freedom of the kind in this country than at home, he does not inform us.

As Congress was then in session, he determined to make the best of his way to Washington, to hear the eloquence of our Senate, and to see how public affairs were conducted. After being somewhat annoyed by the spitting of one of his companions in the stage,—a barbarous practice, which we have no inclination to defend, he reached the Federal city without adventure, and went forthwith to the capitol. It was one of those agreeable occasions when some one, who speaks not to the house but to his constituents, was delivering a sermon with his notes before him, not to his audience, for no one gave attention, but to the nation at large. Dr. Reed could not see the philosophy of this practice, nor why speeches, if meant for those not present, should be first inflicted on those for whom they are not intended. The truth seems to be, that in republican governments, the debates of public bodies are apt to be regarded by the people, not as necessary deliberation previous to the despatch of business, but as the real business of those bodies; and they would no more consent to restrict their representatives to the plain case in hand, than the subscribers of a newspaper would be satisfied without deaths, marriages, anecdotes and

accidents, with which its columns are sweetened. In every free nation, the public council naturally tends to the form of a Witenagemot, where the public feeling not only presses hard upon the debates, but actually takes part in the deliberations. If the people really wished their delegates to assemble for business alone, the proper remedy would soon be applied; but since this is not the case, public bodies, as in duty bound, submit to the pleasure of their sovereign, and serve it in word as well as deed.

The discussions of the Senate were more satisfactory than those of the House of Representatives; but Dr. Reed looked round in vain for a Washington, with a disappointment which reminds us of the French traveller at Monticello, Mr. Jefferson's seat, who remarked, that the Atlantic might easily be seen were it not for the distance, which renders it impossible. Such men as Washington are not to be seen every day; the world has not seen many such in all its history, and it is hardly reasonable to look for one in every public body, though, at the same time, had such an one been present, we hardly know by what discernment our traveller could have detected his greatness.

The circumstance which struck Dr. Reed as most illustrative of the character of the people, was the attendance of the President at church; when the service was ended, the Doctor expected to find some peculiar respect paid to his high official character. But he was not noticed at all, and like the rest of the assembly made the best of his way to the door. Compare with this Mr. Colton's account of the attendance at church of the royal family of England. Dignitaries of the church were despatched to the pew to arrange the *marking-strings* in the prayer-books, that the princely worshippers might not be left to the unassisted light of nature to find their places in the lessons of the day. When they entered the chapel, the audience rose, making a division of their homage between God and man, which Mr. Colton thought out of place on such an occasion. The sermon commenced with an apology of the preacher for his unfitness to address such an audience, — an unfitness which could not well be doubted after such a beginning. His majesty soon grew tired of the service, and leaned forward on his elbows, apparently engaged, not in devotion, but in counting the number of the audience. The most striking beauty of the whole performance seemed to Mr. Colton to be the prayer for “our two *famous* Universities of Oxford and

Cambridge." Without pretending to be wholly unprejudiced on the subject, we must say that the American practice seems quite as much in the spirit of the gospel as the other, and at least as likely to produce a devotional effect upon those assembled.

The account of Niagara is written with great spirit ; we know of none among the numberless descriptions of that scene, which brings more vividly to the reader's mind the appearance of the place and the feelings which it inspires. When his attention is roused by some impressive object, Dr. Reed writes with energy ; but in general his record of scenes and individuals is rather meagre, and leaves no traces on the reader's mind. It is quite refreshing to turn from accounts of muddy roads, weatherbeaten coaches, impudent coachmen and dirty inns, such as usually regale us in these American tours, to passages which shew that the traveller can retain some feeling of regard for the beautiful and grand, even where eggs are not eaten from the shell. Speaking of the forest of the new world, he says, " You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration ; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you like a natural park ; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it, than does a mountain to the globe ; you must travel it in solitariness, hour after hour and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any, before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity ; and they mean, that as there are no works of art to produce this effect, there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I should depreciate what they mean to extol ; but I hope you will sympathize with me when I say, that I have met with nothing among the most venerable works of art, which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity ; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal." Such passages as this give us a much higher idea of the taste and talent of the writer, than anything else which his book contains.

In travelling through Ohio, Dr. Reed was disposed to confirm Mrs. Butler's observation, that bashfulness is wholly un-

known in the United States. He met in the stage-coach with a lady and her daughter ; the mother was modest and intelligent, but not disposed to let conversation flag for want of her aid ; and when evening came and the company were drowsy with weariness, she called upon her daughter to strike up "Home, sweet home." The daughter did not feel quite so much at home ; but the mother, in no wise abashed, sang it herself without embarrassment or hesitation. Whether one portion of the human race are born with more reserve than others or not, we leave to physiologists to say. In this case the probability is that the lady was a veteran traveller, well accustomed to the sight of new faces. We question whether, in point of refinement, much is gained by standing upon ceremony in such places ; the regular forms of introduction cannot well be maintained in companies so collected ; and if the traveller must converse only with those whose names, circumstances and rank in life he knows, the ride will not be very exhilarating to a perfect stranger. It is not men of the world who entrench themselves in reserve on these occasions. It is those who feel that they cannot adapt themselves to those whom they do not know, and who, to avoid reproaching themselves with weakness, surround themselves with as great a show of dignity as possible, hoping, like a well known animal in Æsop's fable, to conceal their real character under the lion's skin. The manners, which place one most at ease with those among whom the wayfarer is thrown, are not only best for his purpose, they are best in themselves, unless he be self-indulgent and exacting, as travellers are too apt to be.

In Cincinnati, Dr. Reed saw the monument of another traveller, now called Trollope's folly, and perhaps, by an unconscious association, was led to the subject of domestics, which was so exciting to that worthy woman. As to the claim of domestics to eat at the same table with the family, Dr. Reed remarks that it does not prevail in the principal towns and cities, but only in agricultural regions, where all are in substance equal, and none therefore are disposed to submit to an artificial distinction which places others above them. It is true that the range of employment for females is so much extended, and so many means both of living and gaining money are open, that few are now willing to enter into service, compared with former years. But perhaps this change, inconvenient though it is, may be favorable in a political point of view. It reduces the

value of property, which, if it cannot command the services of others, loses one of its chief attractions, and thus it may do something to diminish the grasping desire of gain. By rendering it more difficult to procure hireling services, it throws families and connections into nearer dependence upon each other, and thus strengthens those ties, which are so much stronger among the poor than the rich, and which wealth tends to weaken and unbind. Dr. Reed comforts those who look upon this prospect with dismay, by reminding them of the times, "when, with real distinctions between master and man, the servants on our farms claimed their place in the common hall and at the common table; and we well may doubt, whether the interests or happiness of either party have been advanced since the alteration." He might have taken us back to the halls of the feudal barons, when one table served for all the household; we might take courage when we see that the state of things, which we anticipate with so much fear, was satisfactory to chiefs and nobles of past ages. As the differences of rank begin to be swept away by the growing republicanism of modern times, wealth creates its own artificial distinctions in their stead; these in their turn will give way to some other, and possibly the time may come, when superior ability and excellence shall form the only distinction between man and man.

Dr. Reed, like all other travellers in this country, descants a little upon the fondness for titles, in which they seem to consider us as exceptions to all the rest of the human race. They might find, however, on examination, that where titles can be had, they are exceedingly apt to be appropriated, and it might also appear that, in the United States, no such overwhelming majesty is attached to them, as to make those who bear them too highly exalted. Some of our more zealous republicans have taken this matter seriously to heart, and have endeavored to cure the evil, by doing away with our whole court register. To us the evil does not seem so very alarming; if a man should bear a title and rejoice in it, it seems a very harmless gratification; probably the better way would be to multiply them till they cease to confer any kind of distinction; meantime it does not seem to us to imply much enlargement to be overzealous for them, or against them.

One of the best descriptions in this book, is that of the scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, which, Dr. Reed says, present the traveller with a succession of pictures bright, smil-

ing, and friendly in their expression. Though there is much of the wild and solitary, the general character is that of elevated cheerfulness, which he ascribes to two causes. "First, that the forest is nowhere on a level ; it runs along the sides of the mountains in galleries bathed in the light of heaven, and, while it towers above you on one side, always leaves the more distant prospect on the other side open to the eye. The second is, that at the feet of these majestic trees, the oak, pine, cedar, beech and tulip, you find such an astonishing supply of the finest shrubs and flowers. The laurel, the sumach, the dogwood, the rhododendron, the cranberry, the whortleberry and the strawberry ; the rose, marigold and the campanula, with a thousand wild plants and flowers were all here, and gave a wonderful freshness and sweetness to the scene. It has all the grandeur of the forest, with all the beauty of the garden." But what affecting contrasts this world affords. After a delightful day passed in this scenery, he arrived at Lewisburg in the evening, and found, to his dismay, that the court was in session. This troubled him ; and when he went into the bar-room, and saw two men sleeping in a large box, it was still more ominous of what was to come. He hastened to inquire for a *single-bedded room*, but instead thereof, was shown to a chamber containing five or six beds, each having one tenant, and liable to have more if necessary ; but the landlord graciously promised that his bed should be sacred from all intrusion. After much ado, he procured an apartment with two beds, but, knowing the wiles of publicans, he turned the key on the inside, and secured a measure of rest till he was summoned to the coach at daybreak, a favorite hour of stage proprietors, since it accommodates themselves better and passengers less than any other hour of the twenty-four. Another day brought him to the White Sulphur Springs, where he tasted the waters, saw Mr. Clay, and joined the coach, too hastily to give any account either of the waters or of the statesman.

Our traveller was very desirous to attend a *camp-meeting*, and in Virginia an opportunity was afforded him. He describes the scene as wild and striking, but does not seem much impressed with its religious bearings ; and we may remark in general, that though he evidently desires to be catholic and charitable, his sympathies are unconsciously limited very much to his own religious associations. The meeting was conducted with vigor, but with no very satisfactory results, till he was himself requested to officiate, which he consented to do. The effect

of his address was such, that after a hush of intense feeling, suddenly an universal wail broke forth from all the assembled multitude, who sunk at the same moment upon their knees. It is certainly very much to the credit of the worshippers, that in these days of party jealousy, they should have opened their hearts so readily to the voice of a stranger. Dr. Reed, after this instance of success, was evidently disposed to think better of camp-meetings, and the sect which accounts them one of the chief institutions of the gospel. Such times of satisfaction are apt to be propitious to the growth of charitable emotions.

Dr. Reed gives a flattering account of Boston, and like most other travellers, was impressed with its resemblance to a foreign city. Its literary institutions, its handsome dwellings, the cleanness of the streets, and the absence of poverty in its offensive forms, together with the fine scenery of the neighboring country, made it quite attractive to him. In speaking on the subject of the Common, he makes a remark well deserving attention, expressing his apprehension, lest the city authorities should destroy its beauty by long files of trees crossing it in all directions. We are inclined to regard the suggestion as a good one. Clumps of trees, irregularly thrown here and there upon it, would add much to its beauty, without abridging any part of the view which it commands.

This work is so devoted to religious information, that we cannot find much in it properly belonging to our province; and with its theology we do not interfere. The chief religious object was to convey information to the English churches concerning the means by which the American churches increase their numbers, and the differences of sentiment which prevail among those who adopt the same standard of faith. The delegates have given a very full statement of revivals, with the advantages and evils which attend them, and no man can charge them with attempting to influence others by an explicit statement of their own opinion, since, after reading carefully what they have written, we profess ourselves unable to discover in what direction their real convictions incline. So with respect to *New Divinity* and *New Measures*, it is impossible to tell whether they think that the church should hold religiously fast to its present standards, or should review them again in the light of the Scriptures, and remove the errors, if any such there be. Perhaps, however, it was their object to report

facts to those who sent them, and to leave all persons interested to judge for themselves. In their judgments of men and things they have fallen into errors, which might have been avoided by making their inquiries more impartial and extensive; their difficulty was that they cared too little for some things and had too strong prejudices against others, to solicit information in the right quarter. As an example of this indifference, our brethren of the American Quarterly have doubtless been edified to learn that their work is published under the auspices of Harvard College, and some of our sects have seen accounts that surprised them, of their own operations, character and numbers.

On some minor points, the travellers decide with more firmness than in those likely to be controverted. They are strong in the opinion, that public worship suffers much in this country from the practice of leaving the musical department in the hands of a chosen few. They think that it should be the business and the worship of the whole assembly, which will make it an expression of devotion instead of an effort of art. This is undoubtedly the true theory, but whether it can be reduced to practice or not, is another question. If all, whether they have ears and voices or not, whether they have learned to sing or not, should strike in and do their part, it is quite possible that the result might be a chaos of sounds, fatal to all music and devotion. If the audience, or any large proportion of them, are able to sing with tolerable correctness and discretion, it would be better that the music should be supplied by voluntary contributions; but until this is the case, the better way is, to have this part of worship conducted by those who have learned to engage in it, and yet are able to avoid art and affectation, and to sing with simplicity and proper feeling.

With respect to the *voluntary principle*, which is now so much debated in England, these travellers give their opinion in the most decided terms, as might be expected, against the necessity and advantage of a legal provision for the support of the clergy, and supply some information respecting the state of things in this country compared with that which exists in their own. Here, it is needless to debate the point; the voluntary principle is the only one by which religious institutions can be supported, and while its full results are not yet developed, it seems clear that the effect has not been to reduce the number of churches and clergy. Thus, New York, with its two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, has one hundred and thirty

two churches, while Liverpool, with almost the same population, has but fifty-seven. This same number of ministers, fifty-seven, are found in Boston with its sixty thousand souls. Cincinnati, a daughter of the forest, not half a century old, has, with a population of thirty thousand, twenty-two ministers, while Nottingham, with a population of fifty thousand, has but twenty-three. These divines shew, that while we hear so much of the religious desolation of the West, they can take the ten States last added to the Union, covering a territory nine times as large as England and Wales, and find in them a greater proportion of clergymen and churches than in Scotland. These States, containing a population exceeding three millions and a half, have three thousand seven hundred and one churches. The question in England, however, does not present itself exactly in the form to which such statements as this will apply. It may be possible to provide for religious institutions where they do not exist, and yet it may not be expedient to destroy the provision established by law. This is their concern, not ours. Were it to be tried here, it would be soon decided; and it would probably be found, that while many religious societies languished, and others could only be kept alive by periodical kindlings, the great cause of religion and morality would be safe in the hands of those most interested in its preservation.

On the whole, we must say that the travellers, whose work is before us, though strongly tinctured with some prejudices, which they are at no pains to conceal, have written in a friendly spirit, and their work will be well received. We do not believe that the truth will give offence, if told with the proper disposition; we are fully aware of many points of manners in which there is reason to take exception; and should a traveller come among us who is evidently disposed to do us justice, no offence would be given by the freedom of his remarks, if he avoided personality. The British reviewers marvel that their comments should occasion so much excitement in this "great country." The truth is, that the "great country" is very little affected by them in one way or another; but individuals in the country, who are in the habit of reading those reviews for instruction and pleasure, are annoyed, and not without reason, to find their country made the subject either of malignant censure or insolent praise. It may be true, that it is wiser not to be offended;

but, whether Americans are different from the rest of the human race or not, we do not undertake to say ; it is certain that they are provoked with unreasonable pretension. When the author of a popular novel undertakes to pronounce sentence upon the theological attainments of our clergy, ludicrous as the affectation is, the spirit offends the reader, and so it is with the flippant female tourist, who gives judgment on that domestic life to which she never was admitted. If the author of a heavy article praises the stupid novel in which the traveller embodies his prejudices and impressions, and, in fact, in all such cases, the reader is vexed, and with reason good, to have it thrust before his eye. But the great country, so far from resenting these things or laying them deeply to heart, maintains a saintly composure ; its Congress assembles and adjourns, its courts of justice try and decide, and all goes on as coolly as if the *Quarterly Review* had never existed. Meantime, the British traveller receives the same welcome as in former days, and finds the intelligent American looking with as much reverence as ever to the land of his fathers.

The second work on our list is that of an American, who has spent some years in England, and has returned to give a description of what he has heard and seen. He has the requisite capacity for making an agreeable and entertaining journal, but has been injudicious enough to depend upon other resources than his own. The descriptions of London, and various other details, can easily be had by those who want them ; we want the traveller's observations, his feelings and adventures, if his object be to amuse, and if he aims higher, we expect to find his own independent speculations upon the things that pass under his view. Several of Mr. Colton's adventures are very well described, and though in some of them he gives too much prominence to his own doubts and fears, still, if the whole work had been written in the same manner, it would have made the descriptions natural and lifelike, and would have insured the work a greater popularity than it is likely to gain. He says, however, with much truth and reason, "that it is easier to tell what a book should be than to make it ; what should be put in and what should be kept out, than to be an author who shall steer a course to the satisfaction of all."

One of the incidents related in his voyage to Europe is very pleasing, and gives a good idea of the excitement of imagination produced by a small matter in the midst of the lonely sea.

While the master of the packet was arranging his letters and packages, with his passengers round him, after the fashion of some of our post-offices in the far West, entertaining his company by reading to them odd superscriptions, he came to a seal which bore the word "Mizpah;" with the chapter and verse in which it is found. It was handed to Mr. Colton, as the one most likely to expound it; he went for his bible, and read the interpretation, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." "Beautiful!" said one. "Beautiful!" responded another. "A gem!" said a third. "A gem!" all responded. And surely, the brightest, most precious gem of all, was, to find in such a place and circle, these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on the announcement of this sentiment of religion. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who, whether going to or from his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved and loved most dear? And who, with a wide and fitful ocean before him, tossing on its heaving bosom, would not feel his dependence, and looking backward or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that high Providence who sits enthroned in heaven and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer, 'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another.'

Mr. Colton, in his survey of England, was very much surprised to see how slowly the beneficial influences of improvement reached the pursuits of the lower orders. While manufactures and all kinds of mechanical inventions are multiplied beyond example, agriculture remains stationary, as if it were a settled point that the mind of man could no longer be applied to it with advantage. Four or six lazy horses and two or three men, unite their energies to turn up a furrow, which in America would require one man with two horses and a light plough, as unlike the machine which bears the name in England, as a pilot-boat to a man-of-war. Where there is an old way, it seems to be admitted that the children must do as their fathers did before them; in the case of manufactures and quite modern inventions, they are left more free to choose for themselves. The rapidity with which some improvements spread, is illustrated by the circumstance, that Mr. Colton's description of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, at the time when he wrote it, would have been full of interest to his countrymen, because so few had ever seen one; now, railroads are common

among us, and probably not one in a hundred of his readers will see reason for his dwelling at length on so familiar a thing. The luxury of being overset in one of the cars, which he enjoyed, is not so common; but unless proper caution be observed, such adventures will be more frequent than we could desire. Beside the light thrown upon the subject of projectile forces, he gained some information on the more important point of the exactions practised upon travellers, which, it would seem, are not confined to America. The knavish agents of the railway took his fare to Birmingham, and when he arrived at Manchester, expecting to take the coach, he was assured that the opportunity was lost by reason of his being overset by the way. As he had thus forfeited all his rights by this misfortune, they could not in conscience aid him in reaching his destination unless he paid his fare again. The matter really sounds like an extract from the *Quarterly Review*, describing the state of manners and morals in America. The dinner too, is precisely such as the same authority would describe from its internal evidence, as a fine specimen of American selfishness and voracity. "All jumped down, and at the second jump were at the table, handling the knife and fork in earnest, — some with hats on, others off; notwithstanding, very civil, each offering to help his neighbor, or any one that wanted, — all which needed no apology, for before we were half satisfied we were summoned to leave the table or be left behind." With the exception of the "hats on," a thing not witnessed in this country, quite an American scene!

Mr. Colton gives an account of what he supposed to be a design to rob him, as he was passing over Waterloo bridge at night, which caused him no little trepidation, and also of his fears from sundry whispers, which alarmed him when he was in the Thames tunnel with one or two strangers of no promising appearance. These are not very uncommon occurrences; but they are well told, and give so lively an impression of the sensations of the writer under the circumstances, that they are worth volumes of topographical description. Another account of the beggars in London, and his adventures among them, is of the same character. In one or two instances, where there was something peculiar in the manner of the mendicant, Mr. Colton, after he had refused him, began to fancy that it was not a common applicant, but one driven to begging by peculiar circumstances of want and sorrow. No sooner had his imagination suggested

this idea, than his conscience took it up ; or rather his conscience and imagination, by a most inconvenient union of their forces, sent him round in search of the very man whose petition he had just neglected ; and when, after wandering through street after street, he gave up the chase, he reproached himself as if he had been guilty of a sin. The worthy mendicant would no doubt have been surprised and delighted to hear what an abiding impression he had made, even though he lost the benefit of so charitable an intention ; it seldom happens to one of them to be so much in demand. But these passages, which are told with perfect honesty and unreserve, are to our taste the most attractive ones of the book ; they are characteristic ; they describe what many may have felt, but few would have had the openness to confess.

In one of Mr. Colton's chapters he gives an account of the *tongues*, an hallucination manufactured by the popular preacher Irving, who, unable to bear the loss of his fame, endeavored to gain the public attention by this startling imposture, and probably, like many other persons of the same description, became the victim of his own arts, passing by an easy and common transition from imposture to self-delusion. While Mr. Colton was in a church at Chelsea, he was startled by the change in the manner of the speaker, who, from a quiet and proper tone, broke out into a shrill and astounding cry. All started to their feet at once and gazed at the orator, who poured forth a torrent of inarticulate sounds, in a shrill scream at the top of his lungs, and soon produced the desired effect. Women and children cried with fear, men called out to know what the matter was, and high over all was distinctly heard the voice of the speaker, growing, if possible, more wild and alarming. But it appeared in the midst of the din that the preacher was not responsible for all, if any, of the uproar, for a well-dressed man was standing on one of the seats of the gallery with his arms extended, and he, it seems, was the author of the confusion. He was seized by some strong men, who retained their senses, and carried out, though not before some others were infected by his example. It is surprising that so many should attach weight to the effects produced by such measures ; if a preacher were to halt suddenly in the midst of his discourse and raise the cry of fire, it would produce the same kind and degree of confusion ; and yet, so much do men delight in being deceived, that should an impostor in the pulpit cause his audience to

faint and scream, many will ascribe it to supernatural interposition. The English, and, of course, the American character, afford precious materials for such men to work upon, and the result is, that many circles in each nation are kept in a state of perpetual excitement, by various impostures and delusions. Mr. Colton visited a woman, who was said to pass through certain evolutions every year on the anniversary of the day when she was healed of a dangerous disorder. When the clock strikes six on the 25th of March, she faints and recovers precisely at the end of twenty-four hours. Mr. Colton thought it a well-acted part; but the probability is, that in this as in most similar cases, she had deceived herself as well as others, and that the whole was the result of a happy mixture of art and imagination.

Mr. Colton has taken the needless pains to describe the organization of Parliament, and the rooms in which they assemble, while in all the twenty pages devoted to the subject, there is not one word which might not have been written without stirring from his study in this country. We have a natural desire to know the minutest particulars relating to public men; and there are those now in Parliament who would have given interest to the poorest description; but though our author does say something of Lord Brougham and one or two others, in a different part of his work, he is exceedingly sparing of these remarks on men either in public or private life. There is a substantial reason for not making free with private names and circumstances, which one learns in the course of hospitality, but in the case of distinguished men, no such reserve is called for; and it is hardly to be conceived, that a traveller should neglect the opportunity of seeing such persons, or that, having seen them, he should suppose that anything else which he could describe would possess an equal attraction.

On the subject of religion, the American clergyman betrays no hostility to any religious sect or party, and so far he has the advantage of his English brethren. He seems unpleasantly struck, as he well may be, at the state of things in what is called, — *lucus a non lucendo*, — the Christian world. He says, “The Church of Rome excommunicates all the world, and in turn, by all the world is excommunicated. The Church of England unchurches her legitimate daughter, the Episcopal church of the United States. The Kirk of Scotland does the same to the American Presbyterian Church, although the

same reasons cannot exist, unless we have shewn ourselves recreant in divorcing ourselves from the state. American Episcopalians cannot preach in England, nor American Presbyterians in the Kirk of Scotland. England unchurches Scotland, and Scotland unchurches England, and both shut out the United States. And in the United States, the same spirit is manifested under various names. Shame on us all, and on all the world." The state of things is certainly bad, but it is not, as the infidel would make it, a reproach to Christianity. Does Christianity recommend, cause, or create it? Is there any passage in the Scriptures, or is it their general spirit which leads to these divisions? Do men never differ and grow warm till they become Christians? It is evident enough that these things are the result of human passion, which religion would restrain if it could. And why does it not restrain them? For the very sufficient reason, that Christianity can have no more power than men will allow it. There is no compulsion in it, and men can, if they will, resist its influences and make themselves perpetual strangers to its power.

Some passages in this work give a strong impression of the vexatious disabilities to which Dissenters in England are subjected. The author speaks of passing churchyards, where the mourners are assembled round the grave, while the clergyman, who can only perform the ceremonies by stealth and evasion of the law, stands without the wall. Nothing can be more irritating and oppressive than these unnatural prohibitions, and if an establishment maintains that such restraints on other sects are essential to its existence, it furnishes argument enough to its opposers for breaking it down. Dissenters are taxed for all the expenses of the churchyard, and yet are denied the poor privilege of performing their funeral rites within it when they bury their dead. They cannot celebrate marriage among themselves; they are excluded from the privileges of the two great universities; in addition to supporting their own clergy, they are taxed for those of the establishment. Mr. Colton mentions, that while he was sitting one morning with a dissenting clergyman, who paid his church rates and all other parish expenses, beside making large sacrifices of his income to pay for the building of his own chapel, a letter came from the rector, soliciting a subscription from the said dissenting clergyman to defray the expense of a relief chapel. To be sure, he was not obliged to subscribe; but such applications, under the circumstances,

must be offensive and insulting. Such petty annoyances are not so easily borne as more serious evils, and it seems like suicide in the establishment to insist upon such trifles, when the attempt to sustain them threatens destruction to the whole system. The voluntary system may not present a very attractive prospect to those who have livings and hopes connected with the establishment, but they cannot be surprised if their dissenting brethren should be less in love with compulsion. Their reasoning probably would be, that, if the government requires such a sacrifice of the many to the few, it is high time that it gave place to something better.

Mr. Colton gives a pleasant anecdote, illustrative of the Christian intercourse between the clergymen of the establishment and their dissenting brethren. The rector of a parish within fifty miles of London, called to pay his respects to his professional brother, and was pleased with the appearance of his garden. The dissenter invited him to walk through it, and told him that one half of it was reserved for ornamental cultivation, while the other furnished vegetables to feed his thirteen children. He enlarged at the same time upon the advantages of such a piece of ground to a person of narrow income. The rector inquired how long it had been so profitable, and was answered "half a dozen years." The next day, the rector's steward sent in a bill of tithes on the said garden, of six pounds or nearly twenty-nine dollars a year, which, including the current year, amounted to about two hundred dollars, — a reasonable tax on a quarter of an acre of land. Had he resisted the exaction, the case would have been carried to the ecclesiastical courts, where the dissenter's chance of success in the controversy would have been as slender as could well be imagined. The result was that he with the thirteen children, though reduced to distress by the extortion, paid the assessment to his holy brother, a bachelor with a considerable income. A system, which allows such things, will certainly be called to struggle with a deep and dangerous current of the popular indignation. It does not seem clear to us, however, that important changes in it would be quite fatal to the cause of Christianity.

We have complained of Mr. Colton, for not giving us some personal descriptions of eminent men in England. In his second volume he introduces some of them, and despatches them in a summary manner. "Liverpool was a poor Sir Plau-

sible ; Castlereagh had not one notable quality, except a ruffianly hardihood ; Canning, with superior talents, had a large dash of the charlatan." There are some to whom he accords a more ceremonious introduction, — such as Earl Grey, to whom he gives nine pages, but of whom he says nothing which he might not have known without crossing the deep ; of his manner, his appearance, or the character of his eloquence, he says not a word, though these are the things which the reader desires most of all to know. When he comes to Lord Brougham, he introduces a long and pompous description of a scene between him and Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, — a passage which, on a former occasion, decorated the pages of our journal. Mr. Colton says that this description, taken from the *European Magazine*, contains some of the most masterly strokes ever drawn by the hand of man ; from internal evidence, we think it more probable that it was written by the hand of boy. Mr. Colton's own description is a hundred times better. He thinks that the phrenologists will find it hard to subdue the head of the late chancellor to a conformity with their science ; he first saw him without his official dress, on the occasion of distributing prizes to the students of the London University ; there his part was to be seen ; but in the House of Lords, where all restraint is taken off, he followed his nervous impulses, interrupted all the speakers at his pleasure, and exercised a sort of despotism, not founded in affection certainly, and somewhat hard for that dignified body to bear. It is difficult to account for the political course and the personal bearing of this extraordinary man. So far as we may judge from the reports of parliament, his manner is not consistent with good taste or feeling, and he seems to make himself feared for his bitterness full as much as his power. Whether it is this unguarded and ungovernable passion, or some circumstances not yet revealed, which have impaired his influence, it seems to have dwindled almost away. Must compassion for infirmity be always blended with our respect for greatness ?

Mr. Colton gives the best account we have seen of O'Connell, against whom he was strongly prejudiced by his reported speeches, which seem distinguished for nothing but virulence and invective, and it was not till he heard the agitator in Exeter Hall abusing the Americans as a slaveholding nation, that our traveller became conscious of his ability. He

describes O'Connell as wholly destitute of pathetic eloquence, but always strong and self-possessed ; with a wonderful compass and command of voice, and a manner most artificially formed for his purpose, but without the appearance of art. Mr. Colton thinks that he is a cultivated and accomplished man, but that his scurrility and buffoonery are meant for his countrymen at home, where he has an influence quite as profitable to himself as to them ; but be it meant for whom it may, it is not the less offensive ; and so long as the mouth speaks from the abundance of the heart, we must believe it the expression of his real feeling. He is evidently succeeding in the purposes of his ambition, and gaining influence with the English people. Mr. Colton attended a public meeting, where, as soon as he appeared, the whole audience rose up out of respect to him, and saluted him with thunders of applause.

Mr. Colton was fortunate enough to be present in the House of Commons when Mr. Macauley delivered his speech on the Reform Bill, and has given us quite an animated account of the scene. One night had been already spent in the debate, and three hours of a second, without much interest, when, at eight o'clock, Mr. Colton saw a little man, with affected utterance and a hissing in his voice, and the audience congratulating each other as if something that deserved attention was to come. The house and side galleries began to fill, and in a little time the floor was crowded with far more than it would comfortably hold ; for the first time in the evening there was silence, and the traveller wondered what the attraction might be. The beginning was unpromising, and the elocution intolerable ; but the speaker soon began to rise above his disadvantages and to work upon his audience like a charm. The interest grew deeper and more intense as he went on, and when he closed, the whole house was breathless in admiration of his power. Mr. Croker followed him, and giving him due honor for his ability, ascribed the manifest effect of the speech to the talent of the orator and not to the goodness of the advocate or the cause. Mr. Stanley came forward to defend the bill which Mr. Croker had mangled and distorted ; but unluckily Mr. Colton enters into no details with respect to this debater, who is said to have no superior in his native land. Mr. Macauley made a remark which produced a great effect, that " through parliament or over parliament, the bill *would* be carried ;" and carried it is, but if there is any expectation that the supporters

of the measure will be contented with a nominal triumph, the views of an excited people must be misunderstood. They were in favor of a reform in parliament, because it would put it in their power to bring about certain changes ; and when they have succeeded and gained the power to make those changes, is it to be supposed that they will forbear to make them ? For a time they may breathe after their exertion, and their opposers may for a season take advantage of the listlessness which follows excitement ; but the changes will be made sooner or later ; for if one measure can be carried through parliament or over parliament, so, if necessary, can another ; through the house in which the people are represented, and over the Lords if they resist it.

Mr. Colton had the opportunity of seeing, though very little to his satisfaction, English boxing matches, those amiable trials of strength which have been defended by certain statesmen, as the schools in which the British character is formed. When a quarrel takes place between two boys, large or small, old or young, a ring is immediately formed in which are seen grave men, husbands and fathers, encouraging the poor wretches to beat each other till no vestige of humanity is left in the face of either ; and the spectacle is so pleasant and exhilarating, that biped brutes are pitted against each other without any cause of quarrel, while nobles and gentlemen, so called, are present to regale themselves with the sight of violence and blood. But there is one law for Rome, another for Athens ; the same practice, which is civilization in England, is barbarism in our western states. The same moralists who are shocked to hear that two Mississippi boatmen, in a sudden passion, mangle and tear each other, are infinitely delighted with the same process in England. Surely there must be a little partiality in their application of the moral law, and a little hypocrisy in their lamentations over American barbarism.

Mr. Colton describes his presentation to the king, and the joys and sorrows of one who is crowded in that courtly mob. In the Queen's drawing room, he was most struck with the Duchess of Kent, who is an important personage at present, as the mother of the Princess Victoria. Her daughter was not with her on that occasion. He describes her as a woman of noble bearing, and most graceful and attractive manner. If her daughter should inherit her graces, and monarchy should last long enough for her to ascend the throne, she may enjoy

a vast popularity with the English people. In the case of their queens, they have gallantry enough to overlook a thousand faults, and to give to their virtues a thousand times as much credit as they deserve. Mr. Colton had not quite subdued his feelings and associations to the courtly standard; he was particularly struck with a lady stationed near the Queen, "whose paint laid on her cheeks reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago chief, whom I had often seen in America, as she came from making a toilet over the mirror surface of Fox River, with the aid of abundance of vermilion." His admiration of the scene is expressed in language rather guarded. He only remarks that with this exception, "all the persons in attendance on her majesty appeared in a very becoming manner."

But we are taking too much time with our remarks on works which are now in general circulation. England is now familiarly known to Americans, but all particulars respecting its great men, its objects of attraction, its public institutions and its domestic politics, are as interesting as if they were new. America is more known to the English than in former days; but much less so than it would have been, were it not for travellers and reviewers who have borne witness against it, partly false, but in some respects true; they have excited prejudice which it will be difficult to overcome, since the satirical charge has an advantage over the defence; it travels faster and finds a readier welcome. But the day of such travellers is passing by; it will be impossible much longer to misrepresent by discolored or distortion. Those begin to come among us who are disposed to see things as they are; we shall not be irritated with their friendly censure; the free criticism of a friend is far more welcome than the insulting commendation of a foe.

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